

the Library
BETHEL COLLEGE
ST. PAUL 1, MINNESOTA

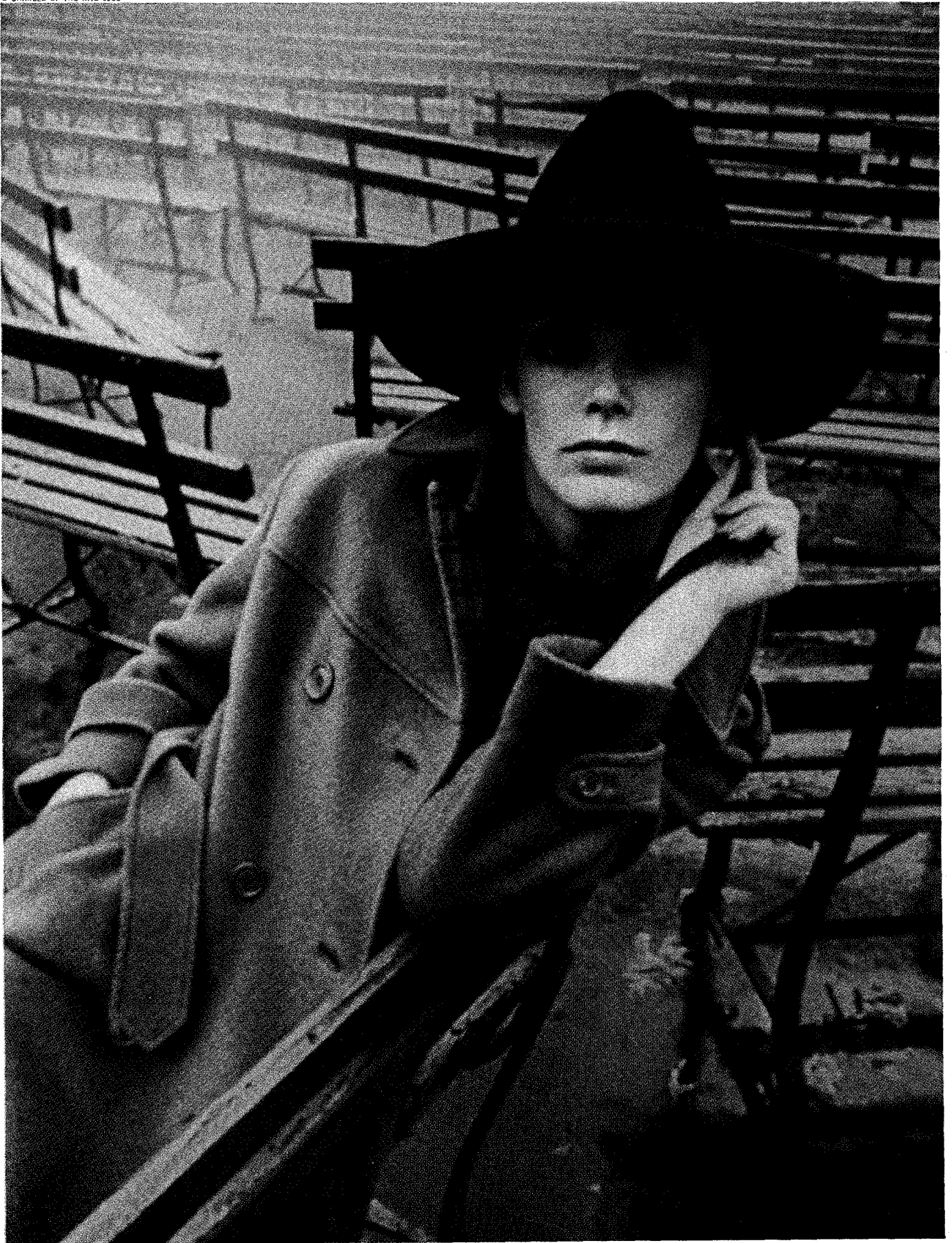
Sept. 17, 1966

THE

Price 35 cents

NEW YORKER





Undercover Rose a shade of subterfuge that is most certainly going to create a more mysterious life for you. It's right for autumn assignations, flights to Abu Dhabi, moments of silence. Whisper the name, Undercover Rose, and prepare yourself for what follows. Lipstick, in Perfect formula 2.00 or Transluminant 3.50. Fresh paint in two formulas too, 1.00.

Charles of the Ritz



*Slip into autumn '66 this way. Obtrusively.
In a dress with high bodice, low low pockets,
and all the fashion in the world. Donald Brooks
chops it out in chrome yellow, stop red or beige
wool gabardine. Sizes 6 to 12, \$145.
Country and Casual on Floor Three is where
to find it. Or you can order by mail or phone.
(Just add 80c beyond our delivery area.)*

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WAIT UNTIL DARK—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

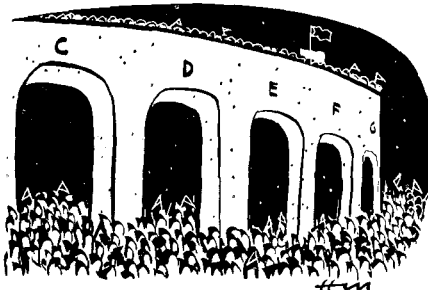
MUSICALS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical, staged by Danny Daniels. A recent offering of the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center, it will return to Broadway starting Wednesday, Sept. 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAME—Angela Lansbury and a fine cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SWEET CHARITY—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WAIT A MINUTE!—A musical entertainment from South Africa enlivened by an octet of fine



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

young performers. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Min Gump. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A HAND IS ON THE GATE—A program of poetry and folk music of American Negroes, conceived and directed by Roscoe Lee Browne. The cast includes Josephine Premice, Cicely Tyson, Leon Bibb, and Mr. Browne himself. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 19-20. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 21. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night

	Page
BOOKS	226
THE CURRENT CINEMA	225
LETTER FROM CAMBODIA	186
MUSICAL EVENTS	130
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	170
THE RACE TRACK	220
THE THEATRE	126

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers requesting a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A DELICATE BALANCE—Edward Albee's new play, with Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Rosemary Murphy. Alan Schneider is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 22. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—JOFFREY BALLET: Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations" (company premiere), "Sea Shadow," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."... Friday, Sept. 16, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "These Three," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:30: "Moncayo I," "Sea Shadow," "Gamelan," and "Cakewalk."... Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."... Sunday, Sept. 18, at 1:30: "Gamelan," "These Three," and "Donizetti Variations."... Sunday, Sept. 18, at 7:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Incubus," "Gamelan," and "Moncayo I."... Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Vitalitas" (company premiere), "Nightwings," and "Donizetti Variations."... Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: "Moncayo I," "Incubus," "Gamelan," and "Cakewalk."... Friday, Sept. 23, at 8:30: "Vitalitas," "Pas des Déesses," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."... Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "These Three," and "Olympics."... Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Nightwings," "These Three," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Closes Sunday, Sept. 25.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **CARMEN**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING AND DAY OF ABSENCE—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 3.)

ISRAELI MIME THEATRE—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

THE KITCHEN—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosce 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 30, September 17, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.

Bravo, Paris
Lord & Taylor

Just arrived and ready now —
The Lord & Taylor Parisiennes,
our exclusive duplications of the
best coats, suits and dresses from
the Paris collections (this new tent,
for example, from Patou no. 100 —
in red or grey wool, 65.00).
Don't miss the clothes,
from 50.00, and the
accessories,
too —

in our new Second Floor
Parisienne Boutique
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THORNTON WILDER PLAYS—Three early one-acters—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden"—all of them written years before "Our Town" and all of them containing hints of Mr. Wilder's great plays to come. The company does the first and second only fairly well and the last very well indeed. With John Beal, Susan Towers, and Bette Henritze. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Petra Burka. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30 and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 1:30 and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Rosemary Clooney, one of the few sopranos who still believe that gentle song and gentle wassail are preferable to stupefying bombast, appears at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which makes the dance music, also makes mere listening to it a pleasure. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The name is still Barberry, but you can tell that it is now the Little Club by its stripes (Christmas candy), which ornament the new back room from head to toe. Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Sundays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor of the restaurant between eight and one or two. Cliff Hall's band provides the athletes' instrumentation. No players on Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week.

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there is Jane Morgan, as soprano as ever, as romantic as ever, and sometimes dressed like a Frugger, which is *not* as ever. Burt Farber is in circulation again with a dance band, and Mark Monte's revellers are on hand, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIDDLE** and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. No music in the Edwardian Room on Sundays. . . . **AT EIGHT**, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by Gunnar Hansen's vivid violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Jonah Jones, trumpeter swan, is making himself heard, though not deafeningly, at the head of his fettle some foursome, which works among the utmost peaks of Manhattan from eight to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—On B Deck of the mighty paddle-wheeler, the Glenn Miller orchestra, now under the urging of Buddy De Franco, is keeping up with both the past and the present. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The return of the native is celebrated at dinner and supper when Julie Wilson, who comes from one of the Maisonnets' first families, does her song recitals. George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN LA BOITE**, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to two. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Communing (in the open air) with what remains of nature in the Park. There is music by Phil Wayne's band and a quota of Latins. They work out from eight until one. In case of lightning storms, falling frogs, or other aerial specialties, everybody indoors at once, where business will go on as usual.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Penetrating into the second layer of Peacock Alley, one finds Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornamenting the recess from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On those nights, in the third layer of the Alley, there is dancing to a trio from eight to one.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Neither three nor three hundred's a crowd on the limitless expanse of hardwood. The dancing, fortunately, is *not* limitless—no Twist, no Frug, no Huggermug. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinees from one-forty-five to six, and a floor show at eleven

every Tuesday. Closed Mondays, and no wonder.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host with the most, takes a nap between his dinner and his after-theatre sets at his piano, but there's interim piano in his city-and-country club by Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders, and double piano later on by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): It's all wax and no wane when Bobby Short and his piano weave their way through the best-educated songs in night life. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his aides. . . .

JAMAICA ARMS, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Captain Kidd might have put into this snug little port, so aged in the woodwork does it look. Who definitely *does* put in is a Jamaica minstrel who parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night school for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . .

WAVELY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . .

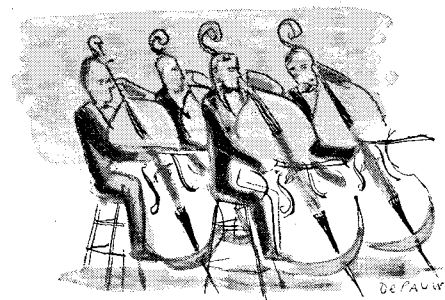
THE APARTMENT, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have. . . .

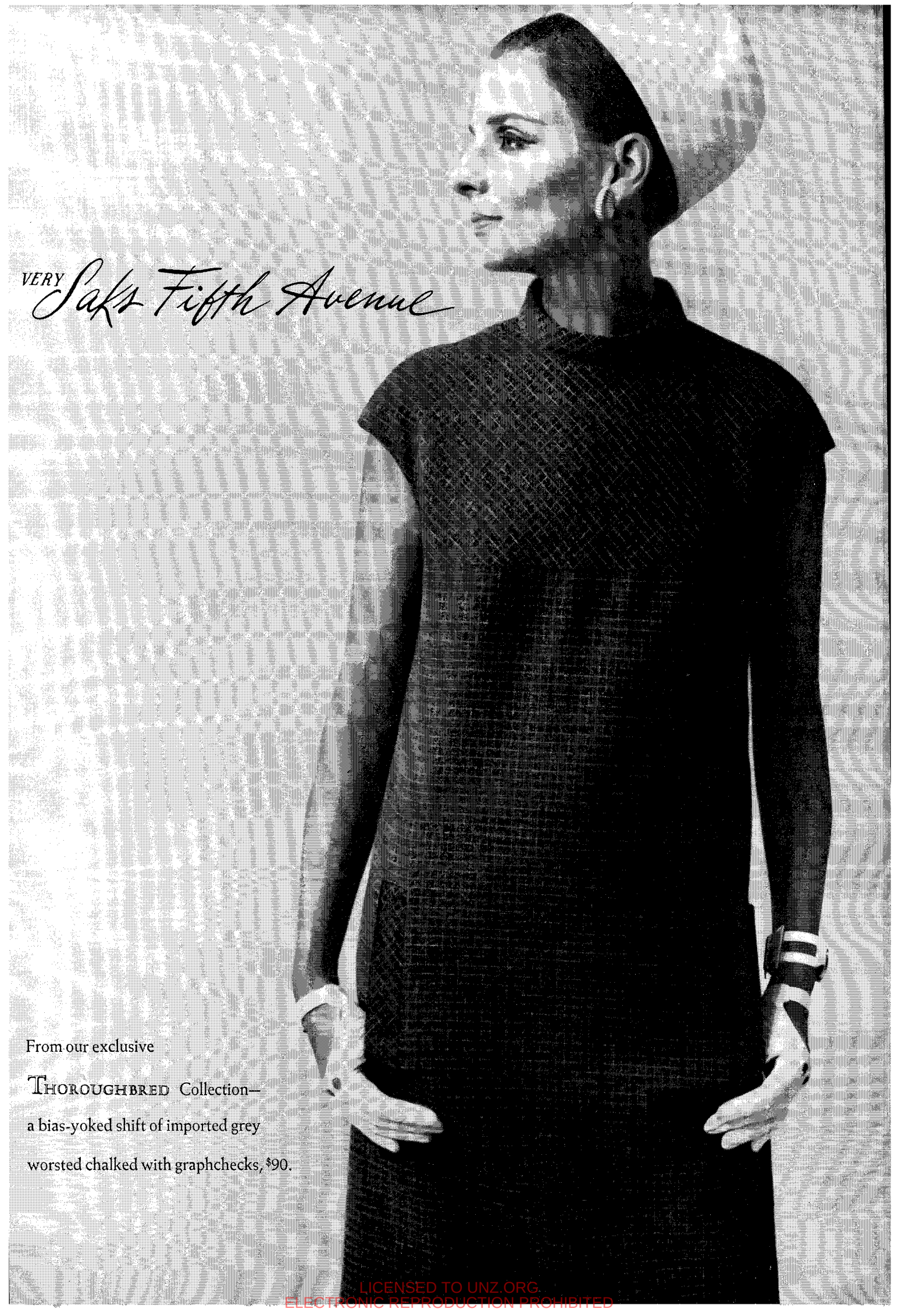
JANSSEN'S, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but cheering career takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . .

ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Your waiter's not at all secret ambition is to be Faust or Rodolfo, and he doesn't care who hears it. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The top of a piano is the usual setting for Rita Dimitri, a perfect specimen of the singing soubrette. Her carefreely worldly arias are turned on Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays additionally at midnight. Leisurely dance music begins at eight each evening. Closed Sundays. . . .

CHARDAS, 307 E. 70th St. (RH 4-9382): A Hungarian recipe that has stood many a test—a goulash of zimbabwe, fiddle, piano, and soprano, all stirred vigorously together. Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout of singers and swingers (Johnny Meistro and the Crests), whose bodies are triple-jointed. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): To all intents and purposes, the antics here are practically subscription dances, so enter your son and daughter at birth if you wish them to grow up wise in the ways of the night world. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine until four is the customary running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The supreme test is the effort of all present to follow the flight plan of Tanya





VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

From our exclusive

THOROUGHbred Collection—

a bias-yoked shift of imported grey

worsted chalked with graphchecks, \$90.

Our exclusive

French Import

Buckskin jacket nonpareil! From the martingale belt to the tip of its longer, body hugging line... the look is all new. Just one from our marvelous McDouglas leather collection in seafoam, gold, winey red, blue. 8 to 16, \$75



Town & Country Coats, 3rd Floor
At all 4 Bloomingdale branch stores
Lexington at 59th • EL 5-5900

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Everett (earlier on a participant in "Fiddler on the Roof"). The music comes partly from a tapped wire and partly (each Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the gang called the Phaetrons; the hours are nine to utter exhaustion; the menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies... **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): You can gambol on this Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but all the same it is an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance seven days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): A new Atlantis, sunk not beneath the sea but beneath Third Avenue. The delicate outlines of its architecture (dream-world Italianate) and of its fashionable population are still clearly visible, and so are the ritualistic dances. It is open, seven nights a week, from nine-thirty to three-thirty, and the buoy that marks its sunken site is a street-side al-fresco café of the same name.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An elaborately ornamented chess set in which all knights are bold and all kings, including Henri IV, are merry. It's a music box, too, except on Sunday evenings, for the violin of Norbert Faconi, a serenader all sublime, takes an active part in the proceedings... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Kurt Maier, whose piano offers conducted tours of the Prater. Supper but no dinner... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-8398): A suite of rooms held over from the Ottoman Empire. In the final room, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays... **SHERY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Ralph Strain's winter palace for the new season is the bar-restaurant. His eclectic piano usually rambles from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): French Impressionist is the mood of this watering place; Viennese Impressionist is the mood of Karl Inwald's piano, which ponders life from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. Alongside the ornamentation is ranged a cluster of musicians given to romantic sighs. Closed Sundays... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The niche Conrad Monjoy has made for himself and his benign piano is beside the bar. Eight until two is his ca-

reer. No music Mondays... **IN BOBOLI**, 1501 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is Firenze. Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston returns to the stage by quoting Shakespeare, Kipling, et al. to his own purposes—humorous as well as dramatic; Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, chairman of the board of night-life humorists, sometimes gets back to second childhood when he narrates tales told out of school; the rest of the time, he acts and talks his age—always a cynic's delight. The side-show is the Copa corps of ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs, and Bill Selby, who makes the timeworn task of being production singer seem the best fun in the world. Dancing for the patrons as well... ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music by Helen Ferguson and the Personalities, plus Al Astaré's trio—names drawn from who knows whose hat... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Zest, zing, and *Zeitgeist* are what little girls must be made of if they appear in "Oriental Phantasy," a large, brightly tinted chunk of gay abandon. Dancing for diners, too... **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The loose ends, weird and wonderful, at which the mini-skirt contingent and its escorts arrive here certainly justify the means. The music issues from a collection of bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Nine-thirty until four every night is the deal. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mel Tormé, whose sound effects are accomplished by sheer skill instead of main force, is the troubadour; Woody Herman's Ninety-ninth Herd is the thundering band; John Byner is the better-than-usual storyteller. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Monday, Sept. 19, has been set aside for the reviving of Julius Monk's series of soirées. He will be assisted in this modish project by Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, political-science majors and commentators from Cambridge University, and by Nancy Dussault, a well-remembered young voice from an earlier Monk project. Activities commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the jollier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. A dinnertime song-and-dance interlude is all that happens on Sunday evenings... ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The territory explored by "Below the Belt," the incumbent revue, has been explored before (some of it by the Lewis and Clark Expedition), but not always with such gusto. It is on tap at nine-thirty and midnight every night but Sunday. Richard Blair, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin are the players... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The despair of Joan Rivers is not so utter that she cannot talk about it—no, indeed. Her outbursts happen twice a night during the week, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. She will be absent on Thursday, Sept. 15, and Friday, Sept. 23. Closed Sundays... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels

For the love of Arpege... there's a new hair spray!

The world's most adored fragrance, now in a hair spray. But not hair spray as *you* know it.

A delicate-as-air spray.

Your hair takes on a shimmer and sheen that's wonderfully young.

You seem to spray new life and bounce right into it. And a Coif of Arpege has one more thing no other hair spray has.

It has Arpege.

a COIF of ARPEGE
LANVIN
3.50 (ALSO IN MY SIN)



There is a certain kind of woman who loves being part of the incredible, astronaut-ical 20th century. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



Strike up a marche militaire for autumn's military look. The coat has a nipped-in waist and flared skirt and shoulder epaulettes. All wool in navy, cranberry or dark green. 5 to 13, 65.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

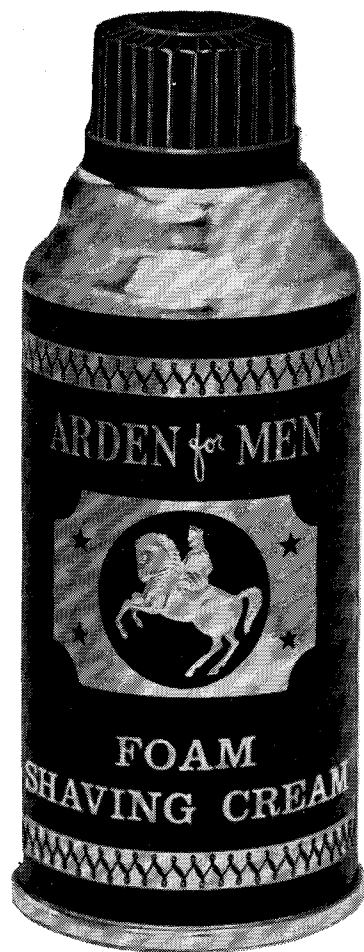
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 111th St. (CH 2-9355): The mystic rites performed by Thelonious Monk's piano often seem to come as a surprise to their author, too. He is fitted out with a quartet. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. Leon Bibb's bravado voice deals fervently with folk music; the voice of Jake Holmes spoofs the unholy ways and means into which some of this art form has fallen. The Uncalled-For 3 are what is known as comic relief. Mr. Bibb signs off on Sunday, Sept. 18; the rest of the cast stays on. On Saturday, Sept. 24, the Serendipity Singers will be sworn in. Tuesdays are assigned, instead, to visiting scholars. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these assignments have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandmen every Monday; Herbie Mann's fife-and-drum corps, plus Dave Frye's comedy, the remainder of the week. The mighty Miriam Makeba should be singing her tribal African songs each Friday and Saturday, and the Jazz Workshop of Sir Charles Mingus should be on hand each Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. . . . **Upstairs**, in the bar-grill, there is late jazz every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Through its small portals pass large occurrences. The current sound comes from the cheerful Zoot Sims quartet and the craftily rifled barrel of Chris Connor's larynx. On Tuesday, Sept. 20, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, two artful carollers who have expanded into a quartet, will succeed Miss Connor. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Ed Harris's quartet (Cedar Walton, Billy Higgins, and Ron Carter are in it) finishes up on Sunday, Sept. 18. Monday, other cats are at play. On Tuesday, Sept. 20, Irene Reid starts singing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond their recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A throwback to the time when jazz was outgoing, not ingrown. The symposium is conducted by Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or exact duplicates thereof. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Lou Donaldson's quartet is hard at work now; on Tuesday, Sept. 20, Roland Kirk's



arden
for **men**





Some people might consider the tailors who make our odd trousers a bit odd themselves.

They look down on suitpants as a poor, dependent relation that never stands on its own two feet.

And they bristle when anybody refers to what they make as "slacks."

It's been said that making trousers that hang well, with spare

and clean-cut lines, is the most difficult thing in all tailordom.

So perhaps the Tailor's Bench trousermakers are entitled to their superiority complex.

These odd trousers of 55% Dacron* polyester, 45% wool fabric. Solids from \$22.50, patterns from \$25. Tailor's Bench, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York. *REG. T. M. DU PONT



Tailor's Bench® odd trousers, with Dacron®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**Interpretive Dancer? Daredevil?
Dreamer?**

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING

Talented mothers know the Danskin name is synonymous with the finest full-fashioned sweaters, pants and seamless tights. This mock turtleneck is in stretch nylon and Dacron® polyester. Sizes 2-6x, 5.00. Sizes 7-14, 6.00. Nylon pants sizes 2-6x, 4.50. Sizes 7-14, 5.50. At fine stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quartet will take over. Mondays are allotted to one-night standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET AND GEORGE MUELLER—Paintings; through Oct. 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL AND ARISTIDE MAILLOL—Paintings by the former and bronzes by the latter; through Oct. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON CHARLES—Casein paintings; through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK NELSON—Constructions and assemblages; through Oct. 1. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIE TAYLOR—Semi-abstract animal sculptures in stone; through Oct. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—Sculptures in wood, shell, and bone from Peru; through Oct. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: "The Decoy Maker's Craft," a bevy of some two hundred old foolers from the collection of William J. Mackey, Jr., including Elmer Crowell's black-bellied plovers and John Lee Baldwin's shore birds; through Oct. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, and Fred Meyer (to mention a few); through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan exhibition of Colonial and Federal portraits (by Robert Feke, Gilbert Stuart, Nathaniel Smibert, and others), plus a group of Flemish and French old-master drawings; through Oct. 15.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—"Prospectus '66-'67" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by the gallery's members, among them Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of recently acquired objects of Egyptian art—including tomb and temple sculptures and a variety of stone vessels, bronze mirrors, and ointment jars—ranging from prehistoric times until the merging of Egypt into the Roman Empire. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address on Sept. 28.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ♣ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from



a distinctive classic returns THE DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT with slimmer lines . . . new detailing

Any nostalgic thoughts a man may harbor for the old double-breasted suits are sure to disappear when he sees today's updated version...with its slimmer lines adding a touch of elegance—its lighter weight materials a comfort unknown heretofore. We have carefully cut and made it in our own workrooms in navy English worsted, in an unusually fine hopsack weave at \$185. And in a charcoal grey chalk stripe unfinished worsted at \$175

*Also in our 4-button "346" model, in navy or oxford grey
English unfinished worsted chalk stripes, \$135*

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Mens & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

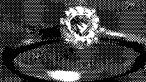
346 MADISON AVE., COR 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES



Cartier



THE
ELEGANT
THIRD-FINGER-LEFT-HAND.

No better way to say it than with a Cartier diamond. Come choose from a diversified selection of exceptional beauty. From the top: The round cut, in 18kt yellow gold, \$350; the marquise, in platinum, \$1,250; the Cartier emerald-cut, in 18kt yellow gold, \$650; the pearshape, in platinum, \$850.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND
NEW YORK - PLAZA 3-0111
CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH
CARTIER, S.A., PARIS
CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a proper cemetery for some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings that have been demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art—The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"New York: The State and the City," a selection of autograph manuscripts, letters and documents, printed books, and historical prints; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts, including a number of Old and New Testaments, and watercolors and illuminated books by William Blake; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season in the new opera house in Lincoln Center—Friday, Sept. 16: The premiere of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra," adapted by Franco Zeffirelli from Shakespeare's text. Leontyne Price, Mary Ellen Pracht, Rosalind Elias, Belen Amaran, Jess Thomas, Justino Diaz, John Macurdy, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 19: A new production of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejić, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22: A new production of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. All performances are non-subscription.)

TELEMANN FESTIVAL—David Blum conducting the Esterhazy Orchestra in the last two in a series of programs, with instrumental soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of Elizabethan music. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 11:30.)

ROYAL HIGHLAND FUSILIERS—The regimental band, pipes, drums, and bugles of Princess Margaret's Glasgow and Ayrshire regiment. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22-23, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Dave Brubeck, Jimmy Smith, and Lou Rawls. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, Sept. 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 23, at 2, and Saturday, Sept. 24, at 7.

BOXING—Oscar Bonavena vs. Joe Frazier, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, Sept. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

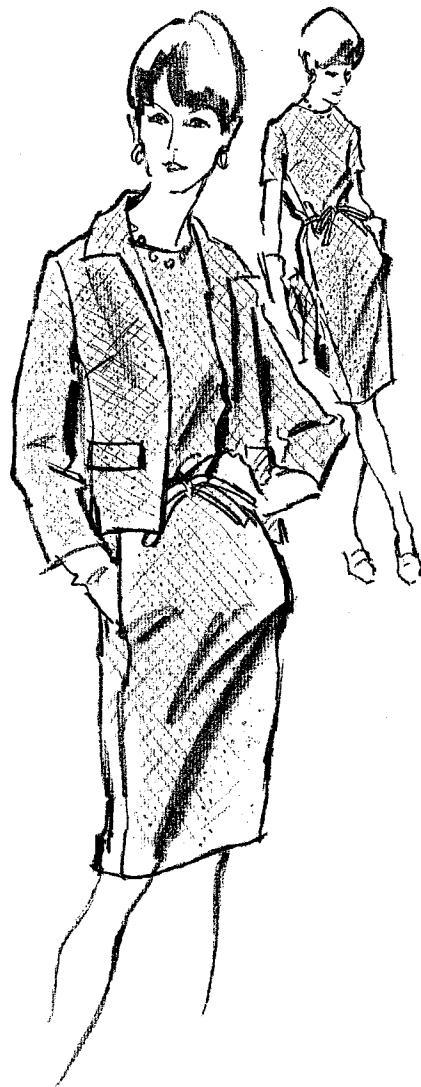
COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 17 (both games at 2): Army vs. Kansas State, at West Point. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 24: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 18, at 1:05.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Mountain Ridge Country

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



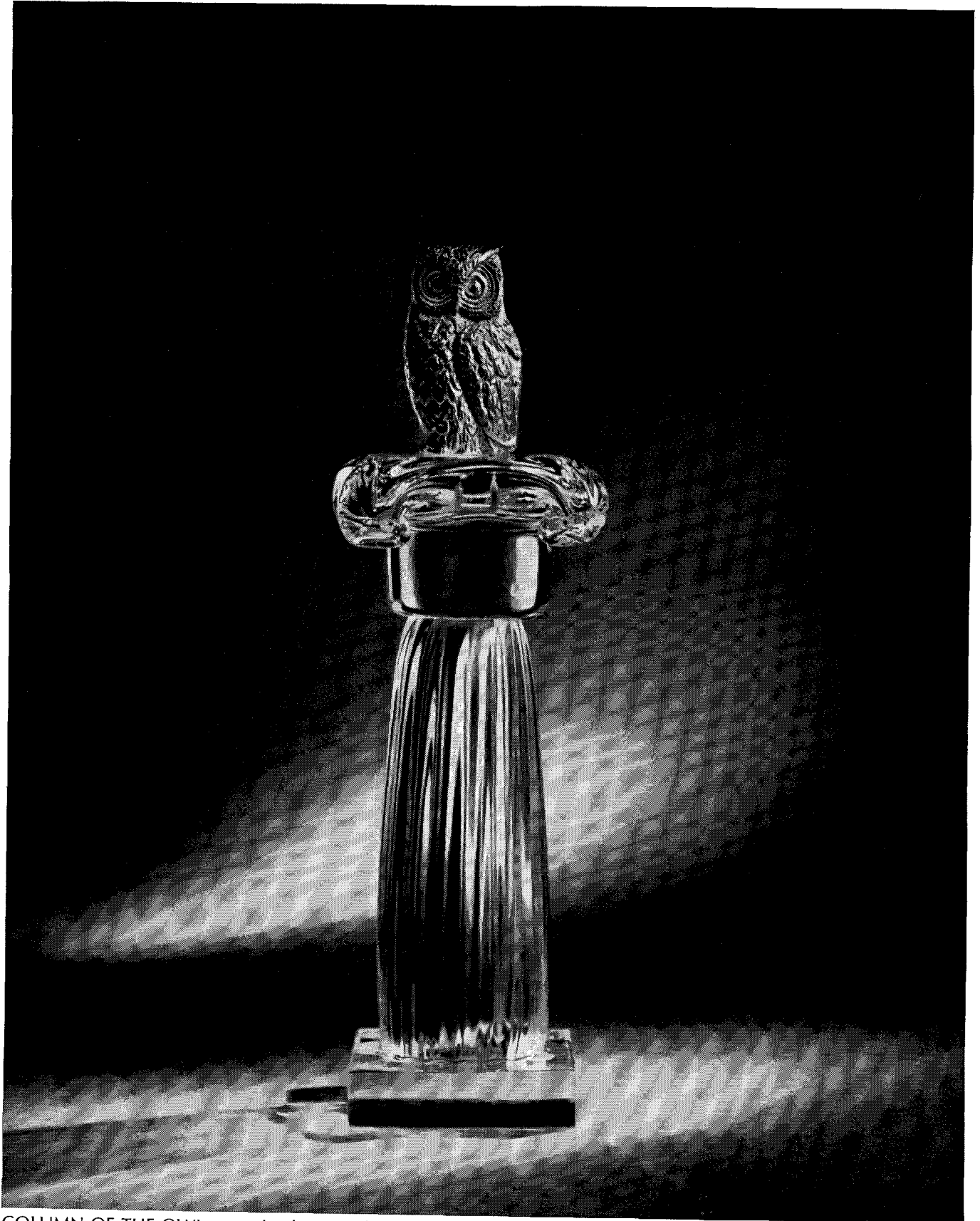
The dress takes
a jacket

and leads a smart double fashion life. Wear this two-piece costume to fall's many happenings. Take it traveling with you—it's knit of wrinkle-free Fortrel® polyester—packs in seconds, too. By Alper Schwartz.

Black tulip, green or blue,
sizes 12 to 20, (N-14) 70.00

3rd Floor

New York Store Only



COLUMN OF THE OWL: crystal column with owl of 18 karat gold • Designed by James Houston • Height 7¼" • \$600.00.



STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK • N.Y. 10022

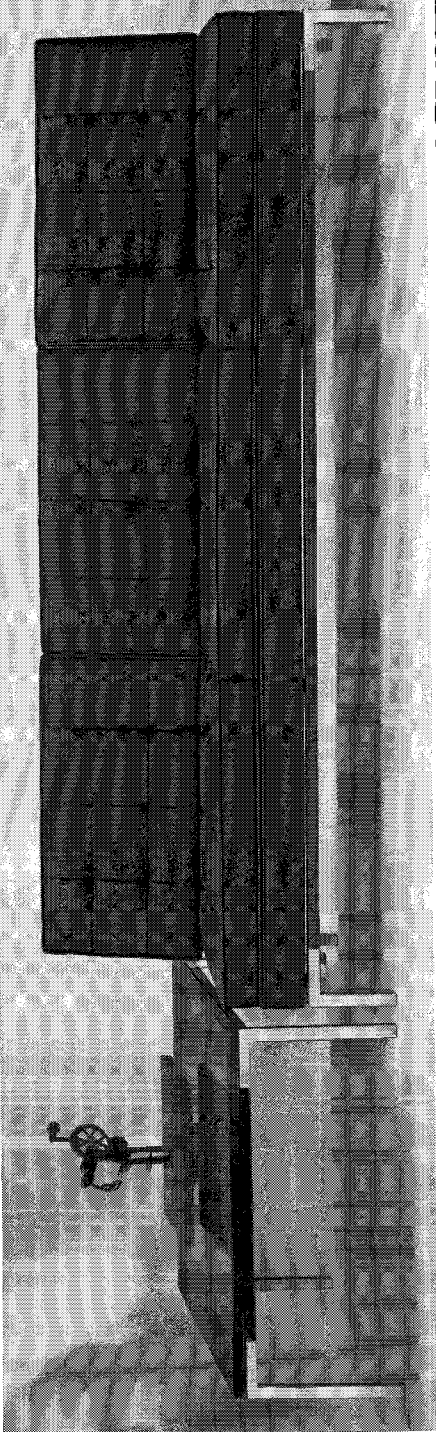
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A man will appreciate
EMBASSY
the business like furniture
for offices by

Woodard

Especially the Woodard kind of comfort,
good design and endurance.

Write for Brochure #102, Lee L. Woodard Sons, Inc., Owosso, Michigan
Showrooms: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Club, West Caldwell, N.J. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 20-22.)

HORSE SHOWS—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 15-18.)... Chester County Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 24.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 17.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30. The Jerome Handicap, Thursday, Sept. 15; the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 17; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sunday, Sept. 18, at 3.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The twenty-first session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 20. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 15, at 6:30: "Balthazar" (France and Sweden, 1966). . . . Thursday, Sept. 15, at 9:30: "Les Créatures" (France and Sweden, 1966). . . . Friday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (Italy, 1966). . . . Friday, Sept. 16, at 9:30: "Accattone" (Italy, 1961). . . . Saturday, Sept. 17, at 11: A children's show, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" (Czechoslovakia, 1963; children must be accompanied by an adult). . . . Saturday, Sept. 17, at 1:30: "Meet Marlon Brando" and "The Troublemakers" (United States, 1966) and "Notes for a Film on Jazz" (Italy, 1966). . . . Saturday, Sept. 17, at 4: "The Burmese Harp" (Japan, 1956). . . . Saturday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "A Woman of Affairs" (United States, 1929) and "The Cheat" (United States, 1915). . . . Saturday, Sept. 17, at 9:30: "The Shameless Old Lady" (France, 1964). . . . Sunday, Sept. 18, at 2: "Intimate Lighting" (Czechoslovakia, 1965) and "Three" (Yugoslavia, 1965). . . . Sunday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "The Roundup" (Hungary, 1966). . . . Sunday, Sept. 18, at 9:30: "Masculine Feminine" (France and Sweden, 1965). . . . Monday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "The Hunt" (Spain, 1966). . . . Monday, Sept. 19, at 9:30: "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors" (Russia, 1964). . . . Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "Pearls on the Ground" (Czechoslovakia, 1965). . . . Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 9:30: "Simon of the Desert" (Mexico, 1965) and "The Man with the Shaven Head" (Belgium, 1966). . . . Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 6:30: "La Chi-enne" (France, 1931). . . . Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 9:30: "Pierrot le Fou" (France and Italy, 1965). . . . Thursday, Sept. 22, at 6:30: "Almost a Man" (Italy, 1966). . . . Thursday, Sept. 22, at 9:30: "La Guerre Est Finie" (France and Sweden, 1965).

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 17, at 10:30 and 1:45: English and French furniture, silver, and decorations; from various owners. . . . Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 10:15: European printed books and incunabula, books on witchcraft, and historical maps and prints; from the Valentine Museum, in Richmond, and from other sources.

BONWIT
TELLER



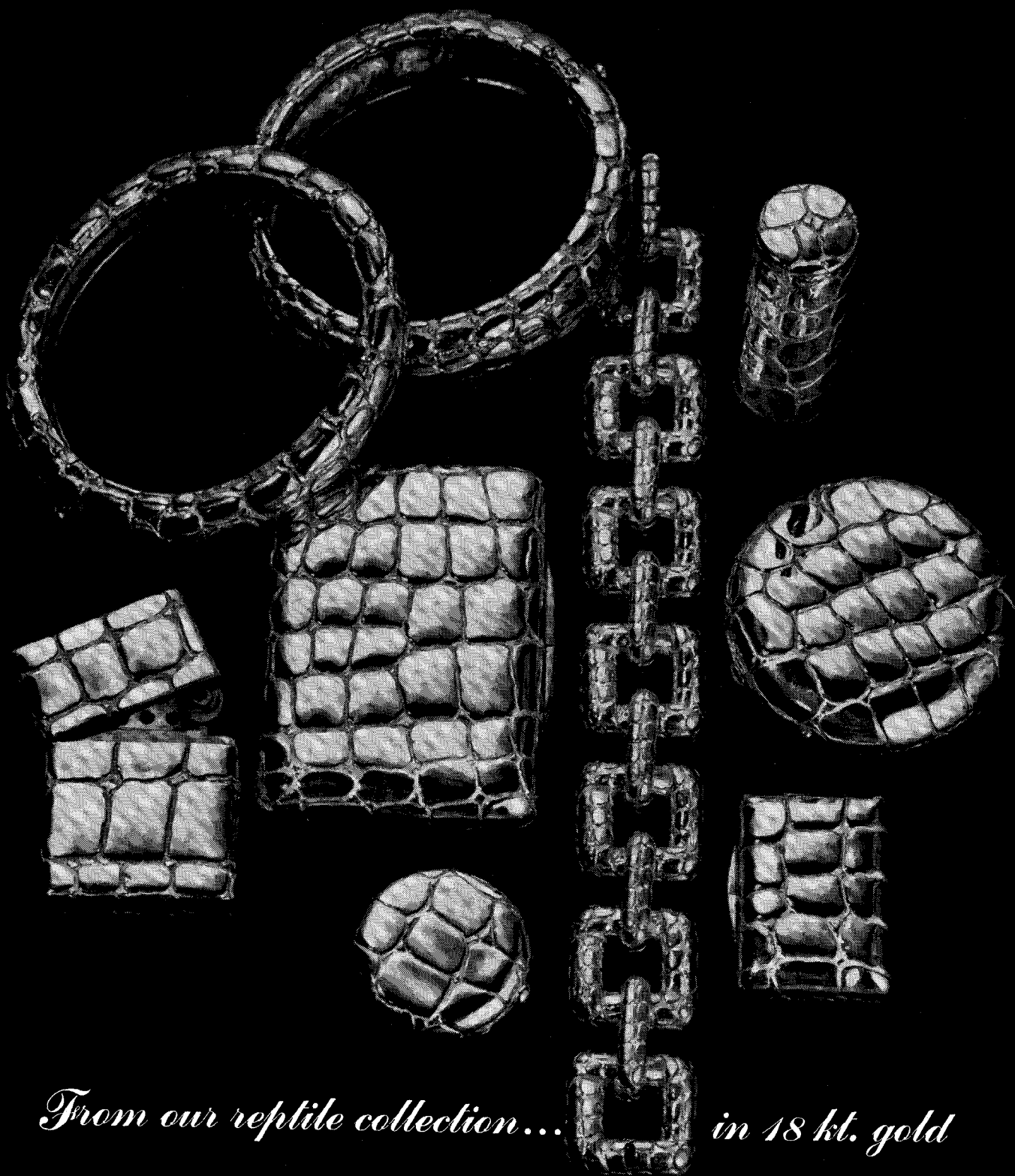
TAPESTRY AND VELVETEEN FOR BONWIT'S JUNIOR PETITE

Quite a coup for the season's important happenings...our little cotton velveteen skimmer with yoked bodice peeks out from under an elegant cotton tapestry coat. A Junior Petite by Carl in olive green or black with white, 5 to 13 sizes, 35.00

Mail and phone orders filled.

JUNIOR CAREER DRESSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston



From our reptile collection... in 18 kt. gold

*We are pleased to announce the opening of our new
Chicago store at 715 North Michigan Avenue*

TIFFANY & CO.

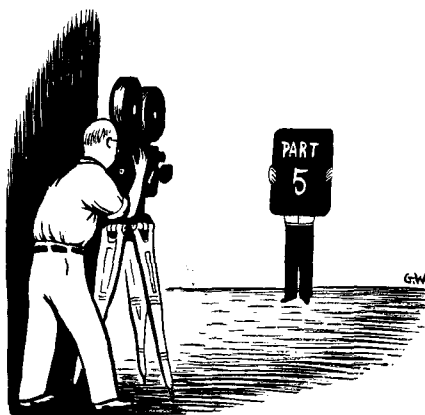
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST. • BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE • HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. • CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

DEAR JOHN—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 15-18, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

FANTASTIC VOYAGE—A sci-fi thriller about a long and dangerous voyage through the human body. Better for children than for medical students. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.... ¶Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Sept. 21.)

KHARTOUM—Handsome and authentic locations, sets, costumes, and actors (Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier); tame script. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 15-16, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, at 2, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 19-20, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

LADY L—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman, in a comedy that the director, Peter Ustinov, evidently doesn't expect us to believe, perhaps because he wrote the witty, flimsy screenplay. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 21.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

MORGAN!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.... ¶Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 20.)

MY FAIR LADY—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 17.... ¶Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 20.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 17.... ¶York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 18.... ¶5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Sept. 21.)

TO DIE IN MADRID—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 21.)

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?—An old-fashioned knockabout farce, made to look shiny new by the wit of the director, Blake Edwards. With Dick Shawn, James Coburn, and a dozen other fine actors. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 21.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—The wit and harshness of the original are undimmed, and the language is unbowlidized. Richard Burton's performance is so strong that the emphasis now has shifted: Martha's play has become George's movie. The other actors—Elizabeth Taylor, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis—do very well, too. Mike Nichols was the director; Ernest Lehman adapted the

script. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THE WRONG BOX—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

AMERICA AMERICA (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 19-20.)

L'ATALANTE (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic chronicle of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 19.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Sept. 17.... ¶Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 20.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 15.)

CAT BALLOU (1965)—A Western which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 18-20.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tire-some wife. Pietro Germi is the director. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

GIGI (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.... ¶72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 20.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.... ¶York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 18.... ¶72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 21, tentative.)

IKIRU (1960)—The last days of a Japanese

Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 16-19.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 21.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Sept. 18.... ¶Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 21.)

THE MAGICIAN (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. In Swedish. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 21.)

MISSISSIPPI (1935)—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 20.)

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE (1965)—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and acted by Peter Kastner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

THE SOFT SKIN (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 15.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 16-19.)

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (1928)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 20.)

TOM JONES (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Sept. 17.)

TOMORROW IS MY TURN (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Riviere. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—A forty-five-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd.—Through Sept. 16: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.... ¶Sept. 17-19: "Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson.... ¶Sept. 20: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen.... ¶Sept. 21: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) ... GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle.—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Sept. 16: "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" (1959), with Doris Day and David Niven.... ¶Sept. 17-18: "Jumbo" (1962), with Doris Day and Stephen Boyd.... ¶Sept. 20-21: "Holiday in Mexico" (1946), with Walter Pidgeon and Ilona Massey. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) ... NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Ambush Bay," Mickey Rooney, Hugh O'Brian.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 21: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursdays through Sunday, Sept. 15-18, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
FANTASTIC VOYAGE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MORGAN!

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 20: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar; and "Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier.
From Sept. 21: LADY L; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Ambush Bay," Mickey Rooney, Hugh O'Brian.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Sept. 18: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.
From Sept. 19: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Ambush Bay," Mickey Rooney, Hugh O'Brian.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 18: A THOUSAND CLOWNS; and HELP!, revival.
Sept. 19-20: AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
From Sept. 21: JULES AND JIM (in French), revival; and THE MAGICIAN (in Swedish), revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
18	19	20	21	15	16	17

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 20: A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival; and "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From Sept. 21 (tentative): HELP!, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi; and "Waco," Howard Keel, Jane Russell.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 20: "Lost Command," Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon.
From Sept. 21: FANTASTIC VOYAGE.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 15: CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS and SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 16-19: THE SPANISH EARTH, revival; and IKIRU (in Japanese), revival.
From Sept. 20: TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (silent); and "Earth" (silent).

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Sept. 17: TOM JONES, revival; and BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, revival.
From Sept. 18: JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 20: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Sept. 21: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 20: "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.
From Sept. 21: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 20: "A Patch of Blue," revival; Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters; and "Never Too Late," revival, Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From Sept. 21: A THOUSAND CLOWNS; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 19: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar; and "Frontier Hellcat," Stewart Granger, Elke Sommer.
Sept. 20: "The Jazz Singer," revival, Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee; and "Serenade," revival, Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.
From Sept. 21: WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?; and "The Dirty Game," Henry Fonda, Vittorio Gassman.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 17: THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French); and A THOUSAND CLOWNS.
Sept. 18-20: CAT BALLOU, revival; and "The Collector," revival, Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 21: TO DIE IN MADRID; and JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian), revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
FANTASTIC VOYAGE.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Loves of a Blonde," a Czechoslovakian film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Sept. 18: "It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.
From Sept. 19: "Masculine Feminine" (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

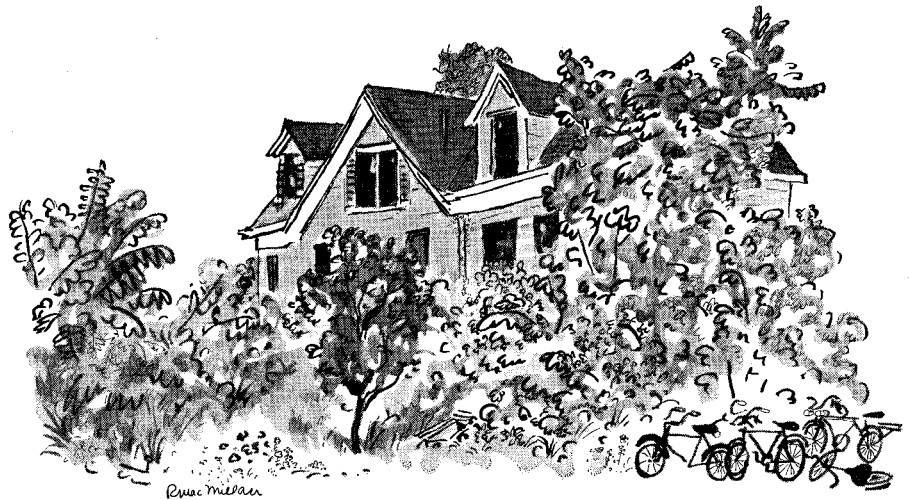
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 19: THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Sept. 20: MISSISSIPPI, revival; and "Her Majesty Love," revival, Marilyn Miller, W. C. Fields.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 20: THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French); and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From Sept. 21: WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?; and "The Dirty Game," Henry Fonda, Vittorio Gassman.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 15: TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brial, Gérard Blain.
Sept. 16: NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE, revival; and "One Potato, Two Potato," revival, Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.
Sept. 17: ZERO FOR CONDUCT and L'ATALANTE (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 18: "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.
Sept. 19: DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian), revival; and "An Affair of the Skin," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.
Sept. 20: AMERICA AMERICA, revival.
Sept. 21: THE SOFT SKIN and PICNIC ON THE GRASS (both in French and both revivals).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 20: MORGAN!; and BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, revival.
From Sept. 21: To be announced.





Why do so many people go to
Trimingham's in Bermuda instead of
London to shop for British treasures?

Who ever heard of getting a suntan on a
London shopping tour



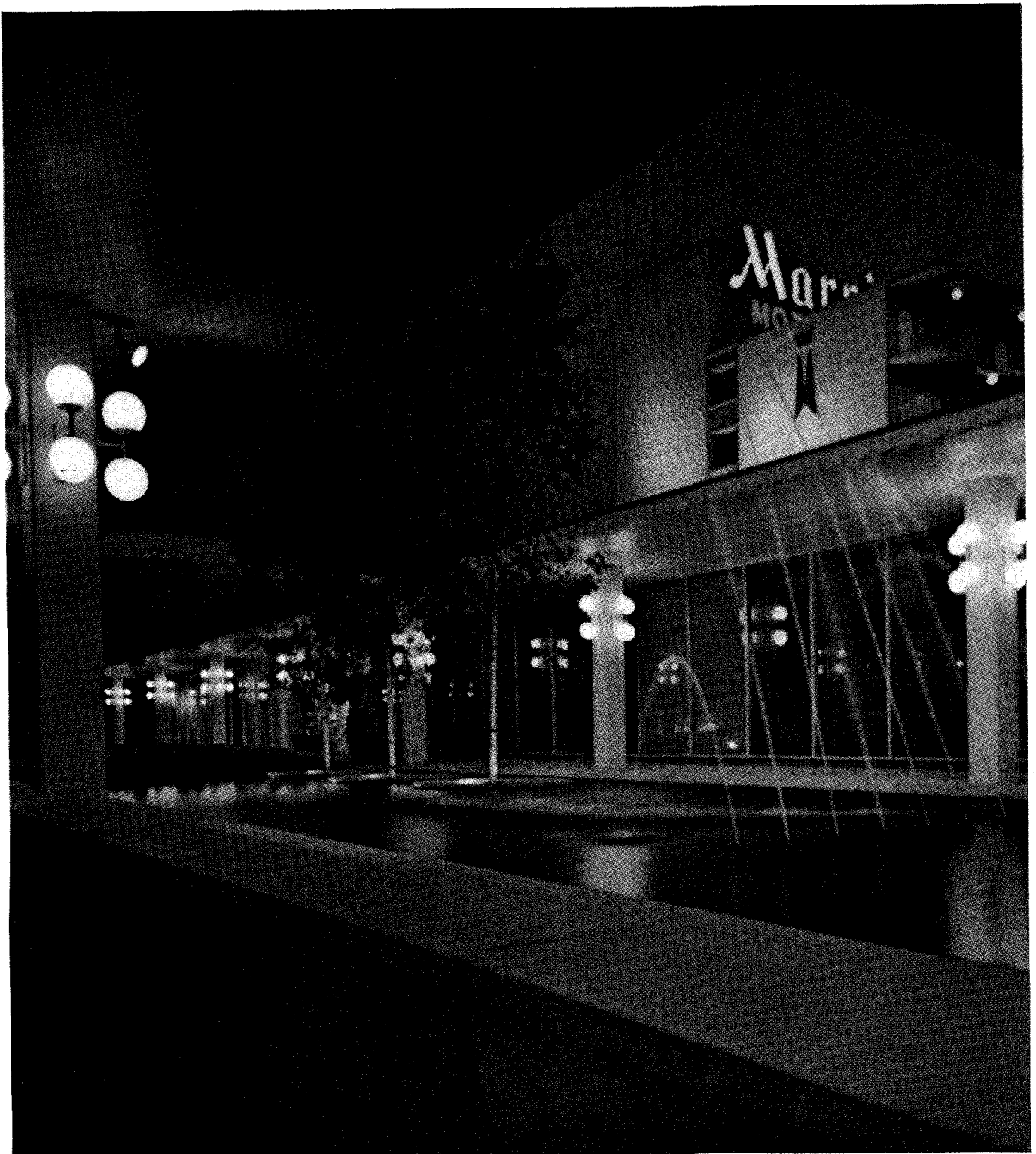
Since the days of sailing ships Trimingham's has been famous for its variety of British treasures. (*And my, the weather's superb in Bermuda!*) There are no finer slacks than Daks! (*And Bermuda beaches are fantastically beautiful.*) And those Ballantyne Cashmeres are as lovely as the flowers.

(*Heavens, you have a marvellous tan and you've only sailed one day!*) You can't come to Bermuda now? We're sorry. Bet you are, too. But write: we'll send you our Treasures-by-mail catalogue and you'll at least have the fun of shopping here. (*At such savings, too!*) Write Dept. N-33, Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA
Since 1844



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The "in" inn for meetings

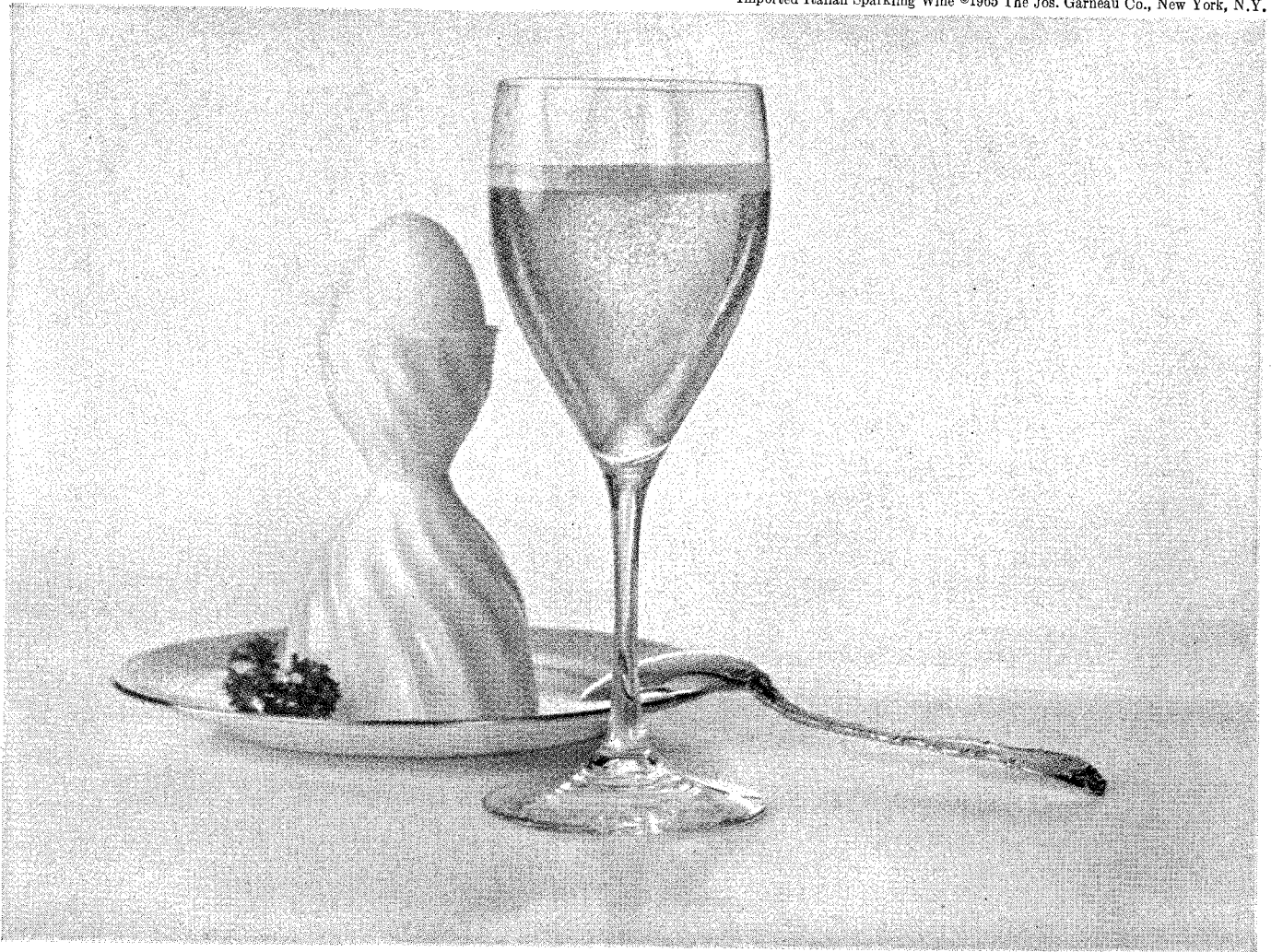
From opening gavel to closing handshakes, a meeting or convention at the company-oriented Marriott Motor Hotels is a many-splendored thing. The beauty of Marriott is more than fountain deep . . . it shines through in the roomier rooms, sparkling pools, cavernous display spaces, and Falstaffian banquets for three to three thousand. There's the yea-saying management putting that extra fillip of attention into each of your meeting details. There's the never-say-diet corps of chefs who feed your esprit de corps to the breaking point. In short, there's Marriott . . . and this is living. Write for our brochure.

This is living... this is  **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D.C. • Dallas • Philadelphia • Atlanta • Saddle Brook, N.J.

National Sales Office: Marriott Motor Hotel, Twin Bridges, Washington, D.C. 20001 or call 628-4200





Breakfast Italian style



The egg itself may be poached, fried, scrambled or boiled.

The wine must sparkle. With true Italian sparkle. The flavor must be natural. No sugar added to conceal an undeveloped grape.

Asti Gancia Spumante is such a wine.

Spumante tells you the wine is sparkling.

Asti tells you the grapes are grown in Italy's

lush northern vineyards.

Gancia tells you it is Italy's best-loved sparkling wine.

The first sip tells a lot more. Asti Gancia has all the lightness and gaiety of champagne. But without the price tag.

Next time you buy eggs, don't forget the Asti Gancia Spumante.

FROM EUROPE: SIX COLOR ORIGINALS BY ESTÉE LAUDER. The language of color needs no translation, just the quick eye of Estée Lauder, who is as sensitive to color as a barometer to weather. From her European Collection come six Color Originals rendered here in her brilliant Re-Nutriv Lipstick. The secret of its radiant color, its deep-velvet smoothness is Re-Nutriv, Estée Lauder's creme of creams. Try Pompeii Red, Swedish Blush, Lido Sand, Parisian Peach, French Coral or Mayfair Pink—and use the language of color to deliver your own brilliant beauty message.

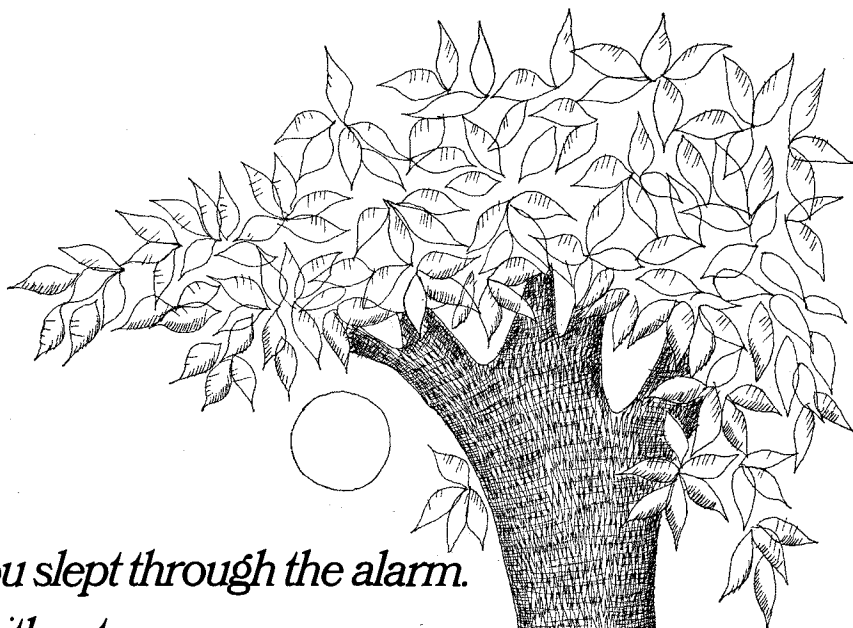
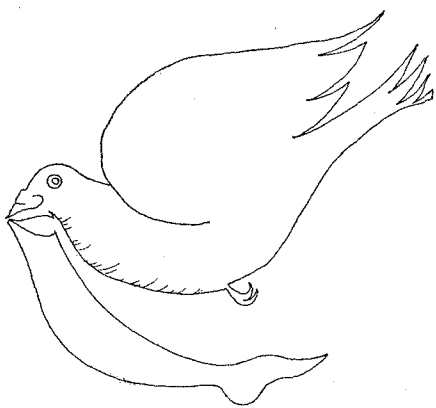
Estée Lauder



©1966 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





*It was such a nice dream, you slept through the alarm.
The meeting began at 9:30 without you.
And today you were going to ask for a raise.*

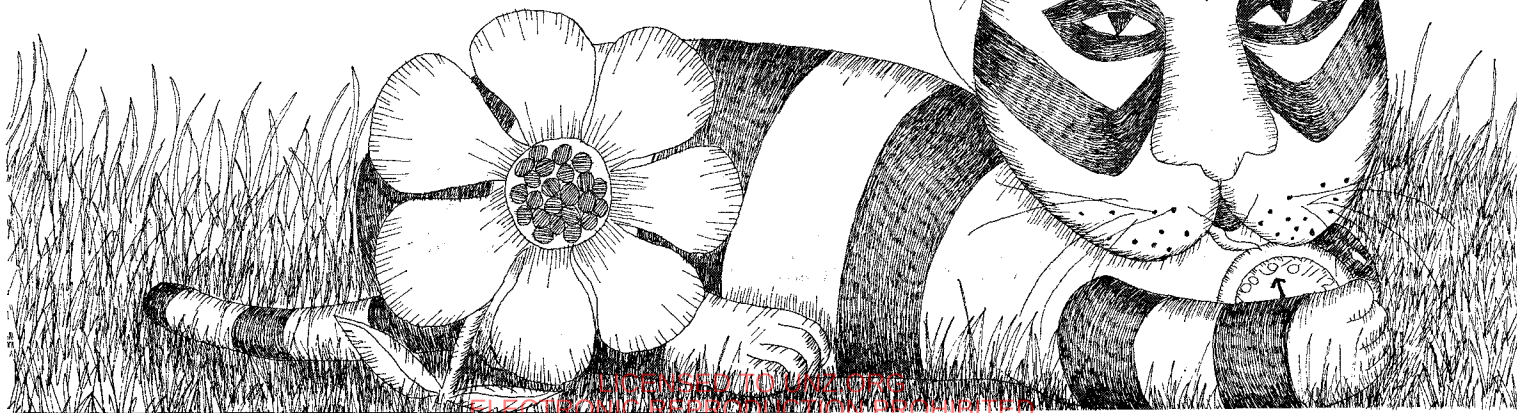
Quick, the Hanes!

Five years ago, you would have arrived—breathless—with news that the cat died or the sink flooded. But surely, you're too old and too rich to go through *that* again. No—if you've got to be late, it's time you start looking like a girl worth waiting for.

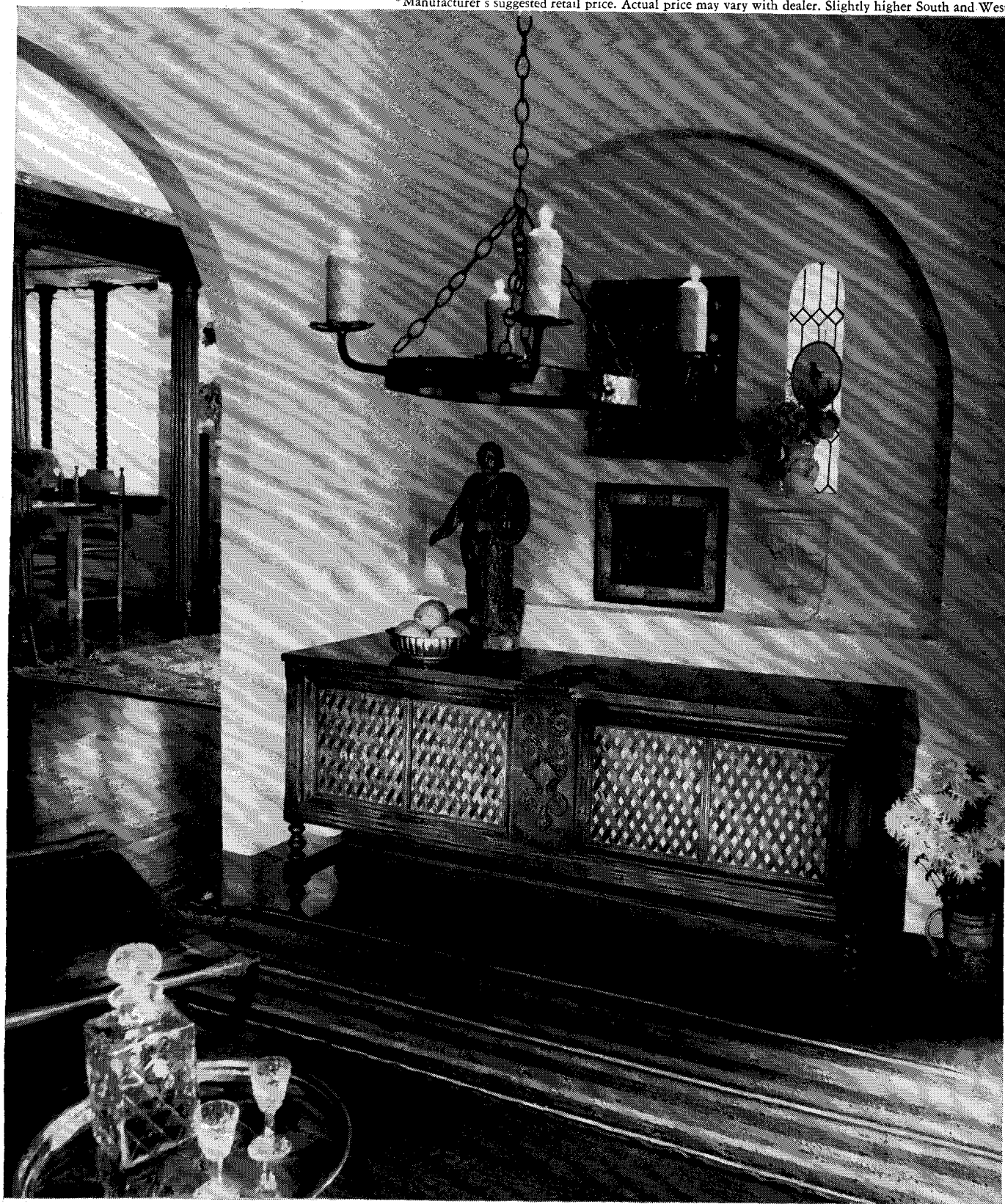
So go put your eyelashes on. And that designer dress. And wear your Hanes stockings. To the office?! Why not? Just think. You won't have to worry about baggy knees. Or wrinkly ankles. You can flash your legs unabashedly in the conference room. And you won't have to worry about runs.

At least not the kind that come from nowhere. Hanes stockings are made so carefully for *that* nonsense. With Run Guard heels. And rand-looped toes. And then they're inspected about 16 times. That's why Hanes stockings last so long. Of course, they'll last even longer if you leave them in the drawer. But then, what's the fun of that?

Great Legs deserve *Hanes*
Others need them.



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price may vary with dealer. Slightly higher South and West.



El console stereo comes from Illinois.

Living room got el chairo, el glasso, el lampo feeling?

Well, here's a console that looks like it's from Old España. The Cortez by G.E.

A Spanish chest Mrs. Cortez might have given Hernando to hold his treasures.

But this chest holds a treasure even

Hernando couldn't find. Stereo components selected to give the finest 20th century sound reproduction.

If Spanish isn't your speed, there are 36 other models to choose from. Starting at under \$150.*

They're worth giving up your gold for.

The Cortez is equipped for Porta-Fi. The optional speaker system that plugs into any outlet in the house.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois



Transplanting gentians—photo by Mark Shaw

Unshackle yourself. You have a friend
at Chase Manhattan to help you care for
your nest egg and act as your trustee.
Delegate us at your convenience.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION / Head Office: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10015



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now we're making a Lady Pendleton® shirt, too.

We've been making your husband's favorite wool shirts for years. You've probably been buying them for him. Or maybe even wearing them. Surreptitiously. Now we're making one for you. Same meticulous man-tailoring. Same great checks and plaids. Same wear-forever quality. Only very ladylike. You'll find them where you buy your husband's Pendleton shirts. Priced at 15.00. Washable.



Sportswear by the Wool People



If Shreve's looks like a museum to you, maybe it's because some of our merchandise is sixty million years old.

That's the age of the average diamond. Formed by tremendous heat and pressure, long before men ever walked the earth.

The diamond you buy is one of the oldest things on earth. During its long imprisonment in its parent rock, your diamond has witnessed the birth of mountains. The coming and going of the ice ages. The extinction of the dinosaurs. And finally the creation of man.

In a way, we're rather ancient ourselves. Shreve, Crump and Low was founded 166 years ago. A trifle compared to the age of diamonds. But a fossil compared to other jewelry stores.

"Fossil" is a deliberate choice of word, for Shreve's, from time to time, has been accused of resembling a museum more than a jewelry store.

That's fine with us.

In fact, we planned it that way.

After all, we sell treasures, not trinkets.

And we feel that precious jewels and jewelry deserve dignified surroundings.

We resemble a museum in other ways, too. Admission is free. You can browse to your heart's content. And our experts can teach you everything you want to know about diamonds.

In fact at Shreve's we encourage you to

ask questions. Because the more you know about diamonds, the more you'll realize that there's no better place to buy yours than at Shreve's.

Some young people, it seems, have somehow gotten the mistaken notion that anything from Shreve's must be expensive. Including diamonds. And nothing could be further from the truth.

The fact of the matter is that a good quality diamond costs roughly the same price wherever you buy it. Fine diamonds are scarce today. And nobody's selling them at cut-rate prices. It's naive to hope for a bargain. It's sensible to expect a good value. But you have to know what a good value is.

Good value in a diamond means buying a quality stone, even though it may be smaller in size than what you'd hoped for. Don't sacrifice quality for quantity. The fine smaller diamond, flashing with fire is far more exciting and likely to hold its value than a larger but duller stone. In the past few years, diamonds have risen considerably in value, with quality stones leading the list.

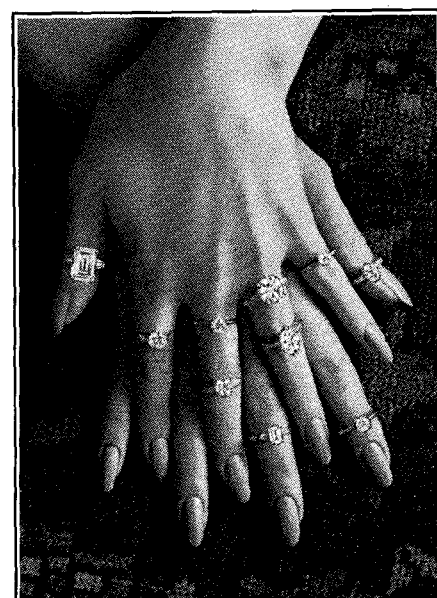
The thing to do is to come in to Shreve's with a pre-determined budget, be it \$150 or \$150,000. After asking enough ques-

tions and getting the answers, you'll know how to best spend your money.

You'll also have the confidence of knowing that the diamond you bought came from Shreve's. That trusted old fossil of a store that's been selling diamonds for 166 years.

To youngsters like yourself.

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
Area Code 617 267-9100 **BOSTON**



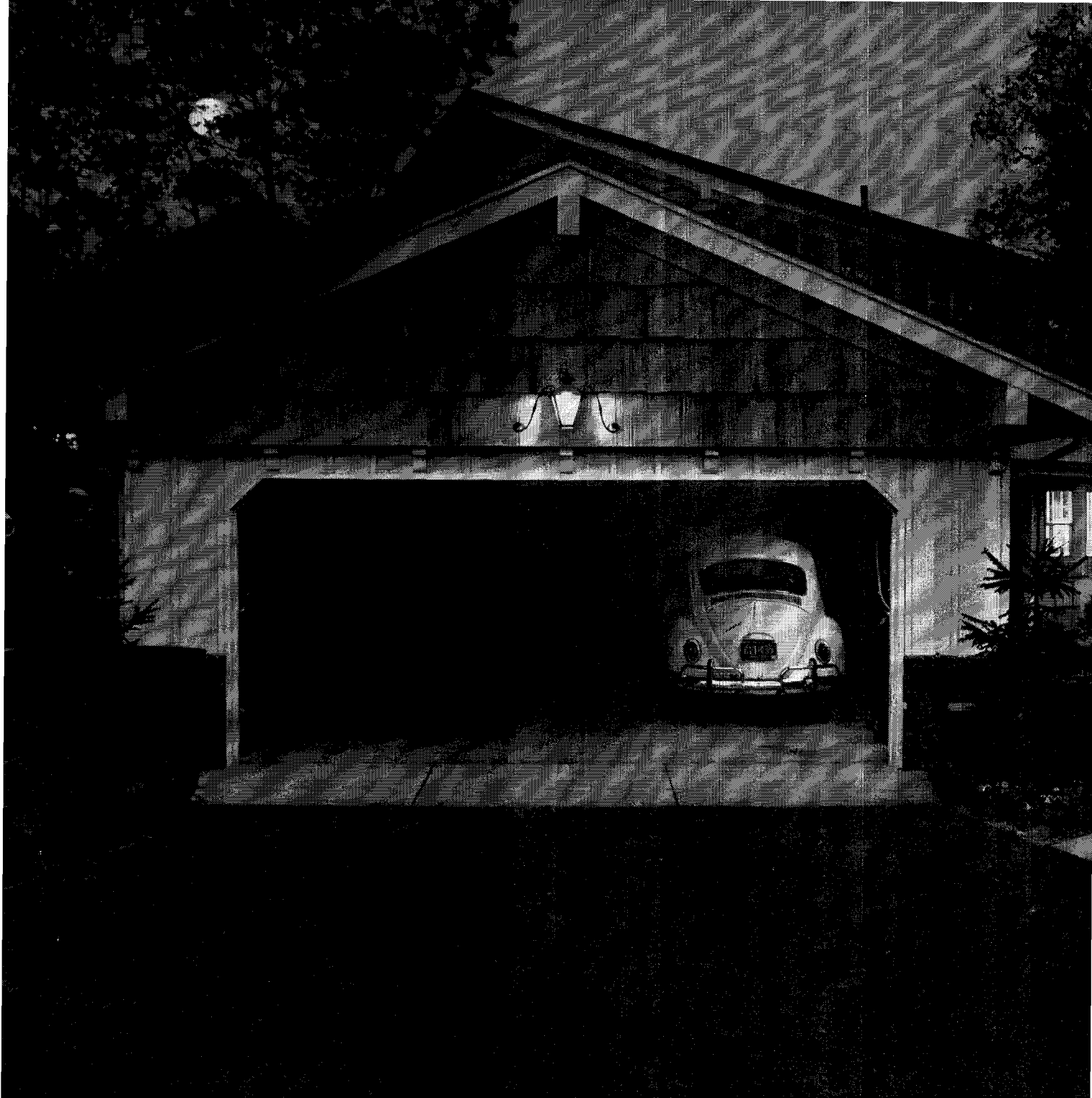


When you set your own you deserve de Pantene. The most splendid hair-setting lotion there is.

Forming de Pantene long a favorite in Europe, now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it gives substantial body, holds out humidity. Your set lasts longer with more shine than you ever thought your hair could show. Costs a little more—but tell yourself you're getting a deep conditioner setting lotion. You are! In two types for different hair needs, at all the best stores including

HENRI BENDEL
BONWILL TAILOR
JULIUS RAYMOND & CO.
PAUL L. ANDERSON
NEWMAN MARCUS
L. MARSH & CO.





©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

It does all the work, but on Saturday night which one goes to the party?

Once upon a time there was an ugly little bug. It could go about 27 miles on just one gallon of gas. It could go about 40,000 miles on just one set of tires. And it could park in tiny little crevices no bigger than a bug. It was just right for taking father to the train or the children to school. Or for taking mother to the grocery store, drugstore, dime store and all the other enchanting places that mothers go when

everyone else is working.

The ugly little bug was just like one of the family. But alas, it wasn't beautiful.

So for any important occasion the ugly little bug would be replaced. By a big beautiful chariot, drawn by 300 horses!

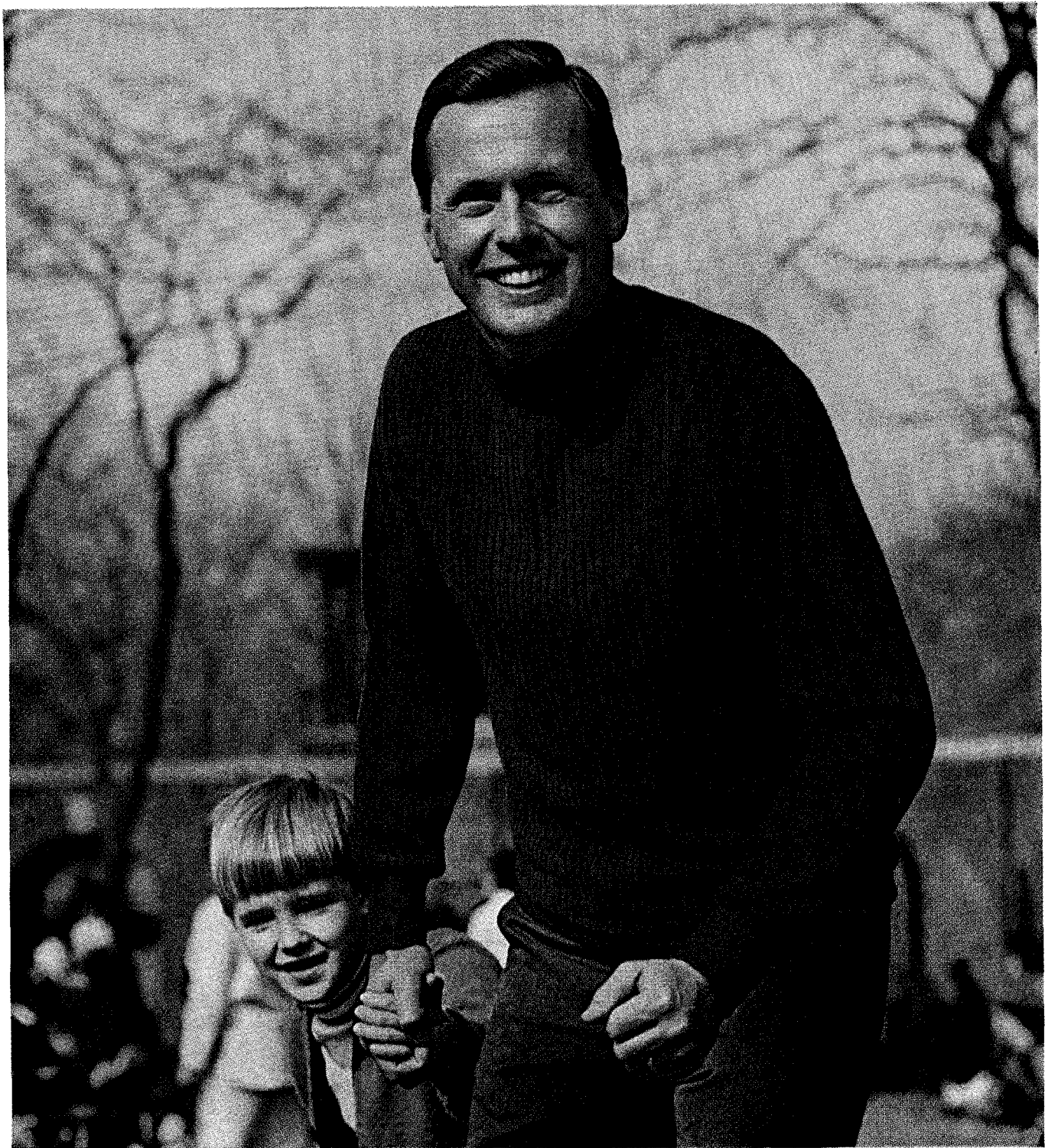
Then after a time, a curious thing happened. The ugly little bug (which was made very sturdily) never got uglier. But the big beautiful chariot didn't exactly get more

beautiful.

In fact, in a few years its beauty began to fade. Until, lo and behold, the ugly little bug didn't look as ugly as the big beautiful chariot!

The moral being: if you want to show you've gotten somewhere, get a big beautiful chariot. But if you simply want to get somewhere, get a bug.





Celanese® Arnel®

There is only one Arnel.

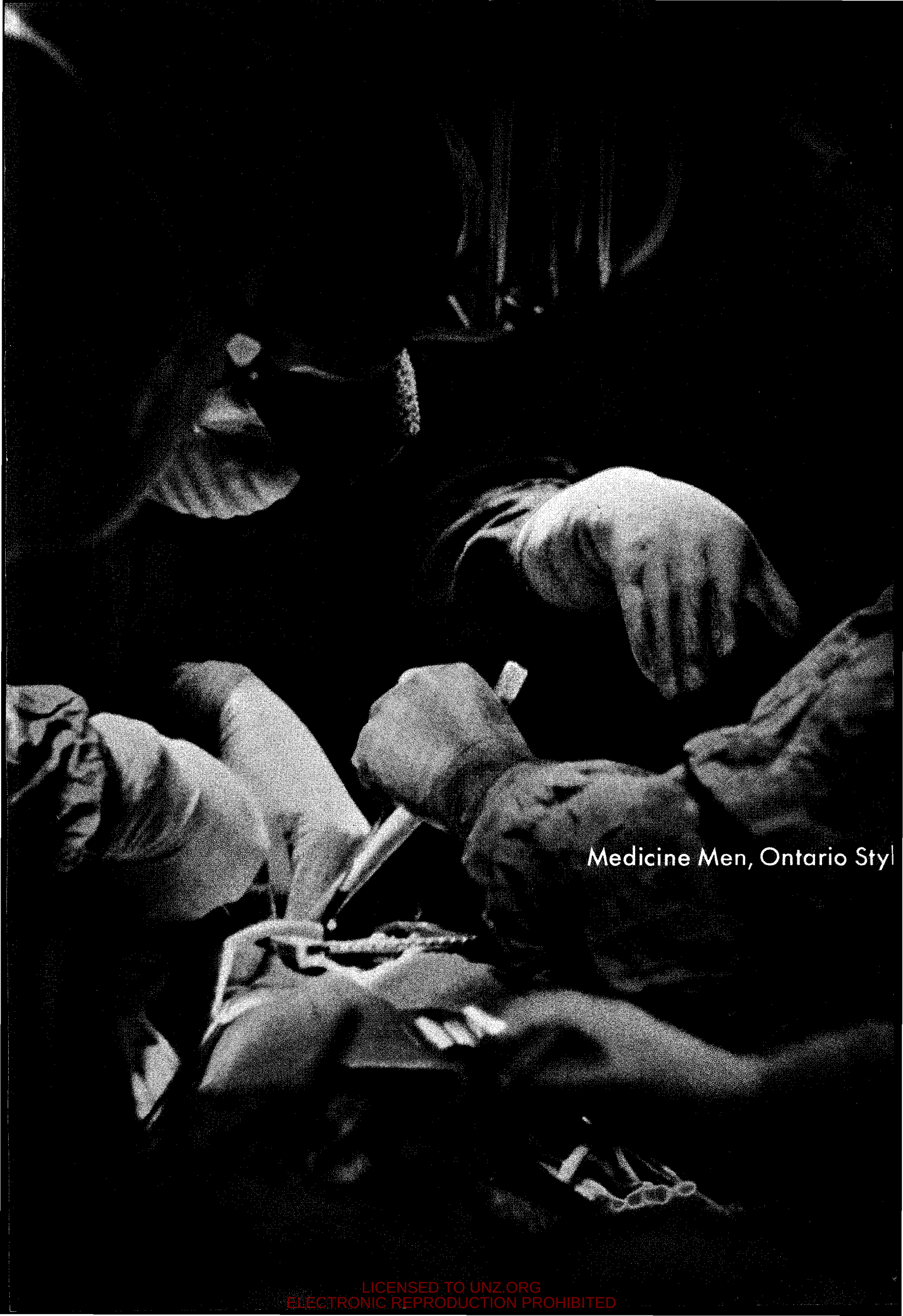
**It's the Celanese way to keep
a rich velour looking like new.**

Ah, velour. Dolce velour. Soft. Plush. Elegant. Arnel triacetate and nylon keep it that way.

Excello® makes the shirt. Winkler makes the fabric. You can wash this velour and tumble it dry without a worry about shrinkage or wrinkles (there are none). Great colors. Great styles. Solid or ribbed. Continental or turtle neck styling. Sizes: S,M,L,XL. Look for Excello shirts with Arnel at fine stores everywhere.

CELANESE ARNEL
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

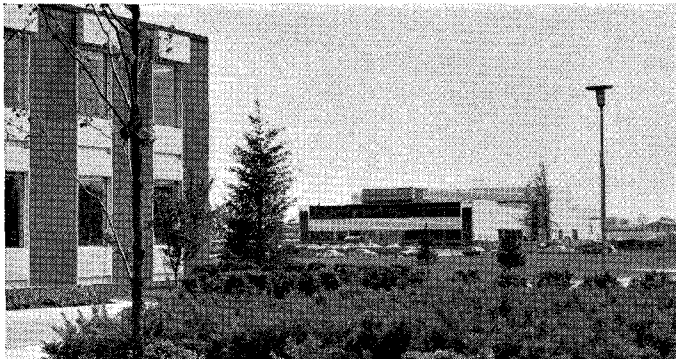


Medicine Men, Ontario Styl

Americans who know us are not surprised at the scope of our research. Ontario breakthroughs have advanced everything from surgery to space flight.

Let's put to rest, once and for all, any notion that Ontario, Canada, is a haven for hand-me-down ideas. Ontario's researchers make news the world over. One of our surgeons, at the Hospital for Sick Children, (left) has developed an operating technique which corrects the "blue baby" condition known as transposition of the great vessels of the heart. It has been taken up and widely performed by the world's leading surgeons.

Even your space program gets a boost from our research. The space suit worn by your astronauts was pioneered in Ontario. Other Ontario firsts range from the paint roller to the electron microscope. In short, Ontario offers an encouraging climate for research and development. Canadian Government aids include: tax deductions on 100% of current *and* capital expenditures, bonus incentives, and shared cost programs for selected projects. At Sheridan Park (see story below) the Ontario Government makes available low-cost land in a research community. Assistance such as this helps researchers in Ontario put time to good use. In fact, the idea of Standard time was developed by an Ontario researcher—in 1878.



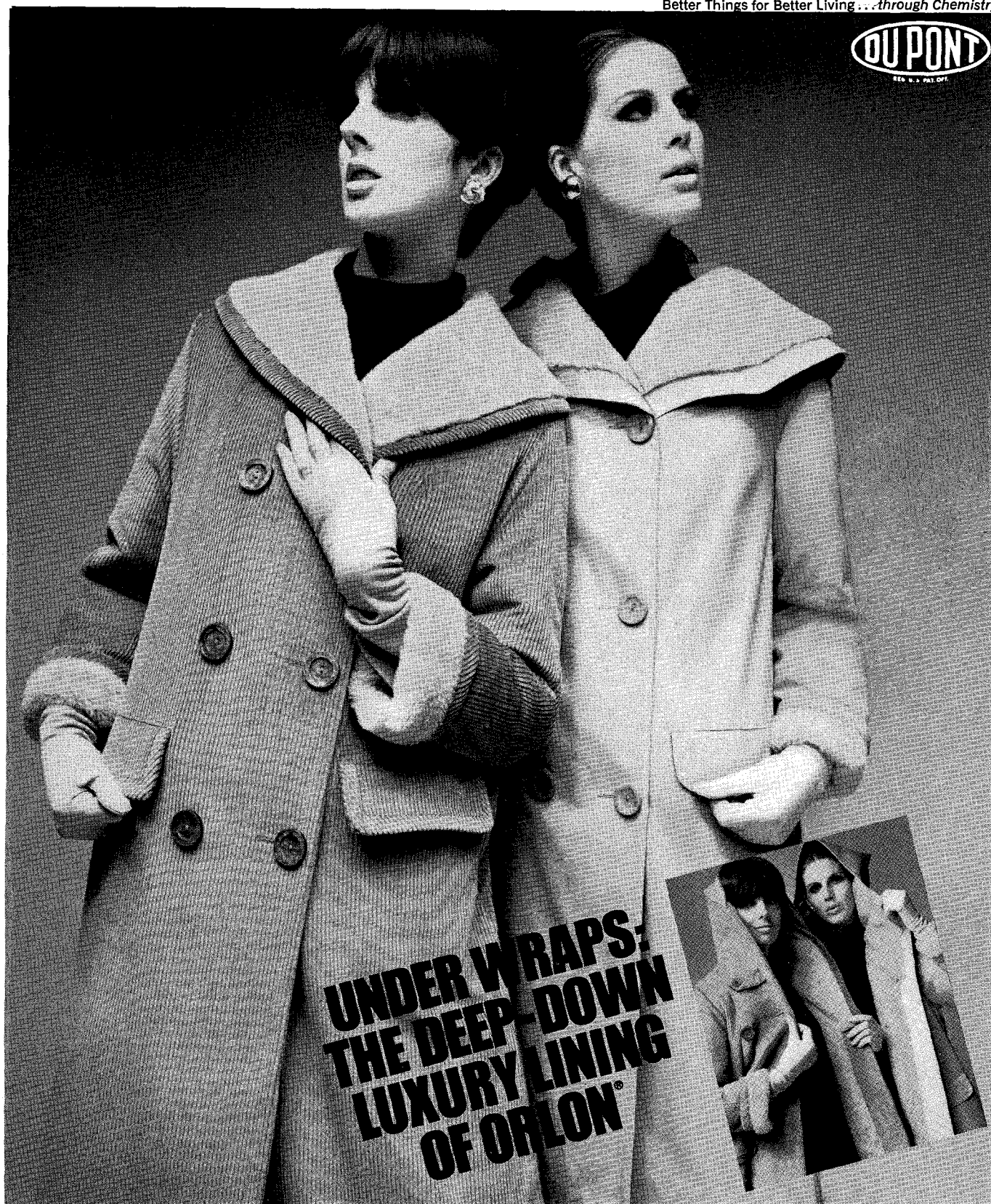
Water as cold as 29.5°F (the lowest seawater temperature possible) can now be explored in this self-contained diving suit—the first one ever made for extended use in cold water. The suit was designed and built by Ontario's Hydrospace Limited, and is slated for trials by the U.S. Navy. (Your armed forces frequently tap Ontario's research sources for new ideas and developments).

Even animals prosper through Ontario's research. The pig shown above is one of a hybrid strain developed at our Connaught Laboratories (workshop of the discoverers of insulin). Compared with average breeds, these pigs yield larger litters, require less feed, and have a much lower rate of mortality. Already, orders have been received from as far away as Summit, New Jersey and Aberdeen, Scotland.

Gasoline, golf balls, and dozens of other products are now being studied and improved at Sheridan Park, Ontario's new 350-acre research community. Aptly nicknamed "Science City," Sheridan Park houses the research facilities of a number of major industries including the engineering laboratory and design offices of Atomic Energy of Canada, Limited. By 1970 some 25 industries will be engaged in research in buildings worth 100 million dollars. The land is ideally located within a short drive of 9 Ontario universities, and is being sold at cost by the Ontario Government. Included in the plans: a scientists' club, communications centre, and international conference room to facilitate close working ties among the centre's expected 6,000 researchers. For detailed information, call, write or wire the address below.



For economic and industrial information about Ontario, write to: Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development, Special Projects and Planning Branch, 950 Yonge Street, Toronto 5, Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan.



WEATHERBEE cozies up a pair of storm coats with the light and luscious warmth of Orlon®, spilling over into face-framing collars. Corduroy coat, left, in eight seasonable colors. Poplin coat of Dacron® and cotton, right, stays crisp and wiltless, protected from stains by ZePel® fabric fluoridizer. In five autumny colors. Both coats with hidden hoods. Misses' and junior sizes. Each, about \$55†. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Filene's, Boston; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Nicholas Ungar, Best's Apparel, Portland; or write Weatherbee, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Coats shown: poplin shell of 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton. Corduroy shell of 100% cotton. Collars and linings of 50% Orlon* acrylic, 50% Du Pont nylon. *DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR FASHIONS SHOWN. †SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one.

We cannot blame anyone who swore they would never buy another Renault.

When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the skin of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

More than a fair share of things went wrong with our cars. Less than a fair share of our dealers were equipped to deal with what went wrong.

Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

After all, Renault has a reputation to protect as one of the finest and oldest (1898) and largest (7th) manufacturers of automobiles in the world.

So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rust-proofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

We improved also the quality of our quality control, and we added another 25% of fine inspectors.

The next step was to improve our dealers. So before we sign on any new

dealer, we require that he use only Renault-trained mechanics.

And we make it certain that not one of our cars is sold in this country unless every part for it is available.

And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe first. And then very quietly on a small scale we brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't

know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

It will average an honest 35 mpg.

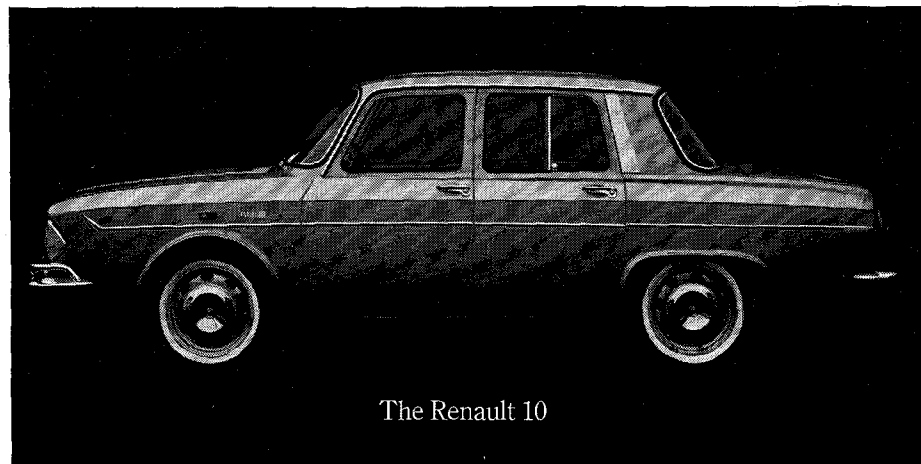
It has a liquid cooling system that is infinitely quieter than air-cooling, yet it will not boil or freeze.

The Renault 10 is equipped with four doors, four wheel independent suspension, and disc brakes on all four wheels.

Yet it costs only \$1647*.

Now the bear is on the ground.

If you do not at least test drive the Renault 10, you shall have only yourself at whom to swear.



The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast, P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. *Whitewalls optional. Automatic Transmission \$165 additional.

For the address of Renault dealer or information on money saving overseas delivery, write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



TRW...that's a little sports car, isn't it?

No. TRW isn't a sports car. Or any car. But it is part of a great many cars.

And a great many other things you can enjoy.

A color TV show, a baseball game on radio, a jazz band on stereo.

A plane trip to Mexico. The thrill of a launch into space. Even a

ride in a little sports car.

Highly diverse, very advanced in technology, with operations in more than 200 worldwide locations.

This is TRW.

As a leader in components and systems for electronics, space, aircraft, automotive, defense, and industrial markets, TRW doesn't even deal

directly with most people. But we're directly involved with almost everything that does.

TRW
Formerly Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.

For sale.
Secret potion four centuries old.
Said to hold certain powers of satisfaction.
\$109.77 the case.

You should hear the tales they tell.
Of its supernatural powers. Its mystic workings.
That it can break a spell. That if taken at full
moon on three successive nights it can bring
back the one you love. Or help you find her.
Or change the winds of fortune that blow over
a great house. But those are only tales.

The truth is, Chartreuse is a curious liqueur,
a strange one, shrouded in mystery and
guarded by secrecy on the alpine slopes of
le Massif de Chartreuse. A spirit derived from
more than a hundred herbs by the patient
Pères Chartreux who care nothing for the
passage of time. Its only proven power: that
of pleasing people for centuries.

Chartreuse, strangest of all liqueurs,
stranger on the rocks and with soda
than anything you've tasted.

Chartreuse Liqueur

Since 1605. Green Chartreuse, 110 proof. Yellow Chartreuse,
86 proof. 12 fifths per case. \$109.77 suggested consumer
case price in N.Y. Send for recipe booklet.
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y.





Back Talk: jacket collar, the mark of a well-dressed man. It should hug the neck; show generous amount of shirt. Now collar is just one of sixteen focal points that Deansgate concentrates on to achieve a flawless expression in natural shoulder suits. Interested in the other fifteen? Send today for Deansgate's Focal Point booklet. The Deansgate suit shown — about \$75.* At stores that cater to men who are fastidious about fit, cut and fabric.

** vest extra*



Deansgate®
950 POEYFARRE STREET NEW ORLEANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

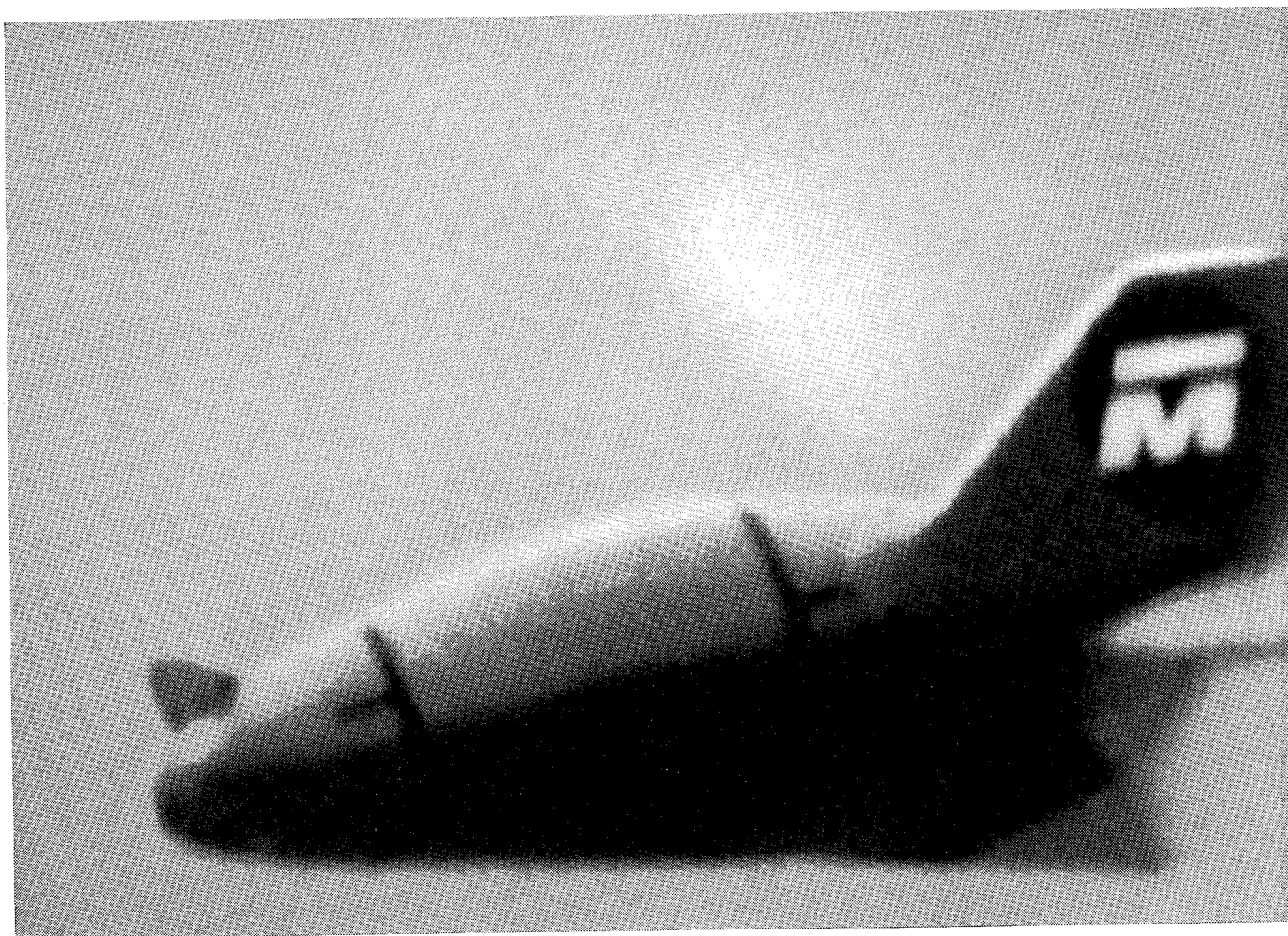
In just five minutes
Wellington will move
his cavalry into position
on Charleroi Road.

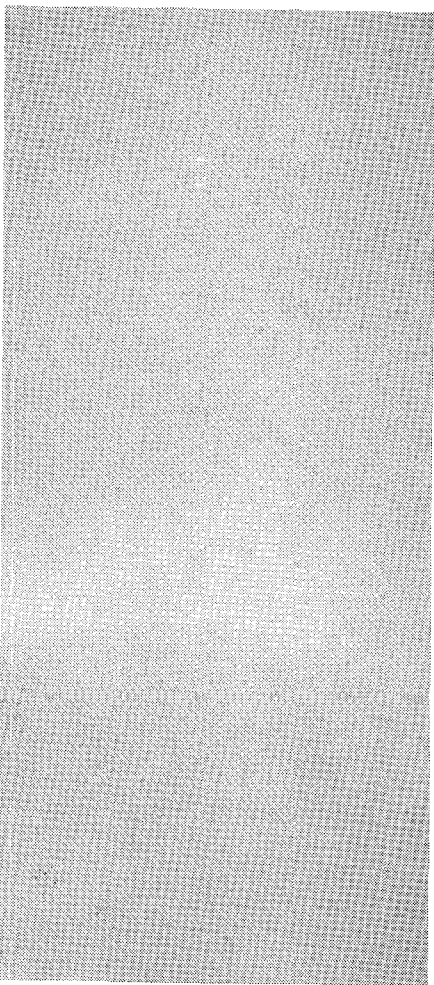


And across the Channel while England waits, this Bracket Clock will watch the hour. Has measured the minutes since 1775. Is ticking now. On the shelf in our collection of beautiful and rare clocks. That tell the times. French Carriage Clocks that traveled with Victorians. Japanese Pillar Clocks that kept daylight savings time before Commodore Perry steamed into port. But hurry, see them all. The clock collection at Fields, Chicago. On First. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

**Revolutionary spacecraft
will fly back to earth,
land at a jet airport.**





Here, coming in for a landing, is a test model of the SV-5, an advanced spacecraft being designed by our Martin division for the Air Force. Although it has no wings, the spacecraft will be able to fly back from space, gaining aerodynamic lift from the shape of its fuselage. It will be capable of maneuvering to a landing at a jet airport.

The unusual shape of the SV-5 spacecraft represents one of the great advances in space technology. It is the result of eight years of research and development work by Martin scientists and engineers.

In 1958, the Air Force asked Martin to begin research on a spacecraft that could maneuver both in space and in the atmosphere, then return to earth and land under full control.

Martin's answer is the SV-5 lifting body, a wingless craft which obtains lift from the shape of its body alone.

The SV-5 is designed for launching by a standard launch rocket. Once in space, the craft will be able to maneuver under its own rocket power.

At the end of its mission, the SV-5 will be directed back into the atmosphere. From a blazing reentry speed of 17,500 mph, it will gradually slow

to aircraft speeds, at all times under control. The craft will then be guided to a designated landing runway. After maintenance, it will be ready for another launch.

A lifting body spacecraft could undertake many types of missions, manned or unmanned. It could shuttle crews and supplies between the earth and manned satellites. Or go up to inspect other spacecraft. Or fly rescue and repair missions.

Four unmanned SV-5 models will be launched in sub-orbital flights over the Pacific, the first late this year.

Next year, manned rocket-powered models will be dropped from an Air Force B-52 to test stability and landing characteristics. Further data will be gained from a jet-powered model of the spacecraft, which will be flown by Martin test pilots.

Research data from these manned and unmanned vehicles will furnish the knowledge needed for manned space tests.

The several divisions of Martin Marietta produce a broadly diversified range of products, including missile systems, space launchers, nuclear power systems, spacecraft, electronic systems, chemicals and construction materials. Martin Marietta Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

MARTIN MARIETTA

GLMA® Mink GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, PRODUCERS OF PREMIUM NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK



Some of our customers keep getting the best of us.

When a mink coat manufacturer gets the best of GLMA, he gets the best. Period.

And manufacturers of BLACK DIAMOND, BLACK CROWN and BLACK IMPERIAL buy

our finest pelts. (Which sometimes gets the best of their competitors.)

But if you'll just remember to ask for GLMA mink you'll get the best of everyone.

When you start to feel certain clothes are too young for you



PHOTOGRAPHED AT MAD JAGS

If young clothes just make you feel older, take action with this simple skin plan.

It's not just you, the world is getting younger. With almost half of the population under 25, how can you help but feel ancient? Fortunately, you're among the first to enjoy the achievements of cosmetology practiced as a science. Instead of cucumber creams and over-night miracle lotions, you can avail yourself of scientific and extremely effective ways to hold the line against age and wrinkles.

Surprisingly simple. One of the most effective formulations created to arrest the wear and tear of time is Jacqueline Cochran's Flowing Velvet. This velvet smooth, whisper weight liquid cream mists

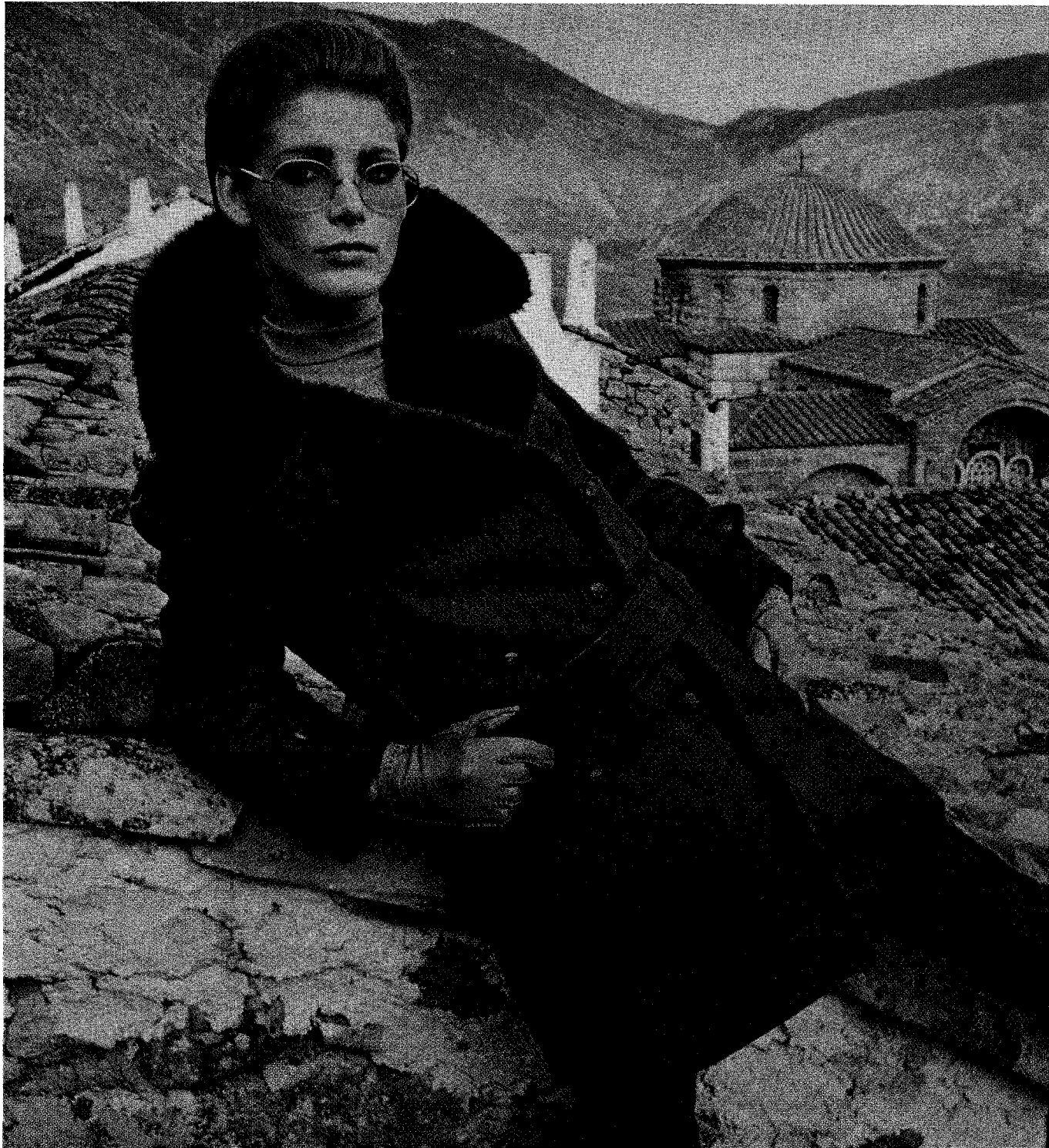
over the skin and is absorbed virtually on contact. Rich in exclusive Hydrolin, it super-moisturizes, lubricates, eases away those little fatigue and worry lines. Most important, Flowing Velvet fortifies and helps build a defense for your skin against the future.

Right now. The sooner you begin and the more consistently you use Flowing Velvet, the more it will accomplish for you. Jacqueline Cochran says, "Dryness, the smallest laugh line is reason to begin." Apply Flowing Velvet in the morning before making up and again at night just before sleep. Used consistently, Flowing Velvet will hold the line against wrinkles and make your skin bloom as only falling in love should. Flowing Velvet from 3.50 (2 ounces).



**Flowing Velvet
by Jacqueline Cochran**

**All the
really smart people
are wintering in
GLENOIT!**



Photographed at the Osios Loukas monastery, Greece.

Tiptoe through the eleventh century. Picnic on goat cheese and figs. And do indulge yourself in Glenoit, the richest of all deep pile fabrics. This Glenoit, GLENARCTIC. The double-dimension pile. Buckled here, into this snappy wool melton officer's coat. In grey or brass. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$40. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and all stores. By **VALOR**.



GLENOIT MILLS, INC., N.Y. 10018 • SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, INC. • MILLS: TARBORO, N.C. • IN CANADA: DOBBIE-GLENOIT, LTD., ONTARIO • IN FINLAND: OY GLENOIT & LILLJA, AB, HELSINKI • IN ENGLAND: GLENOIT (U.K.) LTD., WOODLESFORD, LEEDS • IN MEXICO: GLENOIT-MEXICO S.A., MEXICO CITY • IN ISRAEL: GLENOIT-ISRAEL, LTD., TEL AVIV • FIBRE OF 65% ACRYLAN* ACRYLIC, 35% MODACRYLIC; 100% OLEFIN BACKED. *CHEMSTRAND T.M.

Any Palizzio is better than no Palizzio



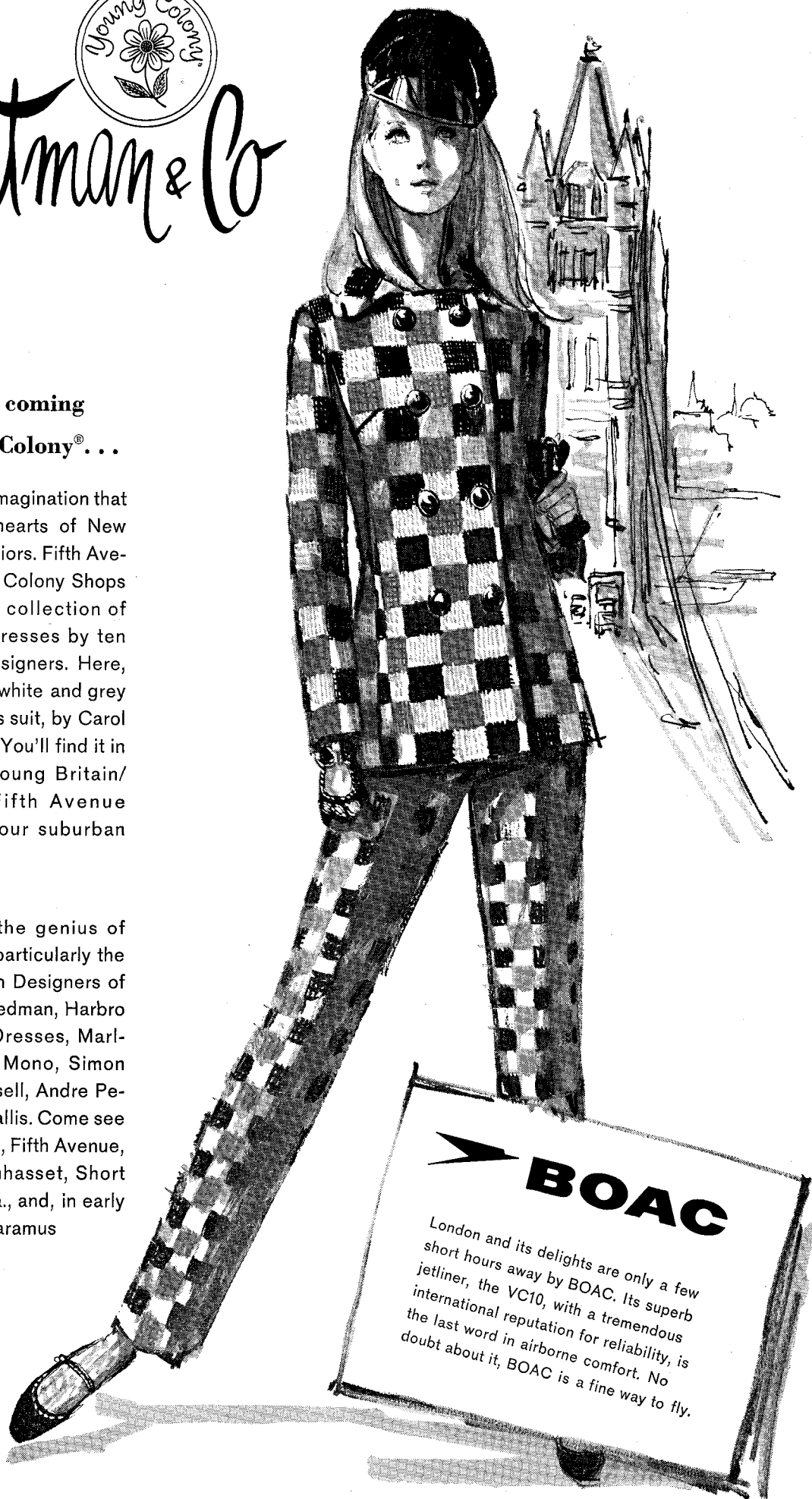
B Altman & Co



The British are coming back to Young Colony® . . .

with the spirit and imagination that hold captive the hearts of New York's smartest juniors. Fifth Avenue's great Young Colony Shops present a second collection of coats, suits and dresses by ten talented British designers. Here, the dashing black, white and grey checked wool pants suit, by Carol Freedman. 7 to 13. You'll find it in our Sixth floor Young Britain/Young Colony, Fifth Avenue store, and in all our suburban stores. **80.00.**

Altman's salutes the genius of young Britain and particularly the Associated Fashion Designers of London: Carol Freedman, Harbro Ltd., Hildebrand Dresses, Marlborough Dresses, Mono, Simon Massey, Mark Russell, Andre Peters, Rhona Roy, Wallis. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and, in early 1967, Ridgewood/Paramus





THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

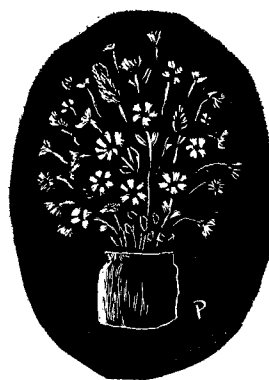
THE news of Verwoerd's assassination reached us by radio just as our friend Alotrios was entering our office to give us what he announced as the greatest scoop of the year, and, of course, he forgot to tell us what it was and we forgot to ask him. "Verwoerd was an honest man, and, in his small way, a moderate man, but he was not a statesman," said Alotrios. "If we are to regard him as a statesman, we must question his honesty. A private citizen, with no power to speak of, is entitled to the weirdest social philosophy, the wildest prejudice; no one has the right to demand of him a breadth of outlook that is not within his mental means—if, as I said, his political means are as modest as his intelligence. The trouble is that political power opens the door on knowledge. Know-how is merely the prelude to knowledge; it teaches you how to open the door, but it does not teach you how to behave once you get inside, or even why you chose to enter such a terrible place—the chambers in which the wielding of power begins to affect others, in which you hold the fate of other human beings in your hands. The limited honesty that makes the task of the sentinel in front of a concentration camp, or of a public accountant keeping books on the gas for the gas chambers and the fuel for the ovens, a very easy one is no longer permitted here. The word 'honesty' itself acquires here a different meaning; you are supposed to know what the greatest philosophers have tried in vain to understand—why we exist, why we should let others live, at the price of our own petty likes or dislikes, and why we should regard every one of our words, every one of our actions, as potentially dangerous to others, and therefore be constantly on our guard against ourselves, rather than against intruders. We are the intruders, by definition and by choice. This notion that we are the intruders is often called the Fear of

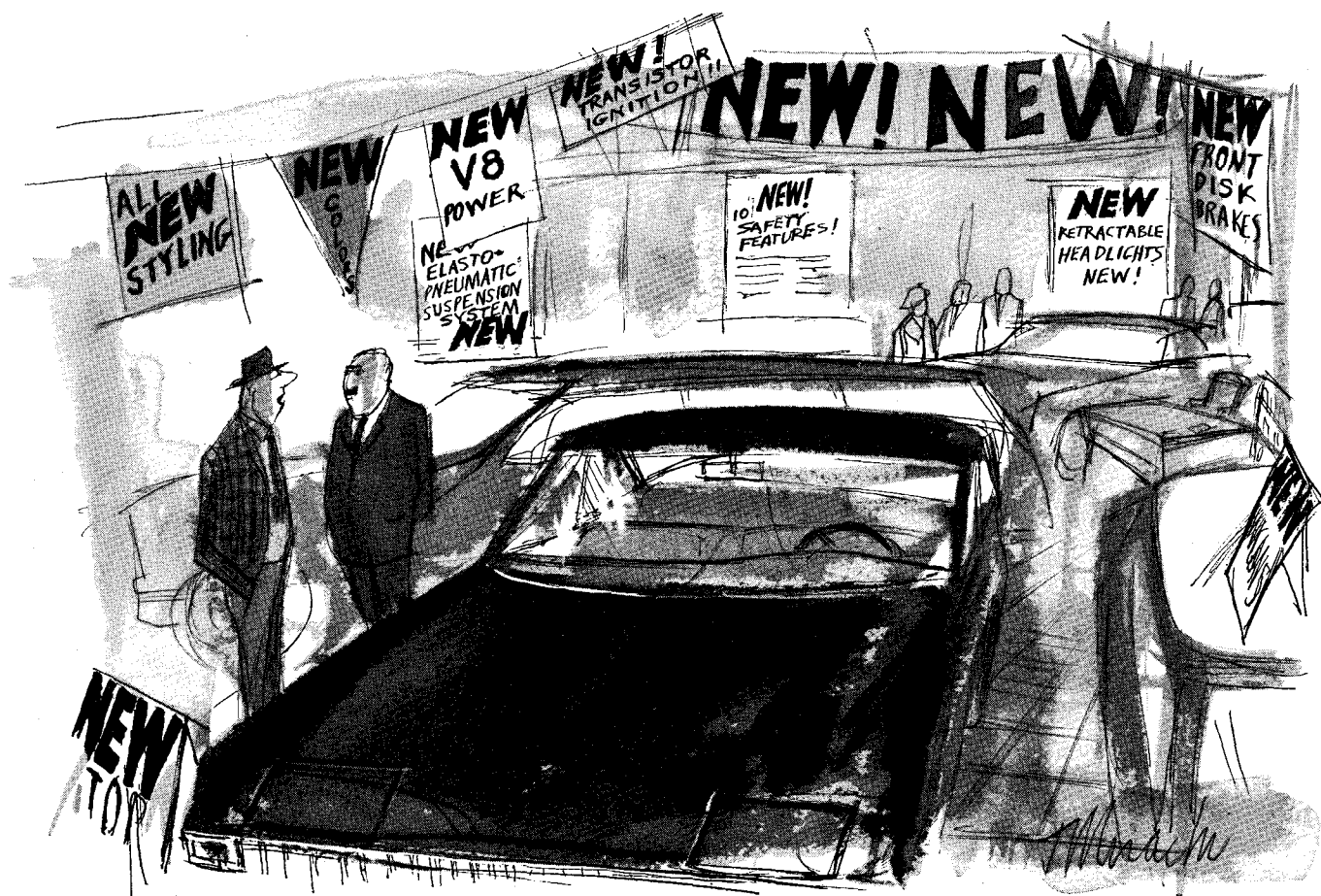
God. But the Fear of God can be interpreted in any of a million ways, which include Verwoerd's way and the way of his murderer, both men being honest and *limited* followers of what is written. For what is written is not necessarily what you think it is; anyone else may read it differently, and claim that what he thinks is what is written. When in doubt, abstain—that is the rule for the man who holds political power. And since we all live in doubt, we must in political life follow the basic maxim of Hippocrates—that a doctor's first duty was to avoid harming the patient he thought he could cure. It is true—and it is tragic—that once you have reached the chambers of power you don't want to go back, but it is equally true that most statesmen don't want to go forward, for fear they will be made to see their limitations, or what many have called the Face of God, or, more politically speaking, the presence of the Other, whose life cannot be used by us as a social experiment to prove our pet theory or humor our pet vanity. That is the point at which a dictator—any dictator—prefers to declare an emergency, in order to justify to his own conscience (we all have one) his fear, his lack of the know-why, know-where, know-who. Therefore, while in private life almost no one can be called a bad man, in public life almost no one can be called a good one, because in public life a good man is one who is afraid of harming others. A bad man in politics is simply an idiot who chooses to be honest in a very small area while pretending to be a man of wide vision. Himmler was extremely honest in financial matters; so was Eichmann, so were they all. And Verwoerd was in the same category: honest and moderate, like Eichmann, like Himmler, serving a principle that was

crystallized violence, and claiming knowledge—Christian knowledge, at that—without having the vaguest idea of what he was saying. But between Verwoerd's enemies and Verwoerd's friends there is a basic difference, of a kind that always comes out in the open on tragic occasions like this. It came out at the time Kennedy was assassinated; it came out at the time Gandhi was assassinated. All those who hated these two men for their love of mankind, their respect for the Other, their restraint, their hate of all violence sounded like liars when they sent their condolences to those who had really and truly lost these two men, whereas Gandhi's and Kennedy's friends don't sound like liars when they say they are horrified by a bad man's—any bad man's—violent death. Verwoerd's friends are those who say that the only

good Negro or the only good Indian or the only good Jew is a dead Negro or Indian or Jew. We whose enemies are never any of these vaguely defined groupings of people but always and only individuals who, in the grip of a certain idea, do a great deal of harm to others want our enemies to stay alive and in good health.

We believe not only in man but in man's power to extricate himself and others from his and their mental confusion. The dead are incurable. Therefore, when our enemies die, we feel deprived of our best challenge. Also of our right to detest them—because death is such a mysterious and great thing that it confers some of its mystery even upon the most unmythical bad characters. We don't know what has happened to them, but we know what has happened to our thinking. It seems shallow and useless, and we cannot help feeling: Now this ignorant person knows something we don't





"What else is new?"

know; indeed, he had no right to die."

We were going to ask Alotrios many questions, but before we could open our mouth he was gone.

THE fourth annual New York Film Festival, at Lincoln Center, is reaching the halfway mark, and we feel tempted to preach on a familiar text: that the principal requirement of any festival is simply that it be *festive*, and that to spend one's time deploring the obviously uneven quality of the movies shown, as some of the crankier of our movie-fan friends persist in doing, is to miss the point of the event as well as its pleasure. The Festival has scheduled well over twenty new films, and it would be absurd to expect more than a fraction of them to be first-rate. Are twenty first-rate novels written in the course of a year? Twenty first-rate plays? Assuming a certain level of taste on the part of the Program Committee, one can scarcely ask more of it than that the nature of the particular movies it chooses for us to see bear a just relation to the nature of the generality of movies being made throughout the world; if that principle is followed, then the movies that fail as works of art are likely to prove every bit as instructive, if not as interesting, as the

ones that succeed. This year, the Program Committee, mingling old and new movies with an unusually free hand, has achieved the delightful effect of turning different generations of actors into contemporaries; in the silvery light and dark of Philharmonic Hall the Garbo of 1929 and the Belmondo of 1966 are equally young and full of promise, and it is consoling to think that, on screen, they will remain young and promising forever. The committee has done a couple of other wise things. It has encouraged the so-called underground movie-makers to poke their heads aboveground and be counted and judged (even in a palace, Marcus Aurelius said, life can be lived well, and even in a movie palace an underground movie ought to seem precisely as good or as bad as it would seem in an abandoned loft in the East Village), and it has persuaded a large number of famous movie directors to accompany their movies here. Young people making their first movies are to be found in every Festival audience, and it is important for them to take the measure of their heroes and villains at close range. We salute Alain Resnais, Jean-Luc Godard, Agnès Varda, Milos Forman, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, and Luis

Buñuel, among others, for their bravery in appearing at the Festival, to be applauded, booed, and, no doubt, solemnly lectured to, at length and eyeball-to-eyeball, by an army of eagerly beavered and becarduroyed young cinematic gurus. We wish these distinguished visitors strong buttonholes, though perhaps it would be kinder to wish them detachable ones.

Unlimited Visibility

ONE day last week, we called on Constance Baker Motley, the tall, attractive Borough President of Manhattan, a few days before she was sworn in as the first woman judge of the United States District Court in this area and the first Negro woman Federal District judge in the country. (There are only two other women Federal judges.) We saw Mrs. Motley in her office, on the twentieth floor of the Municipal Building, to which she had just returned after attending the swearing-in ceremony for another new Federal District judge, in the United States Courthouse, across the street. "I'm a little winded," she told us as she walked in, still out of breath. "But I was happy to see that the ceremony is only about five minutes long. Also, it's a

relief to know that I won't have to make a speech." Before becoming New York's first woman Borough President, Mrs. Motley was a lawyer for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Education Fund, from 1946 to 1965, and from 1964 to 1965 she was a New York State senator. As she seated herself at her desk, we asked her to tell us a bit about the job she was now leaving.

"Well," she said, clasping her hands together and rocking slightly in her chair, "being the Borough President of Manhattan isn't all cutting ribbons at flower shows and proclaiming Curb Your Dog Day, although these things are a source of contact with your constituents. Three years ago, the city charter was revised, and control of the city street workers was transferred from the Borough Presidents to a new Department of Highways, under the jurisdiction of the Mayor. I do not see this as weakening the office of the Borough President, for now he has become more of a spokesman for the aspirations of the people of the borough, instead of being a man who fixes holes in the street."

Mrs. Motley's telephone rang, and she spoke quietly into it for a few seconds, then swivelled around gracefully in her chair. "We've had to stay in a motel for two nights, because the painters have completely wrecked our apartment," she said. "That was my husband, Joel, wanting to know where he and our son should meet me." (Joel Motley is a real-estate man, and their son, Joel, Jr., who is fourteen, is a student at Exeter.) Then, picking up where she had left off, she said that as Borough President she had, among other things, drawn up a compromise that brought the plans for the Morningside Urban Renewal Project out of stalemate. Also, she said, she had helped to halt the proposed elevated expressway across Broome Street, in lower Manhattan. "The most exciting project I've been associated with, though, is the future revitalization of Harlem," she continued. "We must reclaim the inner city, rather than wipe it out." She told us that she had met with leaders from the Harlem community and that they were strongly in favor of bringing office buildings and light industry into Harlem. "What's important," she said, leaning forward, "is that there be more dialogue between Harlem and the world beyond its boundaries. As a starter, it has been proposed that a State Office Building and a City Police Academy be built in Harlem, and it is hoped that City Col-

lege's Baruch School of Business, with ten thousand students, most of whom are white, will be rebuilt there. And the city has the plans and the money to start more building in Harlem tomorrow. This is bound to create some worthwhile exchange, especially in the areas immediately surrounding the new buildings. At last, the people in these neighborhoods will see concrete proof that Harlem can be a productive part of a well-integrated whole."

Mrs. Motley paused to read a note brought in by her secretary, then told us she had to keep an appointment to be fitted for her judge's robe, and invited us to come along. We accepted, and on the way uptown in the Borough President's car we asked her if she thought the custom of having Negro Borough Presidents would continue.

She nodded. "Ideally, anyone who is qualified should be able to hold this office," she said. "But, to be politically

realistic, forty-five per cent of this borough's population is non-white. By 1970, unless we succeed in breaking up this pattern—and I trust we will—a great many of the city's elected officials will be chosen on the basis of race. In spite of all that, this office offers unlimited visibility. How well it's used is up to the individual who holds it."

By this time, the car had stopped in front of the tailor shop, on West Thirty-sixth Street, and Mrs. Motley hurried out of the car and into the building. The tailor, a short, jovial man, was waiting at the door when she walked in, and, after introducing her to several members of his staff, he brought out two black robes for her to try on. "We have a couple here that are cool in summer," he said reassuringly as Mrs. Motley slipped her arms into the first one, with a long, deep sigh.

One of the tailor's assistants said he thought the first robe was too long, and



"Say, won't it be nice to be able to hiss a Roosevelt again?"

reached for the other one, which he said was two inches shorter.

The room was warm, and before trying on the second robe Mrs. Motley removed the jacket of her suit. As she looked around for a place to put it, she spotted a white robe hanging from a rack in one corner. Her face brightened for a moment; then, turning back to the black robe that the tailor was holding for her, she said, "I think that innovation had better wait until we get another woman on the bench."

Buttons

A MAN we know went up to Boston the other day to see a publisher but, he tells us, became so discouraged by a sign beside the elevator in the lobby of the publisher's offices that he stayed just long enough to copy the sign and came straight back to New York. The sign read, "Please Note. This is a self-service elevator. Press top button to bring car to this floor. Occasionally an operator is on duty. If so, press lower button. If in doubt, press both top and lower buttons."

The Fountain Café

ANOTHER day last week, when the weather was poised between summer and fall, we went to Central Park to see the new outdoor café at the Bethesda Fountain. The fountain sits on a brick terrace in a small valley between the Lake and the Seventy-second Street transverse, and from a parapet off the roadway we could see the whole scene: directly below, the striped awnings and green umbrellas of the café; slightly beyond, the circular fountain, with its statue of a striding angel, suggestive of the Biblical Pool of Bethesda; and, beyond that, the Lake, where red, green, yellow, and blue rowboats moved lazily, trailing small, unhurried wakes. On the far shore was the Ramble, wooded and rocky. On the horizon, barely visible above trees, was the old Belvedere—the miniature castle now used as a meteorological station. When we arrived at the café itself, we found people strolling around the fountain, and sitting on the shore of the Lake under willow trees, and drinking iced coffee and wine under the umbrellas. The temperature was in the seventies, the air was dry and crisp, and the sun shone brightly from a blue sky punctuated here and there by clouds so white and so clearly delineated they seemed unreal. Sunlight outlined each slant of the herringbone pat-

tern in which the red brick floor of the terrace was laid, and threw into high relief the intricate and worn tracery on the sandstone railings surrounding the terrace, investing carved ferns, flowers, grapes, pears, pinecones, and birds with an oddly potent contour. Most of the birds had been decapitated by vandals, as the place had been abandoned for years, except for use as a bicycle-rental spot. The birds looked enchanted. The dominant color in the scene was green: green willows, green umbrellas, algae-green water in the Lake and in the fountain. Sounds were distinct, definable, and musical: oars bumping in oarlocks, children giggling, metal chairs scraping against the brick floor, water bubbling and falling.

The smell of fresh cantaloupe and honeydew melon lured us to a table, where we sat for an hour or so, watching the people pass, and reaching out now and then to touch the railing near us and feel heat radiating from Nova Scotia sandstone a hundred years old. The architecture was mid-nineteenth-century American, part Gothic and part Romanesque, devised by Calvert Vaux, one of the designers of Central Park, and Jacob Wrey Mould, who was an Assistant Architect of Public Works in the Park in the eighteenth-fifties. The bronze angel, we had been told, was made by a Miss Emma Stebbins, the sister of a Parks Commissioner, and we concluded that she must have been a lady of forceful and vigorous character, for her angel is a forward-moving, determined figure, of serious purpose, in keeping with the story of the Bethesda Pool as told in the fifth chapter of John:

Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

Off to one side of us, a pudgy woman wearing Bermuda shorts, a pearl choker, and salmon-colored sneakers set up an easel and began painting. Her dachshund lay beneath the easel. A covey of little boys exploded from the bushes like partridge and ran to the far edge of the terrace, where they dropped fishing lines baited with doughballs into the Lake. Two unemployed actors ambled around the fountain, laughing, taking photographs of each other, and talking

about roles they had had. Three young matrons carrying Saks Fifth Avenue shopping bags and dressed in nearly identical blue linen frocks settled at a table and, with disarmingly unstudied choreography, slipped off their nearly identical low-heeled shoes. Next to them, four businessmen arranged their attaché cases at their ankles, took off their jackets, ordered roast-beef sandwiches, and fell into a discussion of I.B.M. stock. A sudden sharp breeze lifted the edges of the green umbrellas and rustled the feathery branches of the willows.

This place, it seemed, is like a play within a play within a play. The city itself is an invention of man, who, having contrived it, misses the nature he has displaced and carefully sets about recreating it in the form of a park inside the city. Then he places inside the park a third illusion—a fountain, a terrace, a café. The process carries with it an increasingly rarefied theatricality, so that, on a very clear day between summer and fall, we are given the sight of a Bethesda angel striding among the healthy.

THE Marboro Bookshop on West Forty-second Street has placed its copies of "How to Protect Yourself on the Streets and in Your Home" in the Sports and Games section.

New Round

WHEN television people talk about the Golden Age of their medium, they usually mean the brief period in the nineteen-fifties when programs like "Playhouse 90" offered original drama to an adult audience every week. Unfortunately, mythological Golden Ages have a way of slipping into Silver, Bronze, and Iron Ages, which, the Greeks tell us, are marked, in descending order, by a craving for luxury, an orgy of self-destructive violence, and the blind pursuit of purely selfish interests. The Greeks said nothing about reversing the process, but there are some people in television who are apparently willing to try. One of them is Hubbell Robinson, a tanned, bouncy-looking man of sixty, who created the original "Playhouse 90" for C.B.S. and is now supervising an ambitious new miscellaneous series called "ABC Stage 67." Last week, on the eve of the opening program, we found him hard at work in his office, sitting in his shirtsleeves behind an eighteenth-century mahogany desk. He rose to greet us, and remained on his feet during



"Now you pretend to say something funny, and I'll laugh."

most of our talk, alighting periodically on a soft leather couch opposite the desk, only to leap up a moment later and start pacing the floor. "Stage 67 will not be an intellectual exercise," he told us at once. "It will be devoted to *good entertainment*. We'll do drama, comedy, musicals, documentaries—some original scripts, some adaptations. We won't do any adaptations unless we can include a new element. For instance, we have a version of 'The

Canterville Ghost,' an Oscar Wilde short story, which some people remember as a 1944 movie with Charles Laughton. We're doing it as a musical, with teleplay by Burt Shevelove, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and music by Jerome Bock. And we have an unusual sort of documentary on the American Boy, filmed by the same team that made a wonderful short called 'Skaterdater.' Frankly, we want to hold on to the beer drinkers and, at the same time,

bring back some of those people who turned off their sets a few years ago. We're cocky enough to think we can do it."

The phone buzzed, and Robinson sat down at his desk to answer it. He said, "Yes. . . . No. . . . No. . . . Yes," replaced the receiver, and jumped to his feet again. "We don't expect everyone to like everything we do," he went on. "We have twenty-six programs scheduled, and, with two exceptions,



"Tell me this, Mrs. Osterman. After knocking you down, does he proceed to a neutral corner?"

Tenth Victim.' He's written a story for us that takes place in an outrageously overcrowded New York City in the year 2067. Producers were scared of it, because it looked so elaborate and difficult for television, but we finally got someone to do it. Of course, now that we're here and everyone knows we're looking for material, a whole new layer of young writers may emerge, as happened in the fifties." In the meantime, other "ABC Stage 67" projects call for adaptations of short stories by Katherine Anne Porter, Truman Capote, and John Collier; a one-character play by Jean Cocteau, starring Ingrid Bergman; a suspense drama based on a story by John le Carré; an evening with Bob Dylan; a documentary on the sexual revolution called "Sex in the Sixties;" and a musical revue introducing "fresh new faces."

We asked Robinson whether he was worried about Nielsen ratings.

"I've never had a formal conversation with anyone in the A.B.C. management about ratings," he said. "Personally, I'm hoping for a minimum thirty-per-cent share of the audience. We've completed ten shows so far, and we're already talking about next season; I'm told that the series is two-thirds to three-quarters sponsored, and the sales department is 'reasonably optimistic' about the rest. I remember having more trouble when we were launching 'Playhouse 90' on C.B.S. We commandeered three consecutive half hours to make up the show, and in those days each half-hour program was sponsored by a single company on alternate weeks, so the sponsors got to feel that they *owned* those thirty minutes. 'Stage 67' will be more like doing a special a week, except that we'll have the advantage of a regular time slot, giving us a chance to build up a regular audience. And if we can bring back some of those people who turned off their sets..."

Survival

A FRIEND of ours with a year-round house in Connecticut reports that her sons, aged eight and ten, decided a week or so ago to rough it—to head into the nearby woods for a couple of days and live off the land, matching their wits against the forces of nature with nothing more in hand than a few dry biscuits, some berries picked in the back yard, and a canteen of water. Off they went, and two hours later they were back. They wanted to pick up some ice cubes for the canteen.

each show will be put together by an entirely different production company." Once the network approves each basic idea, he said, his own office takes full responsibility; assisting him in working with the individual producers are James Elson, Therese Lewis, and Gary Pudney. "We're spending an average of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per show, which is a hundred thousand dollars more than the best formula series can afford. We have twice as much time for rehearsal and shooting, and no restrictions on content, no dictates about choice of producers, directors, writers, or performers, no interference from clients, advertising agencies, or corporate management."

It sounded like the millennium, and we asked Mr. Robinson why all this was suddenly possible in 1966, when only a year ago everyone said that the competition for ratings precluded any chance of quality programming on the networks.

He shrugged, sat down on the couch, got up again. "Who knows?" he said. "It *could* have happened any time in the last seven years, when television was trading itself down, turning itself into an entertainment shantytown. Most of the decision-makers in this business are sheep. It just took someone like

A.B.C. to start a new round. Now they're all competing for prestige."

The first program in the series would be an original comedy by Murray Schisgal called "The Love Song of Barney Kempinski," with Alan Arkin in the title role, Robinson said. The hour-long show, which was filmed entirely on the streets of New York, in an improvisational style rarely seen on TV, was scheduled to be broadcast this week. "There's a lot of sentiment and nonsense heard nowadays about the mystique of live television," he went on. "I prefer tape or film myself. If the technicians have come up with a way to correct mistakes before opening night, why not use it? 'Playhouse 90' started live, but we were using tape before we went off the air in 1960."

We asked Robinson whether "ABC Stage 67" would try to emulate "Playhouse 90" and other Golden Age series by discovering and developing new writers.

"So far, we haven't discovered any, because they just aren't there," he said. "Except for the formula series, there's been no market for television plays. In some instances, we've gone out and solicited material from writers whose work we admired—like Robert Sheckley, who wrote the movie 'The

THE PRO

I AM on my four-hundred-and-twelfth golf lesson, and my drives still have that pushed little tail, and my irons still take the divot on the wrong side of the ball. My pro is a big gloomy sun-browed man—age about thirty-eight, weight around 195. When he holds a club in his gloved hand and swishes it nervously (the nervousness comes over him after the first twenty minutes of our lesson), he makes it look light as a feather, a straw, a baton. Once I sneaked his 3-wood from his bag, and the head weighed more than a cannonball. “Easy does it, Mr. Wallace,” he says to me. My name is not Wallace, but he smooths his clients toward one generic, acceptable name. I call him Dave.

“Easy does it, Mr. Wallace,” he says. “That ball is not going anywhere by itself, so what’s your hurry?”

“I want to clobber the bastard,” I say. It took me two hundred lessons to attain this pitch of frankness.

“You dipped again,” he tells me, without passion. “That right shoulder of yours dipped, and your knees locked, you were so anxious. Ride those knees, Mr. Wallace.”

“I can’t. I keep thinking about my wrists. I’m afraid I won’t pronate them.”

This is meant to be a joke, but he doesn’t smile. “Ride those knees, Mr. Wallace. Forget your wrists. Look.” He takes my 5-iron into his hands, a sight so thrilling it knocks the breath out of me. It is like, in the movies we all saw as children (oh, blessed childhood!), the instant when King Kong, or the gigantic Cyclops, lifts the beautiful blonde, who has blessedly fainted, over his head, and she becomes utterly weightless, a thing of sheer air and vision and pathos. I love it, I feel half sick with pleasure, when he lifts my club, and want to tell him so, but I can’t. After four hundred and eleven lessons, I still repress.

“The hands can’t help but be right,” he

says, “if the *knees* are right.” He twitches the club, so casually I think he is brushing a bee from the ball’s surface. There is an innocent click; the ball whizzes into the air and rises along a line as straight as the edge of a steel ruler, hangs at its remote apogee for a moment of meditation, and settles like a snowflake twenty yards beyond the shagging caddie.

“Gorgeous, Dave,” I say, with an affectation of camaraderie, though my stomach is a sour churning of adoration and dread.

He says, “A little fat, but that’s the idea. Did you see me grunt and strain?”

“No, Dave.” This is our litany.

“Did you see me jerk my head, or freeze at the top of the backswing, or rock forward on my toes?”

“No, Dave, no.”

“Well then, what’s the problem? Step up and show me how.”

I assume my stance, and take back the club, low, slowly; at the top, my eyes fog over, and my joints dip and swirl like barn swallows. I swing. There is a fruitless commotion of dust

and rubber at my feet. “Smothered it,” I say promptly. After enough lessons, one learns the terminology. The whole process, as I understand it, is essentially one of self-analysis. The pro is merely a catalyst, a random sample, I have read somewhere, from the grab bag of humanity.

He insists on wearing a droll porkpie hat from which his heavy brown figure somehow downflows; his sloping shoulders, his hanging arms, his faintly pendulous belly, and his bent knees all tend toward his shoes, which are ideally natty—solid as bricks, black and white, with baroque stitching, frilled kilties, and spikes as neat as alligator teeth. He looks at me almost with interest. His grass-green irises are tiny, whittled by years of concentrating on the ball. “Loosen up,” he tells me. I love it, I clench with gratitude, when he deigns to be directive. “Take a few practice swings, Mr. Wallace. You looked like a rusty mechanical man on that one. Listen. Golf is an effortless game.”

“Maybe I have no aptitude,” I say, giggling, blushing, hoping to trap him with the humility bit.

He is not deflected. Stolidly he says,



“It’s Now all right, but somehow it doesn’t quite turn me on.”

"Your swing is sweet. When it's there." Thus he uplifts me and crushes me from phrase to phrase. "You're blocking yourself out," he goes on. "You're not open to your own potential. You're not, as we say, *free*."

"I know, I know. That's why I'm taking all these expensive lessons."

"Swing, Mr. Wallace. Show me your swing."

I swing, and feel the impurities like bubbles and warps in glass: hurried backswing, too much right hand at impact, failure to finish high.

THE pro strips off his glove. "Come over to the eighteenth green." I think we are going to practice chipping (a restricted but relaxed pendulum motion) for the fiftieth time, but he says, "Lie down."

The green is firm yet springy. The grounds crew has done a fine job watering this summer, through all of the drought. Not since childhood have I lain this way, on sweet flat grass, looking up into a tree, branch above branch, each leaf distinct in its generic shape, as when, in elementary school, we used to press them between wax paper. The tree is a sugar maple. For all the times I have tried to hit around it, I never noticed its species before. In the fall, its dried-up leaves have to be brushed from the line of every putt. This spring, when the branches were tracery dusted with a golden budding, I punched a 9-iron right through the crown and salvaged a double bogey.

Behind and above me, the pro's voice is mellower than I remember it, with a lulling grittiness, like undissolved sugar in tea. He says, "Mr. Wallace, tell me what you're thinking about when you freeze at the top of your backswing."

"I'm thinking about my shot. I see it sailing dead on the pin, hitting six feet short, taking a bite with lots of backspin, and dribbling into the cup. The crowd goes *ooh* and cheers."

"Who's in the crowd? Anybody you know personally?"

"No... wait. There is somebody. My mother. She has one of those cardboard periscope things and shouts out, 'Gorgeous, Billy!'"

"She calls you Billy."

"That's my name, Dave. William, Willy, Billy, Bill. Let's cut out this Mr. Wallace routine. You call me Bill, I'll call you Dave." He is much

easier to talk to, the pro, without the sight of his powerful passionless gloom, his hands (one bare, one gloved) making a mockery of the club's weight.

"Anybody else you know? Wife? Kids?"

"No, my wife's had to take the babysitter home. Most of the kids are at camp."

"What else do you see up there at the top of the backswing?"

"I see myself quitting lessons." It was out, *whiz*, before I had time to censor. Silence reigns in the leafy dome above me. A sparrow is hopping from branch to branch, like a pencil point going from number to number in those children's puzzles we all used to do.

At last the pro grunts, which, as we said, he never does. "The last time you were out, Mr. Wallace, what did you shoot?"

"You mean the last time I kept count?"

"Mm."

"A hundred eight. But that was with some lucky putts."

"Mm. Better stand up. Any prolonged pressure, the green may get a fungus. This bent grass is hell to maintain." When I stand, he studies me, chuckles, and says to an invisible attendant, "A hundred eight, with a hot putter yet, and he wants to quit lessons."

I beg, "Not quit forever—just for a vacation. Let me play a few different courses. Get out into the world. Maybe even try a public course. God knows, even go to a driving range and whack out a bucket's worth. Learn to live with the game I've got. Enjoy life."

His noble impassivity is invested with a shimmering, twinkling humorousness; his leathery face softens toward a smile, and the trace of a dimple is discovered in his cheek. "Golf is life," he says softly, and his green eyes expand, "and life is lessons," and the humps of his brown muscles merge with the hillocks and swales of the course, whose red flags prick the farthest horizon, and whose dimmest sand traps are indistinguishable from galaxies. I see that he is right, as always, absolutely; there is no life, no world, beyond the golf course—just an infinite and terrible falling-off. "If I don't give *you* lessons," he is going on, "how will I pay for *my* lessons?"

"You take lessons?"

"Sure. I hook under pressure. Like Palmer. I'm too strong. Any rough on the left, there I am. You don't have that problem, with your nice pushy slice."

"You mean there's a sense," I ask, scarcely daring, "in which *you* need *me*?"

He puts his hand on my shoulder, the hand pale from wearing the glove, and I become a feather at the touch, all air and ease. "Mr. Wallace," he says, "I've learned a lot from your sweet swing. I hate it when, like now, the half hour's up."

"Next Tuesday, eleven-thirty?"

My pro nods solemnly. "We'll smooth out your chipping. Here in the shade."

—JOHN UPDIKE

THE RESCUE

I doubt if you knew,
my two friends,
that day the tips
of the boats' white wings
trembled over the capped,
brilliant lake
and fireboats at the regatta
rocketed their giant streams
blue and white and green
in the sun just off the shore,
that I was dying there.

Young jets were playing
over the lake,
climbing and falling back
with a quick, metallic sheen
(weightless as I am
if I dream),
sound coming after the shine.
They rose and ran and
paused and almost touched,
except for one,
who seemed to hang back in the air
as if from fear.

I doubt if you know,
my two beloved friends—
you with the furious black beard,
your classical head
bobbing bodiless above the waves
like some just appearing god,
or you: brown, lean, your bright
face also of another kind,
disembodied
when you walked upon your hands—

That as you reached for me
(both) and helped my graying bulk
up out of the lake
after I wandered out too far
and battered weak along the pier,
it was my self you hauled
back from my despair.

—JOHN LOGAN



THE MOST ELEGANT DRAWING ROOM IN EUROPE

"THE Contessa doesn't seem entirely real, she's so exquisite," wrote Emily Knapp to her friend and fellow-librarian Ruth Patterson, at home in Worcester, Massachusetts. "I wish you too might have seen her in her tiny jewel box of a palazzo yesterday, as we did! She'd lent us her gondola for the afternoon. (I can't tell you how super-elegant we felt, or how much attention we attracted on the Grand Canal.) Persis Woodson, the artist I wrote you about meeting on the Cristoforo Colombo coming over, remarked that all over America next winter people will be showing home movies with us prominent in them, pointing us out as aristocratic Venetians lolling in our private gondola!"

"It is Persis that Mother and I have to thank for this wonderful opportunity—this unique experience. Her older brother, Tim Woodson, who was American consul here after the war, wrote to the Contessa about her. The Contessa can't seem to do enough for Persis, and even for us as Persis's friends. Do I sniff a romance in the dear dead days? We ended the afternoon having cocktails at the palazzo. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd catch a glimpse of quite such high life! Strange to relate, Persis seems more irritated than charmed by the Contessa. But Art is all Persis lives for, and besides, through her brother she is more accustomed to such grandeurs than we."

Emily paused and looked around, taking conscious pleasure in her surroundings. She was sitting at a table in the grape arbor at the end of the terrace of the *pensione*, where she was sheltered from a hot September sun. Through interstices of the grapevines there was a view of a short stretch of the Grand Canal, framed by two tall palazzos, one pink, one yellow. Up the little San Trovaso Canal

moved coal or garbage barges, ponderously putt-putting; more rapid launches; and an occasional, palpitatingly leashed-in speedboat. As each boat passed by, waves were created that slapped for a moment against the marble steps to the *pensione*, then subsided. Wooden planks, nailed together, leaned against the stone entrance post, ready for use as a bridge to arriving boats. On the main, flagged terrace the sun still struck robustly at five o'clock in the afternoon; between the terrace and the shade of the arbor, monstrous big dahlias raised flaming faces to the sun. Everything was very quiet right now. Older people were resting. The servants were busy in the kitchen. Persis Woodson was off seeing a Bellini Madonna at the Church of San Zaccaria. Emily was saving her strength for the concert tonight. She felt a little nervous about venturing out at night in Venice; but Persis, whose judgment she deeply respected, told her that was nonsense.

Suddenly a launch backfired, out in the San Trovaso Canal, and Emily leaned forward to see. A young Italian

was tinkering with his trouble-making engine, very handsome in profile, his neck round and brown and strong. In a moment more he got his engine going and was moving out toward the opening into the Grand Canal; in another moment he was gone.

Once more all was quiet. All of Venice seemed to subside into its omnipresent waters, to be a mere illusion of iridescent bubbles that floated on the bosom of an ageless, maternal sea.

"The Contessa's gondola was a marvel to behold," Emily resumed. "All the *pensione* help dropped their work and dashed out to have a look at it. It was enamelled black, with brightly polished brass sea horses and dolphins. And not one but two magnificent gondoliers, all in white, with broad red sashes. As we boarded it, the *signorina* who runs the place said to us, 'That is a most beautiful gondola. There are not many such left in this day of launches.' You could see her opinion of us soar!"

"To help one, the younger gondolier standing on the steps offered a positively rocklike elbow to put one's hand on—instead of grasping one's arm the way the public gondoliers do. From inside the craft the older, fat gondolier





"I know sex is no longer a taboo subject. I just don't feel like discussing it all the time, that's all."

supported one with a proffered elbow equally rocklike.

"Inside, instead of the worn black leather seats the public gondolas have, they were slipcovered in white linen, piped with red and yellow, the Contessa's colors. Even Mother was impressed!"

Emily paused again. Her mother—small, indomitable, highly critical of what she didn't like—was never abashed by her surroundings, never ashamed to say she preferred Massachusetts to Italy. She had, Emily reflected, twice her daughter's character. At the memory of the disgraceful way she had behaved to her mother that morning, she licked her lips and tried to close them over her teeth. Her awful teeth. . . .

"Everybody on the Grand Canal stared as we made our progress down toward the Rialto Bridge on our way to view the Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo (in Venetian dialect, San Zanipolo)," she continued, turning with relief to the pleasure of writing the letter. "The passengers on the vaporetto all rushed to our side, and people even came out on the balconies of palaces to take a look!

"Persis, who knows more about Venice than I, having paid a visit to her brother here when she was a young girl, said the public gondoliers would

recognize our gondola by its colors, and by the coat of arms on the gondoliers' silver arm brassards. Isn't that impressive?"

"One young gondolier yelled something at us, and Persis, who knows some Italian, said he said, 'You got American *miliardi* there?' And our man said, 'Oh, sure, sure.' So while we may have deceived the tourists, you can be sure we did not deceive the professional gondoliers into thinking us Venetian aristocrats! Still, I did enjoy lolling back like a lady. Loll is what you do, in a gondola."

Emily thought of her mother again. Mother hadn't lolled! Mother was, perhaps, incapable of lolling. She'd sat upright in the reclining seat, looking about her with calm curiosity as they turned off the Grand Canal into a very narrow one. Up this they had slowly progressed, squeezing past barges moored along the *fondamenti*. The marble water steps here were moss-grown and slimy. The overhanging houses and decayed palaces could not have changed to any extent in four hundred years. Emily turned to smile up at the gondolier behind her—the young, slim one—to show her appreciation. When he saw her looking at him, he smiled back. She turned around in her seat again, as always aware as

soon as her eyes met another's of how her teeth looked.

"Hoh!" the old gondolier shouted as they slid up to an intersection, hesitated, and swung into an even smaller, more obscure canal. Black tidal waters lapped against moldering palace portals and underneath the sills of square windows, crossbarred like those of the prison. They passed a tiny baroque church standing in a little stone-paved campo. Medieval stone arches and crooked *calli* led back on either hand into the secret inner places of Venice. "Unsanitary? I hope to tell you," Mother remarked.

"We drew up before marble steps the full width of the campo," Emily wrote. "They call them campos in Venice, not piazzas as in the rest of Italy. It was so thrilling! Because there right in front of us stood the Verrocchio statue of Colleoni! The Scuola San Marco with its marvellous Renaissance façade was on our left, and the church was straight ahead across the campo."

Emily paused again. She did not intend to tell Ruth the way she'd felt inside the Church of San Zanipolo. It was the way she so often felt inside these Italian churches: almost in tears. She, who'd gone to a Unitarian Sunday school, to nothing at all since she grew up! She had the feeling she would give anything to share whatever all those kneeling figures with kerchiefed heads were experiencing.

"We did San Zanipolo—doges' tombs, and a notable Bellini and a Veronese. Then we started back, to wind up at the Contessa's for cocktails. The gondoliers had been consorting in a nearby café, and came bounding across the campo to assist us into the gondola. A whole crowd of people were assembled on the steps to watch us embark. We slid off, and made our tortuous way back to the Grand Canal. The Contessa lives up near the mouth of the Canal.

"Such swank! The Contessa's butler came out to the water steps to receive us, dressed in a tail coat and batwing collar. He led us into a little walled courtyard with black-and-white marble paving, said something in Italian, and disappeared. Persis told us we were to go up to the balcony, via the marble outside stairs. After we got up there, we felt in a bit of a quandary as to where to go next—whether to stay on the balcony or go into a drawing room we could see through open French doors. It all seemed very European and intimidating, at least to me.

"We were tentatively approaching

the drawing room when our hostess put in an appearance, looking absolutely stunning. What is it women of fashion *do* to make them look so different? The Contessa simply has everything!

"She made the drinks, not the butler. He only brought out the plates of things to eat. I'd thought of course he'd make the drinks, but somehow it seemed even more sophisticated her doing it. Mother and I sat down, and Persis walked round peering at the Old Masters that hang on the Contessa's walls, looking stony-faced. Mother, of course, was perfectly at ease. Far more so than poor me! You can't faze Mother.

"The drawing room had an air even the grandest rooms in America don't have. There were little armless, satin-upholstered chairs and sofas; little tables with, set out on them, the Contessa's collection of jade. The Contessa herself sat draped at one end of a sofa. She kept urging us to take the food the butler had brought in and left on the tables. There were hot cheese things over a flame, and tiny hardboiled eggs. I asked what they were, and the Contessa said they were quail's eggs! She didn't hop up and hand things the way you or I would. Just sat there waving a hand and saying, 'But doo... You must... Please...' I've written you what I remember, but I can't catch what that extraordinary air of hers is. I guess one just can't understand someone like that. She's too different.

"Her hair, like everything else about her didn't seem real. It formed an enormous aureole around her head. I got my nerve up at one point and asked her to recommend a hairdresser in Venice. The Contessa said, as nearly as I can reproduce it, 'For your hair go to Carlo, darling. He is the best hairdresser in all Italy.' I can't explain how foreign and sophisticated it sounded. I glanced at Persis, but she just looked black, as she does when things become sophisticated. I couldn't help feeling maybe the Contessa rather took to me, al-

though I know people like that say 'darling' to everybody.

"She had on a good deal of makeup; she has some skin trouble that has pitted her skin. She wore a brilliant yellow-and-orange flowered silk shift—you have no idea how fashionable! And wonderful little delicate slippers of yellow lizard! I couldn't help exclaiming—you know me, always gushing—'What a beautiful dress! Isn't it, Mother?' Dearest Mother, who is nothing if not frank, said, 'A nice dress for the morning.' I happen to know she doesn't approve of shifts—I shouldn't have asked her. But the Contessa, of course, could handle it. She said, 'I'd hardly wear it in the morning,' but with the most charming laugh. It's all so obvious that she's always at ease and has been everywhere and speaks quantities of languages and knows everybody and is rich and does exactly as she pleases!

"While we were there, she answered the telephone that stood by her sofa, and had a conversation with someone in Italian. You could tell it was a man. Her face got all eager and her voice softened and you could tell she was

using pet names. She seemed almost pleading, but, of course, I didn't understand a word. When she hung up, her face came back to its chic, hard composure, and she said to Persis, 'Now, tell me more about Tim, and darling beloved Monica.' What I'm trying to say, Ruth, is that that kind of utter perfection *defeats* me. It's hard to believe that I belong to the same race as the Contessa, she's so exquisite.

"She said goodbye to us on the balcony; the butler saw us to the boat landing. This time we were helped into the launch. The Contessa told us she only keeps the gondola out of sentiment (quite an expensive sentiment, I feel sure!) and that she goes everywhere in the launch. 'Where?' I asked, and she said, 'Oh, to the Lido, darling, in the morning, for my swim and lunch in my cabaña, and to parties, and to friends. . . . And to things like tomorrow night.' I had a glimpse of her life, like an exquisitely designed work of Venetian glass art.

"The launch was as smart as the gondola, with white linen slipcovers in the cabin, also piped in red and yellow. How do you suppose it feels to have your own colors? The Contessa told us about tonight's concert at the famous Scuola San Rocco, decorated by Tintoretto. We would never have known about it otherwise. It will be an all-Vivaldi program by the Virtuosi di Roma. She said she'd take us home in her launch afterward. Doesn't it all sound like a movie? Not a bit what I expected when Mother and I boarded the Cristoforo Colombo!

"I tell Persis she is a perfect angel to ring us in on all this, but Persis says she wouldn't have gone at all if she'd had to go alone. In the launch, as we sped home, I said, 'The Contessa certainly couldn't do more for us,' and Persis said, 'I know. But in another way, she doesn't know we're alive.' 'But that's sort of fascinating,' I said, and then, because dear Mother gets offended when she is left



"Don't be cute!"

BRAZILIAN HAPPENINGS

(THE FOLLOWING ARE BASED UPON NEWS ITEMS REPORTED
IN THE "BRAZIL HERALD" DURING 1960.)

I

The census agents in difficult Pará,
Many of whom have perished there by darts,
Have been equipped with submachine guns.
The census is proceeding now "very quickly."

II

Pigeons which animate and decorate
Rio's Cinelandia area have been declared
"National monuments" and put on the payroll.
The governor feels that pigeons carry out
An important public service embellishing
The downtown square and "cannot rely
On charity," especially since the death
Of a humble citizen named Pepe who fed
Them until he was uncharitably killed
By a passing car. Henceforth an employee
Of the agricultural department will dispense
A daily dole of corn at state expense.

III

Brasília's solitude continues to wreak
Havoc on nervous systems. The historic act
Of Aloisio Nono who burned all his furniture
In the street, was followed up last week
By Deputy Miguel Bahury who violently
Pulled a chair from its foundations in
The Chamber building and broke it to bits.
Miguel (a big man) encountered difficulty
Moving between the narrow rows of chairs.
It can't be said his act was unprovoked.

IV

Concepción Muniz, on learning that
Her husband was about to be released
From the hospital where he had undergone
Intensive surgery, broke into his ward
And stabbed him several places with a knife.
Concepción explained to the police,

"I felt the doctors wanted to discharge
My husband before he was completely sealed
And only really cared to steal his bed."
Concepción conceived a perfect way
To keep her husband in the hospital,
Although her operation lacked finesse.

V

So many influential social ladies
Have made requests to sing in opera
That Celso Cunha, culture secretary,
Has given orders to produce a work
Of monumental size: "The Amazons."
It calls for fifty-seven female parts.

VI

To facilitate their campaign for a pay raise,
A group of federal officials have
Organized an "Operation Misery"—
"Officials will present themselves unshaved
In ragged clothes and worn-out shoes."
Local junk dealers plan to organize
A special sale for them called "Project Misery."

VII

Last night a bus stopped on the sidewalk
At the corner of Siqueria Campos, pressing
Pedestrian Manuel Evangelista
Against a wall. The driver, told that he
Had killed somebody, quickly made off.
Pious bystanders subsequently lit
A candle on the sidewalk by the corpse.
Eventually, an ambulance arrived.
The doctor, noticing that Evangelista
Was not dead but only a little stunned,
Blew out the candle and drove away.
Said a cop who stood by, taking it all in,
"We all believed you dead." Said Manuel,
"I made the same mistake. I would have bet
Any amount of money I was dead."

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

out of the conversation, I said, 'Didn't you think the Contessa was fascinating, dear?'

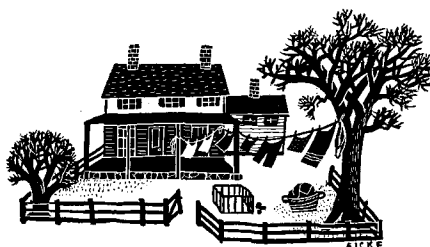
"You know Mother! She said, 'I thought her hair looked like an African bushman.' All I could do was hope the man running the launch didn't understand English. . . ."

"Well!"

The voice was Persis's; she had entered the arbor, broad-brimmed hat in hand. Instantly Emily's being, which had been flowing into her letter, shrank back into an awareness of herself. She had an abrupt picture of how she looked, bending over the table, teeth hanging down like a silly fringe. She looked up and, helplessly, smiled at Persis, knowing that whatever she did, anywhere, her teeth always preceded

her—splayed, jutting out, a fool's teeth—while around them she smiled and smiled merrily. "Did you enjoy the Bellini?" she inquired.

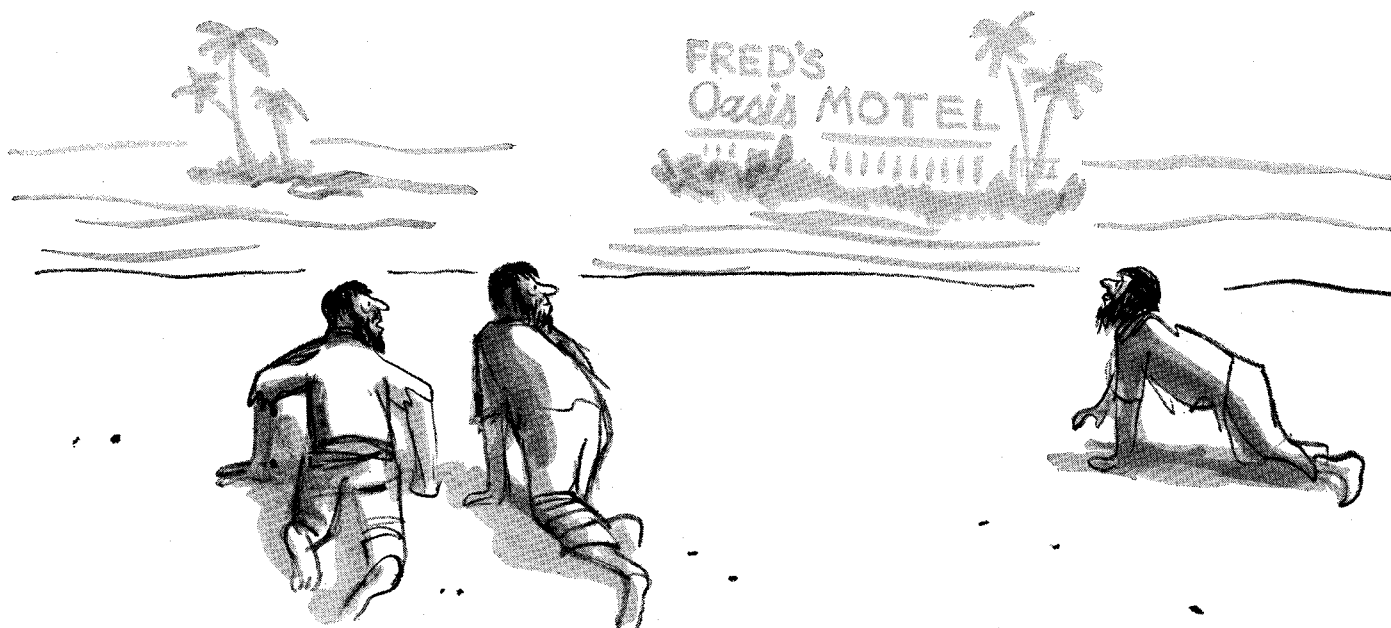
"Yes, it was a superb one," Persis said. She stood leaning against the post of the grape arbor, fanning herself with her hat—a bulky, jolly-looking woman in her late thirties, like Emily. Her gray hair was clipped short. "There was an Andrea del Castagno in a side chapel.



They have to light it for you. Afterward I went back to the Doges' Palace for another look at that Bellini, to compare them. I came back on the traghetto. Do you realize the fare is less to be ferried over if you stand up than if you sit down?"

They laughed together, with the pleasure they took in local detail and in laughing. Persis sat down.

"I had a *caffè cappuccino* at Florian's," Persis went on. "To comfort myself after having looked across from the Doges' Palace at the prison again. I agree, the terror still clings to it. Sitting at Florian's, I found this in Morris." She flipped open a guidebook she carried and read aloud, "Sometimes the stranger, passing by the Doges' Palace, would find a pair of anonymous con-



STEVEN SCALET

"With Fred, it's all business."

spirators hanging, mangled, from a gibbet, or hear a whisper of appalling torture in the dungeons of the Ten. Once, the Venetians awoke to discover three convicted traitors buried alive, head downward, among the flagstones of the Piazzetta, their feet protruding among the pillars."

"Oh dear!" Emily said. "Right where we were *standing*!"

They stared, half pleasurably aghast, at one another.

"Was it wonderful in the Piazza?" Emily asked.

"It was all right enough. Too many Germans, as usual. But at least it's no longer the absolute sink of high society it was in my youth! If Florian's would just lower its prices, it might belong to the people some day."

"But all those grand dukes," Emily couldn't forbear saying. "And Cole Porter and everybody. . . . It must have been awfully glamorous."

"Glamorous enough," Persis said. She smiled indulgently at her little friend. "You never actually saw it, as I did when I was young. The young sense so much, they know everything— But I don't need to tell you about being sensitive! The trouble was, Venice was wasted on those people. They just came to look at each other. They'd just as soon be in Palm Beach. They don't care about the true Venice."

"Didn't you think the Contessa's pictures were good?"

"Certainly," Persis said indifferently. "She probably got Perseoni to select them for her. In fact, I think Tim said

Perseoni did select them. Anybody who's rich enough can get good pictures."

"You were so angelic to ring us in on the Contessa," Emily began once more. She couldn't seem to help saying it over and over.

Persis smiled and didn't reply. She would never have gone to that ghastly woman's at all except for the treat she knew it would be for the New England Knapps. She was attracted by little Emily Knapp, and was sorry for her— so pretty and gentle and sweet, crushed by that old tyrant of a mother. The morning when the *valet de chambre* had called her downstairs to the *pensione* telephone, where the Contessa was holding on, she had taken a positive satisfaction in saying that she was travelling with friends. She said "old" friends. She said she couldn't leave them. Might she bring them, she asked briskly. There was a moment's silence. Then the Contessa said, in that husky voice, "But of course." Although, while she was standing at the telephone in the *pensione* lobby, Persis hadn't yet met the Contessa, she knew just how she would look. And sure enough, she looked exactly that way.

Here, in the grape arbor, Persis was visited by a fleeting memory of herself, long ago, on that visit to Tim in Venice. She giggled now. "Remember I told you Italian men seem to have changed since the old days? Because they don't pinch one and call out '*Bella signorina!*' the way they used to do?"

Emily nodded, all receptiveness.

"Well, at Florian's it came to me why. It's not that *they've* changed. *We've* changed!"

Emily began to giggle, too. They looked at each other and laughed some more. It was the kind of joke that drew them together—a joke on their own old-maid state. Together they scampered companionably over the bridges of Venice, in and out of galleries, through the vast rooms of palaces, like girls together whispering and giggling.

Emily began to put her writing things away. "I must go and help Mother get ready for dinner," she said. "If we leave for the concert about eight-thirty, it's time enough, don't you think?"

"How is your mother this afternoon?" Persis asked politely.

"She's very well," Emily replied, politely.

But when she got upstairs to the large room the Knapps shared, Mother was still looking for that wretched comb.

"Darling. *Please* let me buy you another," Emily said.

The bedroom had a chandelier of inferior Venetian glass, each spoke forming a different-colored flower, three tall French windows that opened on a narrow balcony over the San Trovaso Canal, and an odd little closet that had been converted into a lavatory. The toilet was down the hall. There were twin beds, and on one of them Mrs. Knapp sat holding in her lap the overnight bag in which she kept her curlers. She had been going through its con-

tents yet once more. Now she paused in her search to regard her daughter.

"What's the use of that," she said, "when it has to be somewhere in this room? I'm not in the habit of taking my comb around with me in my pocket, the way I know you young people think it's smart to do."

Emily tried to close her lips over her teeth. What her mother *was* in the habit of doing, she wanted to retort, was using her daughter's things when she mislaid her own. She mislaid them with increasing frequency. But Emily was determined she would not disgrace herself as she had done this morning, when, opening her eyes, she had found her mother sitting before the mirror combing her hair with Emily's comb. The most awful rage had leapt up in her and she'd cried, "Why must you use my things? I loathe sharing my things!"

Mrs. Knapp had turned full around in her chair. "Well! Now we know," she said.

Eight hours later—all this time since—the anger was still there. "I never mind sharing my things when there is some reason for it," Emily said very gently, going right on with the morning, "but all I would have to do is go round the corner to the *farmacia* and buy a comb. There isn't any reason why we have to use the same comb."

"A waste of good money," her mother pronounced. She went back to rummaging around in the overnight bag. "It has to be somewhere right in this room."

Emily sighed. "Time to dress," she said.

"Dress for what?"

"Well, for dinner, dear. And we're going to this wonderful Vivaldi concert at the Scuola San Rocco that the Contessa told us about."

"You can count me out," Mrs. Knapp said. "I have to find my comb."

"But it's such an opportunity! And we're coming home in the Contessa's launch. Think how exciting *that* will be! Didn't you enjoy yourself yesterday?"

"It was all right," Mrs. Knapp said. "Your Contessa seems to deny herself nothing. But I can't spend my whole life in pleasure, the way you seem to do."



It was so unjust! "Darling. We only came to Europe to enjoy ourselves," Emily said.

"Pleasure doesn't have to cost so much money," Mrs. Knapp bore on, licking her lips easily. "Take soft drinks. You young people think you have to have soft drinks all the time. When *I* was young, we might make a pitcher of lemonade and carry it under the walnut tree and sit and drink it, after the chores were done. But we didn't think we had to drink soft drinks all day long."

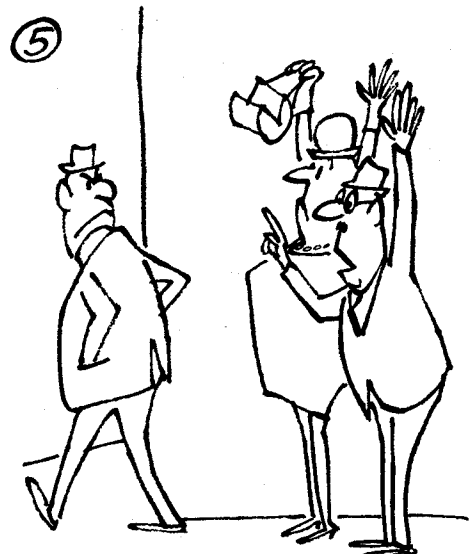
It was so unreasonable! "I planned our trip just in order to give you pleasure," Emily said softly. "And we haven't had any soft drinks since we left home—"

"Hah!" Mrs. Knapp said. "I never wanted to come—you know that. I said so enough times."

Emily took a firm grip on herself. "But you didn't mean it, dear," she said. "All my life I've heard you say you wished you could see Europe and its treasures. That's what you really want. I'm only thinking of *you*—"

She broke off, for her mother had whirled around on the bed and was sticking out her tongue at Emily. "*Only thinking of you!*" she mocked, like an antique little girl. "Always perfect, aren't you?"

Emily's mind seemed to explode. Fragments of outrage came drifting down from above. Her teeth, her teeth... So far from perfect; so always in the wrong... unbearable, unbearable. In the end, as ever, the debris of Emily's thoughts settled down as into a smoking ash heap, soft, growing cooler. The only thing to do was bear it. Sometimes she had the feeling that her whole life was spent waiting for her mother just once to say she was sorry

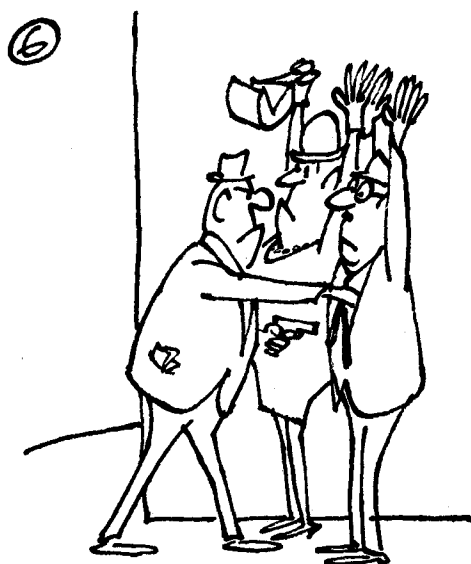
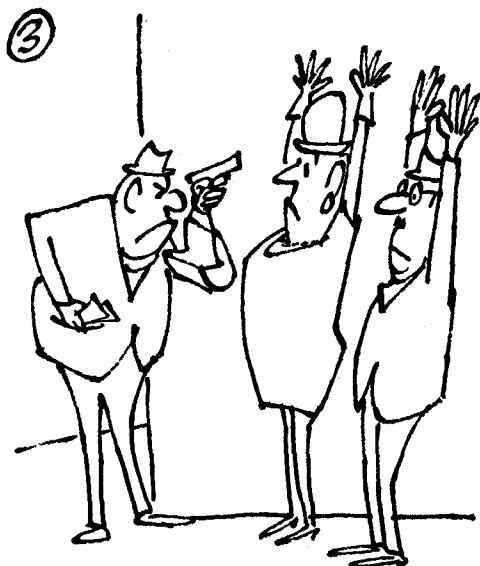


that she had not had Emily's teeth fixed when Emily was a little girl. But it would have to come from her. The accusation was too appalling to be made, and grew more so.

"**Y**OU have to realize that from now on your mother's bound to fail," Persis said soothingly, as during the concert intermission they stood together downstairs in the Scuola San Rocco, smoking cigarettes, two women wearing hats and carrying the raincoats they hadn't dared leave in their seats. "She *is* getting like a child. But of course she still has flashes of great wisdom," she added politely.

"It just makes me feel guilty, not to be kinder," Emily explained. "She can't help it if her memory is failing."

She had told Persis enough of the scene in the bedroom to make her see what it was like, dealing with Mother about things like the comb—not enough, she trusted, to disgrace her parent. She hadn't mentioned the stick-



"No, I haven't seen her," Persis replied to her friend. She looked about the hall, which was filling up with a seemingly all-Venetian, or at least all-Italian, audience. The only light was furnished by huge striated Venetian-glass lanterns, standing along three sides of the room. This flickering and glancing radiance fell on handsome, archaic faces—old, proudly beak-nosed men and beautiful red-haired women like those in Titians. One such Venetian beauty sat just in front of them with her blond little girl, who rested a lovely, oddly mature face against her mother's shoulder.

"There she is. Look," Persis said, poking Emily and nodding across the hall. "Over on the far side, this row, talking with an old gentleman with white hair. See?"

"Do you suppose he's her lover?" Emily whispered.

"I don't think so," Persis said.

"I do so appreciate your giving me this opportunity to see so many wonderful—" Emily began once more.

"It's a pleasure to me to do something that will give you pleasure," Persis declared. Then, for the violins were tuning up, "Sh-h-h!"

AFTER the concert, feeling bemused with Vivaldi, the two women moved slowly down the great stairway with the push of the crowd. At the bottom they took up a stand facing the stairs, to await the Contessa.

She was an unconscionable time coming. At last, after almost everyone had descended, she appeared at the top of the lowest flight of steps, talking to a man with sleek black hair, her huge, *cotonata* head tipping one way as she spoke to him, tipping the other as she turned away to take another deliberate step down. She wore another silk shift like the one she had had on the day before—this time a purple-and-blue flowered print with a long blue silk stole

ing out of the tongue, for instance, or her own violent reactions.

"It is true, she *didn't* want to come, once we'd made up our minds," she went on. "I suppose the truth is I made her come. Perhaps I did the wrong thing. Perhaps I was selfish. Maybe I should have let her—oh dear!"

"You did the right thing," Persis told her firmly. "You're giving your mother a wonderful trip, and don't ever forget it, no matter what happens." They gazed into each other's eyes, thinking of death. "Let's go back, shall we? ... Aren't the Tintoretos superb?" she said as they began climbing the flights of broad, shallow steps, looking up to either side and ahead at the pictures.

"Have you spotted the Contessa yet?" Emily asked when they had regained their original seats along the side of the enormous chamber that was lined, walls and ceiling, with the huge, dark Tintoretos. They stuffed their raincoats behind them to make

the pewlike seats more comfortable.

It had been raining, although not hard, when they took the vaporetto down the Canal after dinner. They scampered through the drizzle from the *pensione* to the Accademia, bought their shoddy paper *biglietti*, and nipped onto the waterborne covered waiting room, which had a central rail to separate those embarking from those coming ashore. In a moment a vaporetto crashed up to the waiting room with, as usual, a stupendous bump. It had been fun sailing down the Canal, seeing the lights of the palaces through a blur of rain. Disembarking at the Frari stop, they scampered up through dark *calli* and over little bridges with a sense of adventure, at last gaining the Campo San Rocco, with its lighted Scuola and the people streaming in for the concert. There was no question but that it would have been most unwise for Mrs. Knapp to come out in such weather. In Venice, there was no way to escape rain.



"Guess what! Harry and I were born under the same star!"

she held wrapped tightly around her shoulders as she continued to descend the stairs one step at a time, stopping entirely now and then to reply to the man or to free one hand and gesticulate. She spied the two women waiting and tossed up her chin in recognition. "Ah!" she said, coming up to them. "You are here. You have enjoyed the concert?"

"It was wonderful," Emily said. "I was simply carried away."

"Yes," the Contessa said. "I have told you I will take you home. We go this way. My man is at the campo steps with the launch. Follow me." Her vivid, erect form swept forward, the ends of the silk stole floating behind. At the main door of the Scuola, some young Italians seemed to be waiting for her; she held out her hands to them, then swept them into her entourage so that they, too, were following. She did not introduce Emily and Persis, who stood awkwardly waiting while she spoke to the young people. By now the Contessa's companion of the staircase had disappeared.

Her group of guests followed her through steadily falling rain across the campo to steps that led down to a narrow canal. The launchman of the day before, now in oilskins, helped the Contessa first into her boat. Then the young Italians got in—two men and a girl. Last of all, Persis and Emily were helped aboard.

"I love your white slipcovers," Emily chattered nervously as she took

her seat inside the cabin. "Isn't this snug here, out of the rain?" The launch had started up, and was moving very slowly along the dark canal, which was clogged with moored boats.

"Yes, very," the Contessa replied. "Have you all met? Countess Lieto, Count Morosini, Prince Fenna, Miss Woodson, Miss Mmmm. . . . All these young people live on the Giudecca, where the launch will take them after it has dropped us off."

With that the Contessa fell silent. The young people talked to each other in Italian, laughing and exclaiming with extreme gaiety. The launch, which had moved so very slowly, now turned into the Grand Canal and picked up speed.

Persis, no doubt, could feel at ease, Emily thought, but for herself she felt most uncomfortable with no one speaking to her. She peered out through rain-streaked cabin windows at a Canal like black velvet. Only a few lights were left burning in the palaces they passed. Emily held her wristwatch up to the faint glow from outside and saw that it was now twelve-fifteen. The launch drove steadily, strongly, through the midnight waters.

"Why, there's our canal! That's where we live!" she exclaimed, pointing, to the Contessa, who sat in the shadows wrapped in her stole.

"Yes," the Contessa said.

Emily looked toward Persis, but Persis was peering out of the window beside her. Everything must be all right.

The Contessa could hardly be abducting them! She spoke such good English she must have understood just now. Perhaps they were to be asked into the palace for a nightcap.

Past the black bulk of the Accademia, past the still lighted-up grand hotels they swept, and at last made the turn into the Contessa's canal. At the landing the launchman jumped ashore and stood holding the boat to the water steps, extending one crooked elbow to support the ladies as they got out.

"Here is where we leave our young people," the Contessa observed, going ashore.

"*Arrivederci!*" cried all the lively young Italians, not stirring. "*Arrivederci, Leonora! Arrivederci, signore!*"

"Goodbye, my darlings," the Contessa replied, and stood waiting for the two women at the top of the steps, under the faint light shed from the windows of her palace.

They followed her into the paved courtyard. The Contessa opened a door underneath the balcony and led the two women into a dining room, all white, through which she passed to a square white hall ringed with short columns on which stood the busts of doges. Then the Contessa opened another door onto the night.

"Here is the street," she said in her husky voice. "Your way leads straight ahead. You need only keep going in a direct line and you will arrive at your *pensione*."

"Good night," Emily heard herself say as she stepped out into the rain.

She heard Persis, too, saying, "Good night."

"Good night," said the Contessa, and closed the door.

IN the street they stared into each other's eyes.

"Well!" Persis began.

Suddenly the rain began to descend very much harder.

"Come on, we have to dash," Persis continued. "Fortunately, I know this part of Venice well. Not that she knew that."

It was thundering massively out over the Grand Canal. Flashes of jagged lightning revealed pitch-black alleys opening on either hand and the oily waters of the small canals they crossed over humpbacked bridges. All around, inscrutable dark façades looked down.

"This is scary!" Emily panted, hurrying along.

"Nothing bad seems to happen in Venice nowadays," Persis threw back over her shoulder. "Small thanks to the Contessa."

"I don't know how people ever dared live at all, in the old days!" Emily cried. Not a soul was visible abroad on the streets, but every turning, every archway suggested an assassin.

They had just entered a deserted campo when the sky all at once burst and rain came down in a deluge. The two women shrank back as far as possible into the doorway of a church facing into the campo. Emily kept hoping that the church door they backed up against would not suddenly, horribly, open.

"Never," Persis began. "Never! In all my life! Have I ever imagined anything so unspeakable, so insufferable! I told you people like that are appalling, but this is the worst. I never dreamed anyone could *do* such a thing! And those damned young Italians being taken all the way home."

"Why would she do such a thing?" Emily asked. "Why would she want to?"

An earsplitting crash broke overhead, silencing them. Each wondered, as she huddled back into the comparative shelter, what she had done to deserve being treated so at the hands of the Contessa. It seemed to each imperative that there be a reason for tonight, and that she should discover it.

"I am very angry," Persis announced when she could once more be heard. "I never want to hear of that woman again."

"I'm afraid it was I who let you in for this. You said you wouldn't have gone—" Emily began.

"Don't be absurd," Persis said. "It's not *your* fault she's a monster. I shall certainly write Tim about this—every word of what happened."

"Maybe that's what she wants you to do," Emily said, coming up with one of her solutions. "Maybe she used to be madly in love with your brother and he jilted her. Maybe this is her way of getting even—doing this to you."

"I doubt it," Persis said. She smiled grimly into the rain. She was fairly sure the reason for this outrageous performance was that the Contessa hadn't liked having the little Knapps

brought along yesterday. Well, let her not like it! Persis didn't for one moment regret bringing them.

As suddenly as it had increased, the rain now decreased in volume. The two women ventured forth, and scurried the rest of the way home in silence. Downstairs in the *pensione* the light was on, and the *signorina's* brother lay on the sofa in the entrance hall, asleep. Yawning, he rose politely as they came squelching past him in their soaked shoes, their saturated raincoats. They could hear him putting out lights behind them.

"Mother'll be so upset," Emily whispered as they climbed the stairs to the bedroom floor. "She can never get to sleep till I come in."

"Just tell her what was done to us," Persis whispered back.

"Oh dear," Emily sighed, beginning to rehearse it all. They crept down the corridor, past closed bedroom doors, past the door marked "Toilette," to the turn in the corridor which separated their rooms.

"Good night," Persis whispered. "Dry yourself off thoroughly."

"You, too. Good night. . . ."

EMILY opened the door upon a dark room where a breeze stirred, and tiptoed in. She was astonished to realize, from a faint snore, that her mother was fast asleep. Rather than risk awakening her by turning on a lamp, she tiptoed to the converted closet and, closing its door softly after her,

switched on the light inside. She had begun to run water in the basin when Mrs. Knapp called, "Emily? That you?"

"Yes, dear." She opened the door again. "I hope you haven't been too worried."

"Worried? Why should I be worried?" Mrs. Knapp, aroused, sat up in bed. "You were with that friend of yours, weren't you? Miss What's-Her-Name, Miss Woodson. The bully."

"Well, dear, you do worry at night, you know," Emily began, but it was too late to engage in argument. She turned back to the basin. "We got wet," she said. "It's been raining hard."

"I thought your Contessa was bringing you home."

"Well, that's it, she was, but . . . I'll tell you about it tomorrow," Emily said, too tired to face the explanation. "It's very late."

"How late?" the old lady demanded.

Emily looked at her watch; it was half past one. "After midnight," she said.

"Mercy!" said old Mrs. Knapp. "I thought it was about ten. I found my comb!" she announced, triumphantly. "Guess where it was."

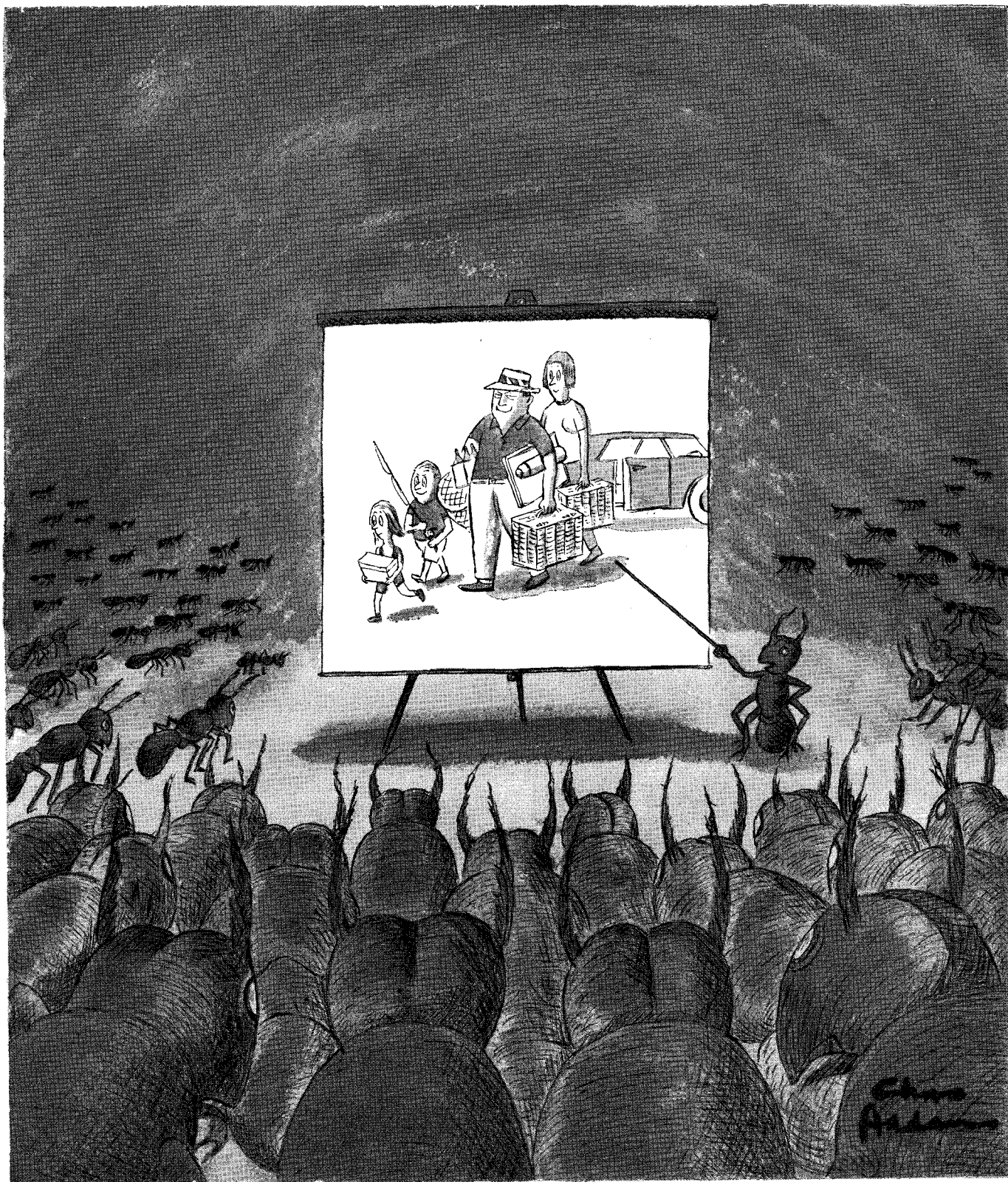
"Where?" Emily asked faintly.

"Right here in my bedside table!"

"Oh, good," Emily said.

There was silence. When at last Emily jumped into bed, she said soft-





ly, in case her mother had fallen asleep, "Good night."

"I hope you enjoyed your evening of pleasure," her mother said.

It was too much. Emily's body—as though even an instant's rest had refreshed it—seemed to rally. "I'll tell you all about what happened," she said. "It wasn't pleasure at all, not a bit." She swallowed indignantly, and began her tale. "Wouldn't you think anyone

as fortunate as the Contessa—with as many gifts from the gods," she went on, "would be above base motives and acts? After all, surrounded as she is by a life like a work of art—"

"Poor thing. Face all pitted," Mrs. Knapp said. "I don't see what's such a gift of God about acne."

"But I barely noticed her acne!" Emily exclaimed.

She hesitated, contemplating the idea

of the Contessa with a complex. But it was impossible. In all the blazing crown of the Contessa's perfections there was only that one tiny flaw. Emily brooded. Suddenly she was struck by the implications of the compassion her mother had expressed, and sat up straight in bed, furious.

But a snore informed her that her mother had already lost interest.

—NANCY HALE

PROFILES

THE GENERAL MANAGER

OPERA is the most complex of all musical art forms. Each successful performance is the result of the precisely synchronized efforts of hundreds of people, including composers, poets, dramatists, librettists, coaches, conductors, chorus masters, singers, instrumentalists, dancers, scene designers, painters, carpenters, stagehands, lighting technicians, property men, seamstresses, wigmakers, makeup men, producers, stage directors, choreographers, supers, callboys, and prompters. An opera's incredibly intricate machinery can be thrown into confusion by the slightest mistake—a spotlight in the wrong place, a premature entrance, a late cue, a momentary lapse of memory. The musical, dramatic, and technical difficulties are further complicated by emotional tensions among the performers. The orchestra and the chorus habitually accuse each other of doing too little for too much money; the stage director and the conductor often arouse resentment by the amount of work they demand; and the singing stars, who get most of the money and most of the fame, are almost certain to be unpopular with nearly everyone else who works in the house. For a performance of a modern opera to come off at all is something of a miracle.

Opera is a relatively young art form, being less than four hundred years old, but it has come a long way from its origins, in the Florence of the sixteenth century, where it developed out of the *sacre rappresentazioni*—a mixture of liturgical chants, secular songs, dances, and instrumental interludes, usually introduced by a prelude—in moving toward the *Gesamtkunstwerk*, or total theatre, of Richard Wagner, who wanted to weld all artistic elements into an indivisible whole. The man who has been called “the Aeschylus of music,” Claudio Monteverdi, was born in Cremona in 1567, and his “*La Favola d’Orfeo*” was the first opera in the modern sense. (The libretto was by Alessandro Striggio, who held a diplomatic post in the court of the Duke of Mantua, and the Duke, God bless him, paid for the production.) Monteverdi



Rudolf Bing

wrote a number of operas, and among those that have survived, two masterpieces, “*L’Incoronazione di Poppea*” and “*Il Ritorno d’Ulisse in Patria*,” are currently included in the repertoires of several European opera houses—in scores that have been “modernized” and “enriched” by arrangers, much to the dismay of purists. Monteverdi wrote “*Poppea*,” a work that is astonishingly modern in its treatment of human emotions, when he was seventy-five—a feat matched only by Richard Strauss’s creating “*Capriccio*” at seventy-seven and by Verdi’s completing “*Falstaff*” at the age of eighty. Monteverdi, the creator of modern opera, also had a hand in the development of the modern opera house, when, for several years before his death, in 1643, he served as what we now call a producer at the Teatro San Cassiano, in Venice. By that time, royal or princely theatres existed in Florence, Mantua, and Rome, to say nothing of Vienna, Paris, and Munich, but they were private establishments, maintained for the feudal rulers and their invited guests, and catered to the whims of the kings and princes who subsidized them. The situation was different in Venice, which was already a republic, and the Teatro San Cassiano was run on a commercial basis, deriving most of its income from admission charges paid by the general public, and the public taste could not be ignored. People asked for musical

shows that would divert both the ears and the eyes, but, above all, they wanted to hear great voices.

Monteverdi imported the best available singing stars, at great expense, and used whatever money was left to pay for his orchestra, chorus, scenery, and costumes. The heavy emphasis on singing established a pattern, and for two centuries and more it was generally thought that all the stage directions needed for the performance of an opera could be provided quite satisfactorily by the composer’s score. All that mattered was for the musicians to play and the singers to sing, with elements of make-believe added on the stage in a thoroughly haphazard fashion, by the use of whatever backdrops, costumes, and lighting could be thrown together at the

last minute. As for acting, the singers simply stepped toward the footlights and sang. Of Melba, one of the greatest prima donnas of all time, Percy Colson, her friend and biographer, wrote, “To express a mild emotion, she would raise one arm. To express extreme passion, she would raise two.” People came to the opera house to hear brilliant staccato runs, long trills, upward arpeggios, ringing high C’s. No one bothered about artistic unity, and until the time of Gustav Mahler, toward the end of the nineteenth century, most performances were basically glorified recitals, offering only a small amount of dramatic improvisation, though the improvisation was often on a magnificent scale.

After Mahler’s time, things began to change. Toscanini inaugurated the era of the conductor, and thus challenged the supremacy of the singers. He introduced severe standards of musical precision, made the composer’s score sacrosanct, and forbade all arbitrary liberties, such as the habit many singers had of “sitting” on a beautiful high note. Yet Toscanini was interested mostly in the musical aspects of the lyric theatre. Stage direction became important in the early nineteen-twenties, in Germany and Austria, when great producers like Max Reinhardt and Carl Ebert found new ways of converting opera into convincing musical drama, and great designers created revolutionary effects



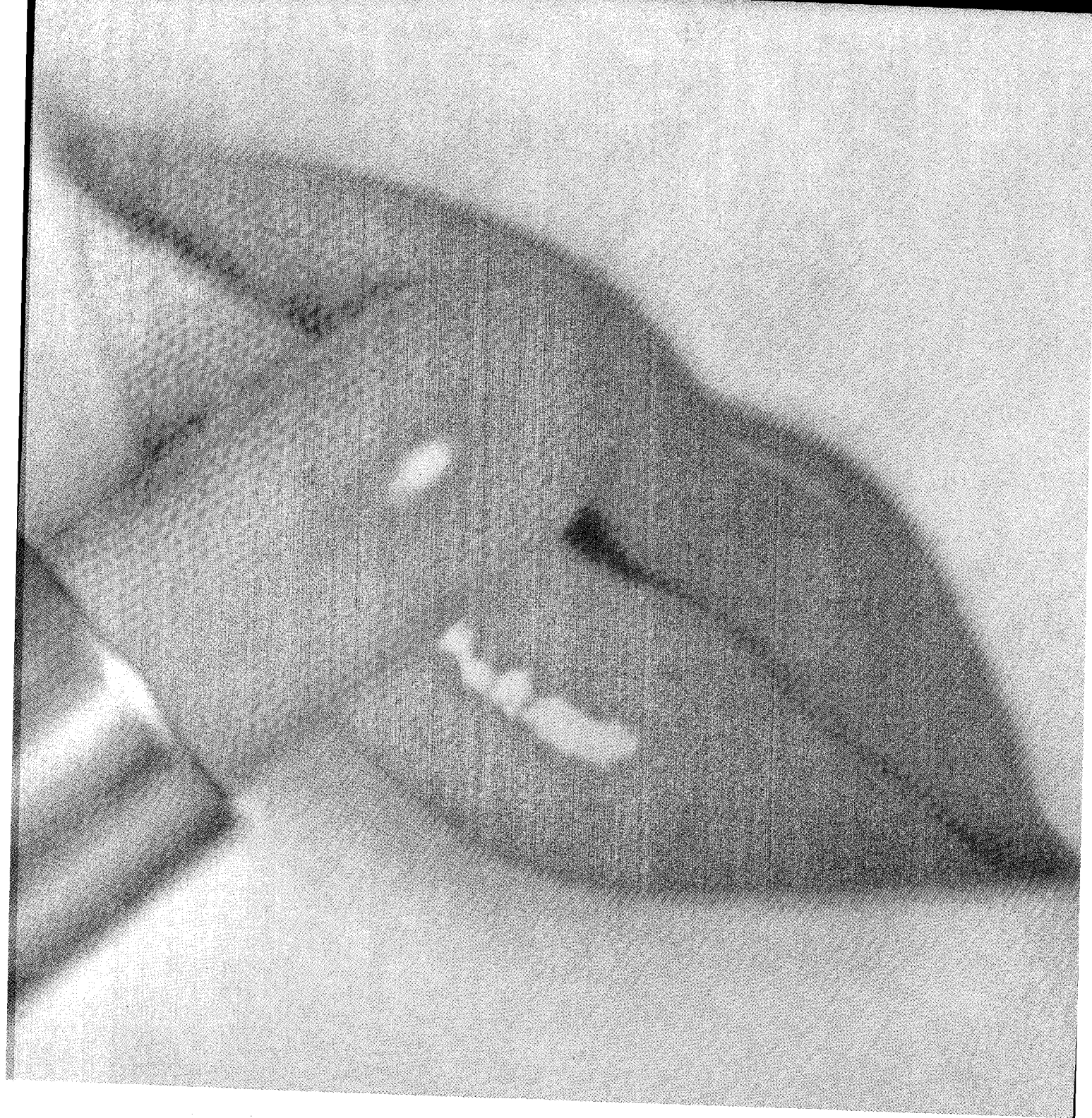
"In Connecticut, where I live, you would have to be twenty-one."

with sets and costumes. At last, opera began to achieve the complete union of drama and music Richard Wagner had dreamed of. Ebert's 1931 Berlin production of Verdi's "Macbeth," with sets by Caspar Neher, was a revelation, changing many people's thinking about what opera could and should be. As the producer came to outrank the conductor, the most famous and most controversial opera conductor of our day, Herbert von Karajan, reacted by staging his own productions, not always successfully. Conducting and staging, it seems, are wholly different arts. The greatest of the present-day stage directors in opera, perhaps, are the two Italians Luchino Visconti and Franco Zeffirelli and the three Germans Walter Felsenstein, Günther Rennert, and Wieland Wagner. "Felsenstein, Rennert, and Wagner reformed the often mendacious, empty opera theatre and turned it into our credible and brilliantly thought-out musical theatre," wrote Walter Erich Schäfer, former co-director, with Karajan, of the Vienna State Opera, who now runs the Stuttgart Opera. In Bayreuth, Wieland Wagner has gone as far as to insist that the drama is more important than the music. "The music

is of secondary importance [in Richard Wagner's work], because the music owes its existence to the dramatic idea," he wrote not long ago. In a way, it would appear that opera has come full circle since Mozart wrote to his father on the interrelationship of the elements of opera, "I should say that in an opera the poetry must be altogether the obedient daughter of the music." (Richard Strauss wrote an opera, "Capriccio," on the subject of which is more important, the words or the music; characteristically, he left the question open.) Even the lighting of a modern performance may come to dominate an audience's attention. In Bayreuth, Wieland Wagner provides only a sparse décor and works mainly with lights for his stage effects, and the lighting directions for many contemporary productions form complicated "scores" in themselves. The detailed stage directions sometimes fill another volume, with every step and gesture marked. When Felsenstein was rehearsing Verdi's "Otello" at the Komische Oper in East Berlin not long ago, his assiduous efforts to enhance the realism of the storm at the beginning of the first act included scheduling rehearsals in the wind tunnel of an aircraft factory.

without any disaster, and one realizes, gratefully, that the miracle has happened again."

IDEALLY, the manager of an opera company should be a man who combines artistic conscience with a flair for the current public taste, and he should also be able to persuade his artists to perform at their best, and persuade somebody else to pay for it. Opera is an accountant's nightmare. No house ever breaks even; indeed, every time the curtain goes up, a lot of money is lost. Running a deficit business, the manager is forever compelled to compromise between his artistic conscience and his sense of economic guilt. He usually finds himself pitted against his artists (except for a few who have just been given coveted parts), against his board of directors (who are required to do something about the steadily mounting deficit), against union officials (who want more money for the unions' members), and against his public and the critics (who rarely agree with what he is doing). Opera lovers are an enthusiastic, vociferous, and frankly prejudiced breed, each with his own ideas about how to run an opera house, and all sure that they could do

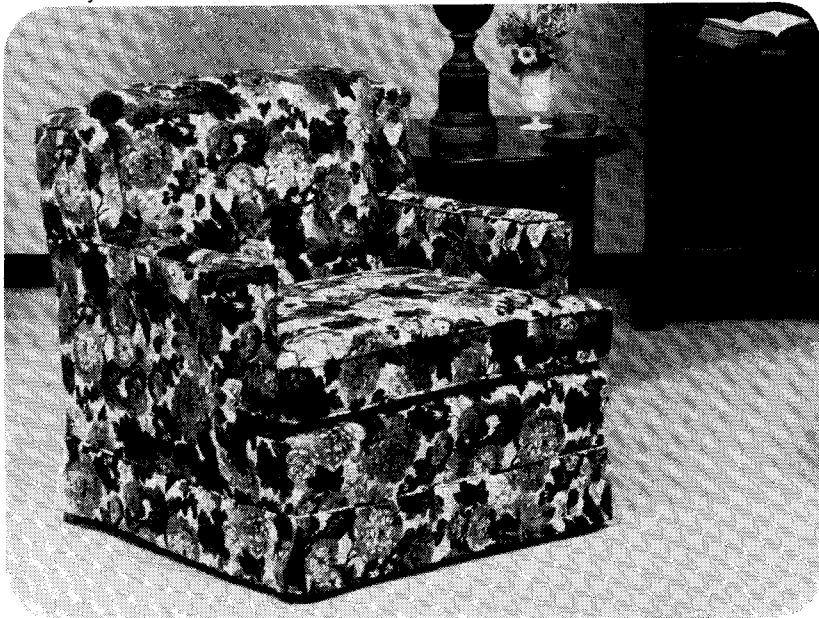


Germaine Monteil Sees Red

They've been a long time in coming to the fashion picture. Now they're here . . . bolder, more real than ever before. Germaine Monteil introduces The New Reds . . . French Red, American Red, Spanish Red . . . dewy SUPER-MOIST Lipsticks. They're as vibrant and dazzling as real reds should be. Try them and you'll see red light up your complexion with new brilliance.

Germaine Monteil

Chair by COLONY HOUSE. At PAINE FURNITURE CO., Boston, and other fine stores.

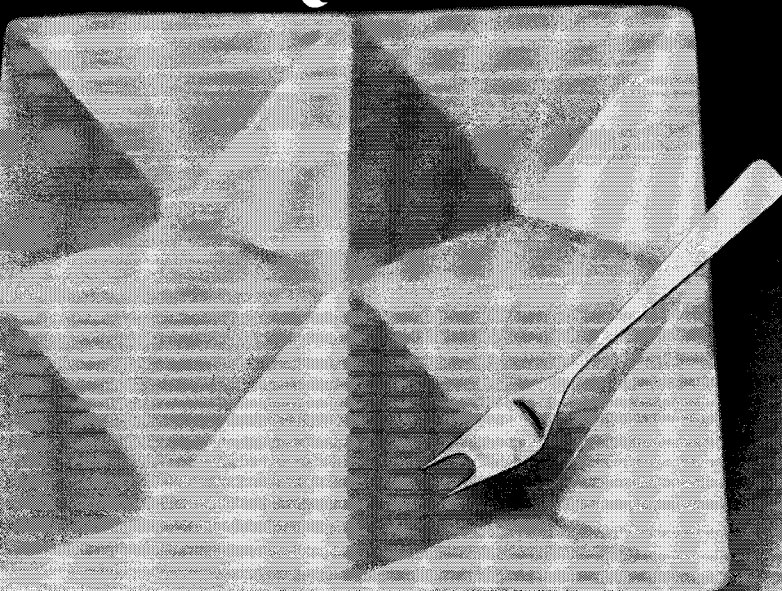


beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by **EVERFAST**[®] protected with **ZEPEL**[®] DU PONT FABRIC FLUORIDIZER
from watery and oily spills. **EVERGLAZE**[®] easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018

PIQUANT



Relishes, curry condiments or cocktail spreads serve themselves in our white faience, four-part dish by Arabia of Finland. 9 1/4" x 1 1/2" deep—with a stainless steel serving fork. \$8. complete. By mail or phone for your convenience. Please add 75¢ beyond our delivery area. Write for our 1966 Christmas Gift Portfolio.

GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, 10022 • SCARSDALE • MILLBURN • MANHASSET

it much better than the manager. The *Operndirektor*, in Vienna, which once was (and still pretends to be) "the world capital of opera," holds the most controversial job in the country, and nobody holds it very long. The Vienna State Opera is known as a "conductor's house," and it has almost always been run by a prominent conductor, with the help of an administrative staff and the unsolicited advice of nearly two million Viennese, who consider themselves co-owners of the house. (Karajan resigned in 1962 and then returned, after publicly insulting several members of the Austrian Cabinet.) It has recently been decided, however, that the administrative complexities demand the over-all supervision of a manager, or *Intendant*, who can devote all his time to the job. Some German opera houses are managed by stage directors—Rudolf Sellner in West Berlin, Walter Felsenstein in East Berlin, Rudolf Hartmann in Munich. Some houses are run by composers—Georges Auric in Paris, Rolf Liebermann in Hamburg. But the world's four leading opera houses are now run by men who are managers and nothing else: Milan's La Scala by Antonio Ghiringhelli, who was originally a shoe manufacturer; London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, by Sir David Webster, a former department-store executive; the Vienna State Opera by Dr. Egon Hilbert, a government official; and the Met by Rudolf Bing, who had had experience in the management of a wide variety of theatrical ventures when he took on his present job in 1950, at the age of forty-eight.

Bing believes that current trends favor the managerial type for the direction of an opera house. An artist, not unnaturally, tends to give preference to those works that he conducts or stages himself. Even with the best of intentions, he cannot maintain a totally impartial attitude toward the entire repertory. Somehow, when Karajan was in charge of everything at Vienna, he always had better casts and more rehearsal time than other conductors had, and, consequently, many first-rate conductors preferred not to conduct there. For similar reasons, prominent stage directors rarely want to work in Berlin or Munich. Besides, an artist, who must work hard at his own art, will have trouble finding time to cope with the endless administrative details of the job. "I start work at ten in the morning and rarely come home before midnight, and though I'm reasonably healthy, I wouldn't know how to find time to do

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 48201. 100% GRAPE. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



ELISOFOF © 1965 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

Operakällaren, of Stockholm, Sweden, welcomes you with Jansson's Temptation and Canadian Club

There is much here to remind you of 19th century Europe. Hand-carved woodwork. Voluptuous murals. A menu that is breathtaking in its opulence and variety. Choose Jansson's Temptation, a hearty blend of onions, sliced potatoes and anchovy fillets. Choose Russian meat soup. Pernod-flamed prawns. Marinated saddle of hare. And that grandest of whiskies, Canadian Club—in short ones before dinner, tall ones after.

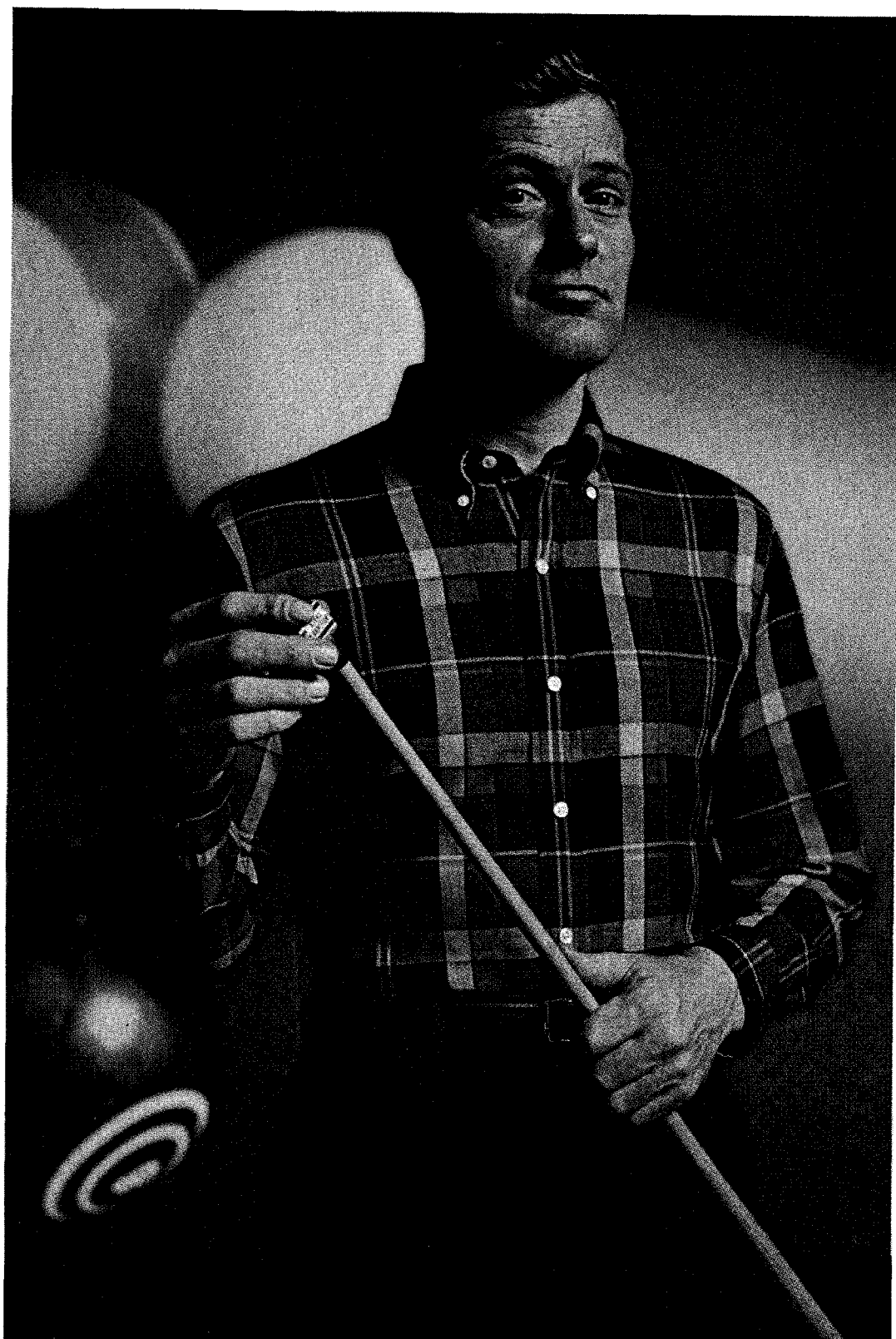


BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



***YOU'VE
GOT
THINGS
GOING
FOR
YOU***

You've got the shot that hits its mark when you take your cue from Dan River. The winning stroke is Repsheen® shirting fabric, all combed cotton with Wrinkl-Shed to keep it neat and a plaid with pzazz to bespeak your keen eye. Rack it up!*

***DAN
RIVER***

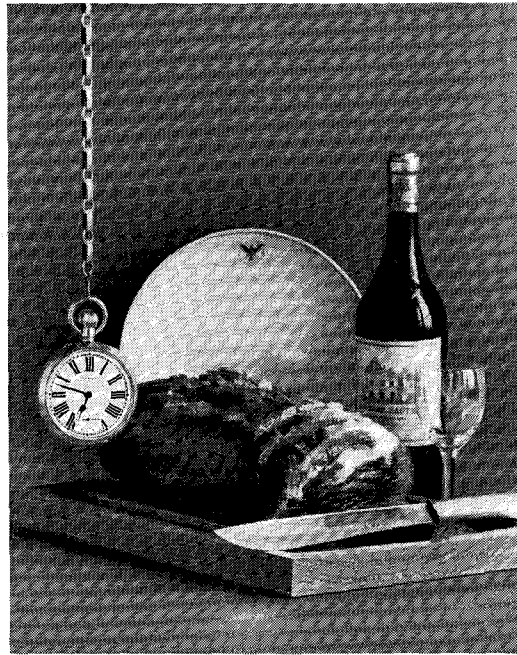
All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va. *Reg. Trademark for Dan River Mills' Wrinkle-Resistant Fabrics.

anything more than I do," Bing said recently.

Today's businesslike methods are often deplored by elderly aficionados of grand opera, who speak nostalgically of the great days of the past. (One sometimes wonders how great those days actually were. Fifty years ago, Galli-Curci, after giving a moving performance in "La Traviata," had a piano wheeled out into the middle of the stage, and, to her own accompaniment, sang "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore.) There is no doubt that the pressures of competition—not only among opera houses but between opera and other forms of entertainment—have brought great changes in recent years. In the early part of the century, leading European opera houses were what came to be known as ensemble theatres, performing many different works during long seasons and achieving a high degree of artistic integration. In Vienna, Gustav Mahler, Felix Weingartner, Franz Schalk, and Richard Strauss had formidable galaxies of stars at their disposal for almost the entirety of seasons that lasted ten months. When Jeritza, Lotte Lehmann, Mayr, or Slezak went to America for short periods, there was national mourning. (Opera singers, once they become famous, lose their first names, except when two of them have the same family name, as was the case with Lotte and Lilli Lehmann.) At one time, Vienna had five great tenors under contract—Schmedes, Slezak, Piccaver, Oestvig, and Grosavescu. "Today, one could plan a major part of a whole season based on each of them," Bing has said.

A modern variation—or debase-ment, as some people see it—of the ensemble system is the *stagione* (an Italian word meaning "season"). According to this pattern, a small number of works, rarely more than half a dozen, are performed during a short period, always with the same casts. The *stagione* is built around a few stars, and it promotes the individual star rather than the integrated art of an ensemble. The system, which is particularly popular in Italy, suits the works of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and Puccini better than those of Mozart, Wagner, and Richard Strauss. Günther Rennert, a West German director, has acquired a reputation for his good judgment in producing Italian operas with *stagione* stars and ensemble operas with ensembles, but the trend toward *stagione* is a strong one. Karajan has developed a kind of super-*stagione*. He assembles the best available stars, creates a carefully rehearsed and well-integrated produc-

We've found a way to get the best of time.



It has nothing to do with breaking sound barriers and such.

It has everything to do with service.

Our approach to this often hard-to-find commodity can be expressed in two words: President Special.

President Special is the ultimate in first-class luxury.

Our pursers, our stewardesses have the manners not of one country, but many. Our President Special menus are the worldly inspiration of none other than *Maxim's of Paris*. Our wines are selected from the finest vineyards of Bordeaux and Burgundy.

And everything is taken care of with such finesse, you'll forget what time it is.

That's the way things always go. When you fly the world's most experienced airline.



President Special

Pan Am's first-class service throughout the world

**Worumbo® Coachman
Cloth shows up
in the nicest
places.**



**Just ask
Tiffeau
& Busch.**

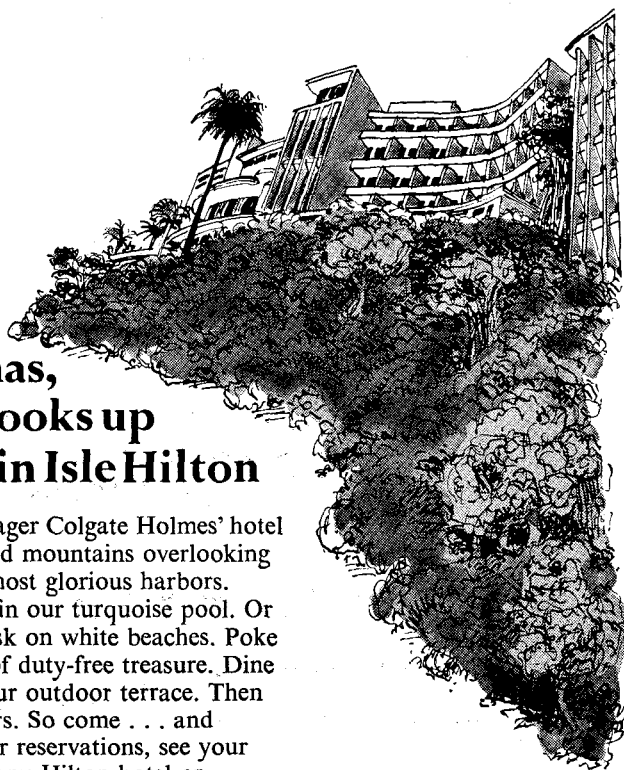
Coachman Cloth,
the luxurious
Worumbo woolen.
Great coat by
Jacques Tiffeau for
Tiffeau & Busch at
Bonwit Teller, New York;
Dayton's Oval Room,
Minneapolis;
Woodward & Lothrop,
Washington, D. C.
Fabric by Sievens
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway
New York 10036

In St. Thomas, everyone looks up to the Virgin Isle Hilton

That's because Manager Colgate Holmes' hotel is high in the emerald mountains overlooking one of the world's most glorious harbors. Here you'll unwind in our turquoise pool. Or in the azure sea. Bask on white beaches. Poke through shops full of duty-free treasure. Dine at your leisure on our outdoor terrace. Then dance under the stars. So come . . . and be looked up to. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

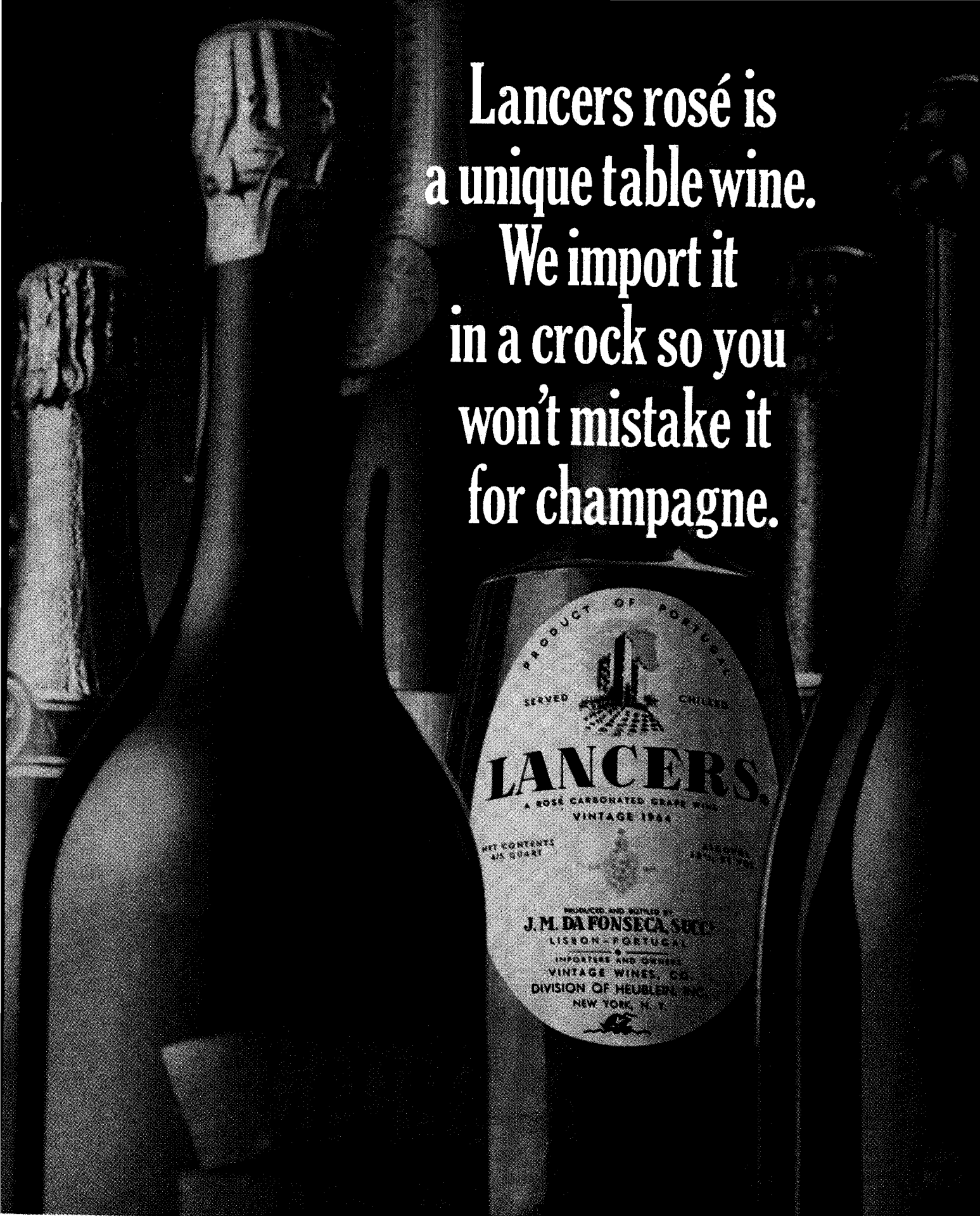
Virgin Isle Hilton

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton



tion of a single work, and then takes it from one place to another like a traveling circus. He staged and conducted "Il Trovatore" in Salzburg, and then in Vienna, Moscow, Berlin, and Hamburg. A beautiful "La Bohème" staged by Zeffirelli and conducted by Karajan travelled from Milan's La Scala to Vienna to Munich and then back to Milan for the cameras. Karajan has announced various plans to produce and conduct popular masterpieces with the best possible casts in opera houses, at festivals, and on television, "carrying opera into millions of living rooms." Conceivably, this procedure may turn up millions of new opera lovers, but there are those who worry about its effects on individual opera houses. When the super-*stagione* offers a super-"Aida" as polished as today's super-recordings, it may be sold at the supermarket of the future, along with the canned fruit. Eventually, the trend could lead to a complete internationalization of opera. People already speak of Nilsson's (not Puccini's) "Turandot," of Wieland (not Richard) Wagner's "Parsifal," of Toscanini's or Karajan's or Bernstein's (not Verdi's) "Falstaff." On the cover of R.C.A. Victor's luxurious "Carmen" album, the names of the stars and the conductor have been printed in large letters, but the name of the composer does not appear at all. Bing thinks that the trend toward the ultimate in *stagione* will have an unfavorable effect on singers, who often develop best under a variety of conductors and need the stimulation of change. Prominent performers who are obliged to sing the same part over and over under the same conductor are hardly in a position to develop their powers fully.

IN its pure form, the old ensemble system survives only in the small opera houses of Europe that cannot afford to hire stars. The leading houses, competing for the services of a few singers, attempt, at most, to develop what Bing calls a "super-ensemble," in which a number of singers work together for at least a large part of a season. Bing claims, with some justice, that the Met's roster forms such a super-ensemble, but there simply are not enough first-rate conductors, producers, designers, and singers to create a super-ensemble even for each of the world's four leading houses. A performance of a first-rate "Der Ring des Nibelungen" now depends on the availability of Nilsson, for there is no one else in her class. (According to a story told around the Met, when an accountant helping Miss Nilsson with her income tax asked



Lancers rosé is
a unique table wine.
We import it
in a crock so you
won't mistake it
for champagne.



Some people think Lancers® tastes a bit like champagne. Some have even called it champagne. It isn't.

You can tell by the distinctive crock. And the

blushing color. Serve it chilled. With anything. Any time.

You'll never mistake it for anything else. At any price. You'll like Lancers wine more when you check our price.

VINTAGE WINES CO., DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



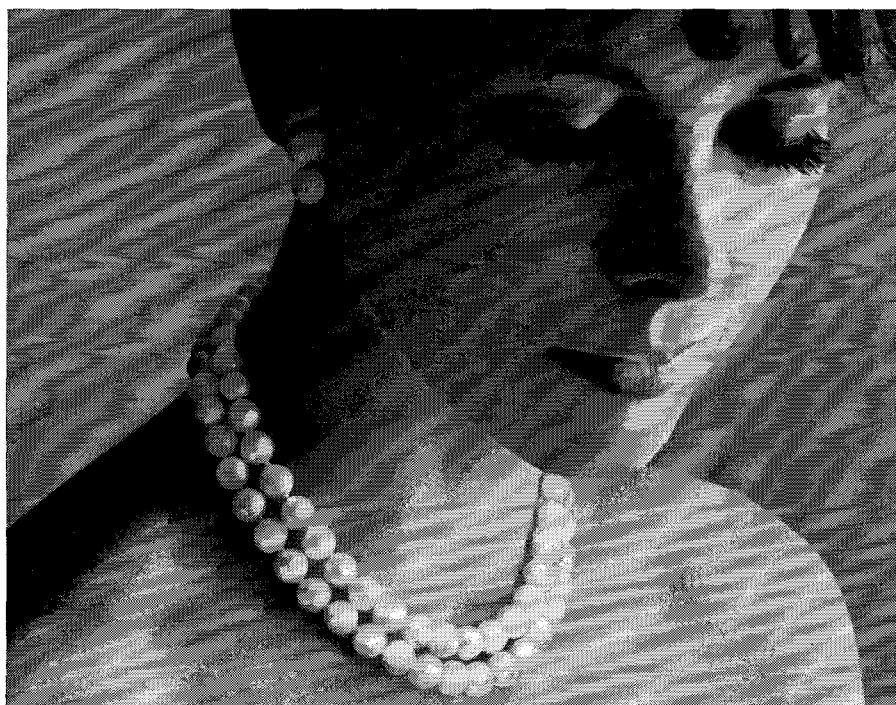

symphony
is what's happening.
Feathers now! Don't wait. Great in any of half-a-dozen technicolors. \$23 takes the top, \$12 the pants. Brought to you by Symphony, showing at stores that know.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST

Symphony, 525 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018

whether she had any dependents, she replied at once, "Yes. Mr. Bing.") Similarly, a first-rate production of "Lucia di Lammermoor" calls for Sutherland. Verdi and Puccini operas are available in excellent recordings by leading singers whose performances are famous, and people now tend to expect similar performances at their local opera houses, though this is, of course, impossible. The managers of the leading European houses have tried to reach some sort of gentlemen's agreement on sharing the stars, but all such efforts have been about as successful as those of the Geneva Disarmament Conference, and for about the same reasons. In public statements, the managers constantly make use of the word "coöperation," but privately each admits that he will stop at nothing to get the top artists for *his* house over the longest possible period. In this competition, Bing has done exceptionally well; during the season, he often has great stars available for as long as fifteen weeks. Getting the big singing stars is no longer just a matter of money, and Bing's strongest weapon is the international prestige of the Met. Although good, and occasionally more interesting, opera is performed by the New York City Opera and in such cities as San Francisco and Chicago, the Met, as Bing lets the singers he employs understand, is really the only American house that counts on the international artists' exchange where a star's current value is reckoned. Besides, successful Met appearances have also brought recording, television, and film offers to singers.

Toscanini once said, "There are only first opera houses on earth; there is no second house," but he added that *his* house, La Scala, was naturally "the best among the first houses." Bing's consciousness of the merits of his own opera house—annoying though it may be to some people—is probably only typical of his calling. "To appear at the Met is a spectacular honor and should even be worth a financial sacrifice," he has been known to say. Certain artists, and particularly certain conductors, do not share this opinion. In America, a conductor's reputation is made on the concert stage, not in the orchestra pit, and New York audiences generally pay little attention to the conductor at the Met, unless he is a star performer in his own right. Furthermore, conductors, who tend to be somewhat autocratic themselves, often resent Bing's autocratic manner. He dismissed several conductors when he took over the Met, and others quit. One conductor wanted the right to cast



Make Your Own Moonlight with Fleur de Mer®

How romantic, our necklace of Fleur de Mer® simulated pearls. They have the glow, the shine, the soft white luster of moonlight. And all the more so in double strands clasped closely around your neck. This subtle flattery, yours to wear all hours of the day and night. Two strands from \$12. One strand, from \$6. At better stores everywhere.

Richelieu®

THE RICHELIEU CORP., A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Guerlain freshens
your skin with fragrance.

Film Spray.

A body lotion
in five classic
fragrances.

Shalimar
Chant d'Arômes
L'Heure Bleue
Mitsouko
Vol de Nuit

Guerlain



Europe the 2nd time.

Now that you've seen the clichés, see the *kanaals* of Bruges. Of Ghent. And have your travel agent send you on from there to the Belgian coast and its gambling casinos. You are only an hour or so from Brussels. But you're already deep in Sabena's brand of Europe. It's the Europe that's better, the second time around.

If you've never flown Sabena, a friendly word of advice: diet before you go. Gourmets say Belgium's food is the world's best. And Sabena serves it. And serves it. And serves it. To 55 European cities; Africa and the Middle East. One reason native Europeans fly Sabena. Why not go native, your 1st, 2nd, 3rd trip, too?



Sabena.

Europe's most helpful airline.



a work (a prerogative that Bing has always claimed for himself); another wanted a première (which Bing was unwilling to give him); and a third wanted not only to conduct but to produce a very popular work (which seemed to Bing too much of a risk). The result of all these difficulties is a serious shortage of first-rate conductors at the Met. That is a handicap, indeed, for without superior conducting no performance can be better than routine. And routineness is the arch-enemy of opera.

In the running battle that Bing has waged with the critics right from the beginning of his years in New York, he has been accused of turning the Met into an "Italian house," of neglecting Wagner, and of avoiding contemporary works. There is, of course, no doubt that Italian operas are far more popular with New York audiences than experimental modern works, and Bing has always made clear that he is anything but an ardent Wagnerian. (He is not quite sure whether he has ever heard an entire performance of "Siegfried.") As evidence of what they call Bing's conservatism, some critics have laid special stress on the fact that in the sixteen seasons before the Met's opening this fall in its new home at Lincoln Center with the world première of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra," Bing has been responsible for only one other world première, Barber's "Vanessa." In that same time, there were only three American premières of operas that had already been performed abroad. Works that do not draw well at the box office are rarely revived, and the repertory has consisted mainly of surefire favorites—operas that everybody has heard many times (and wants to hear again). Of course, no house is better than its public, but some critics claim that Bing has done very little to educate the Met's audiences, which may very well be the worst-mannered in the world. For many of those who attend the Met regularly, a night at the opera is still primarily a social obligation, and Bing knows as well as anyone else that as long as people in New York come late, spend half an act at the bar, make noisy entrances in the middle of a pianissimo, and leave early, the Met will lack an essential element of the atmosphere that makes a great house—a part that can be contributed only by the audience.

"The Met has been called a conservative house," Bing has said. "It has to be. If I had unlimited funds available and could do exactly as I please, I would try to get the best artists on



"I just stumbled on it by accident.

New York's newest dress shop.

Why doesn't Abercrombie advertise it?"

Ouch, that hurt, Mrs. Fullan. Could bring water to the eyes to be stumbled on. Especially after staying late, for close onto a year fussing over Floors 2 & 3, putting together the most unique, new ladies' emporium in the city. Been quite a clatter in the papers about Abercrombie's new ladies' shop. Understandable. Look at this giant tattersall check with the leather trim, buttons such. 8 to 16, \$120 — hat, \$25. Or turn a little green over this 3-piece, tone on tone walking suit. 8 to 16, \$110. And you stumbled on us. Probably on your way to get a tether-ball.



Madison Ave. at 45th St., N. Y. 10017—MU 2-3600

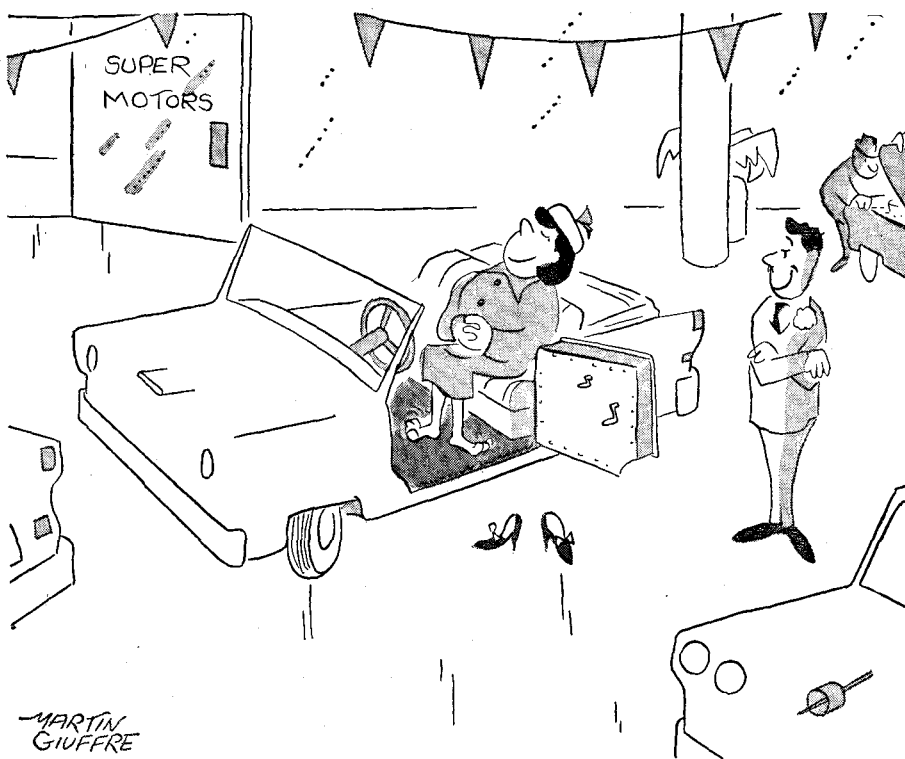
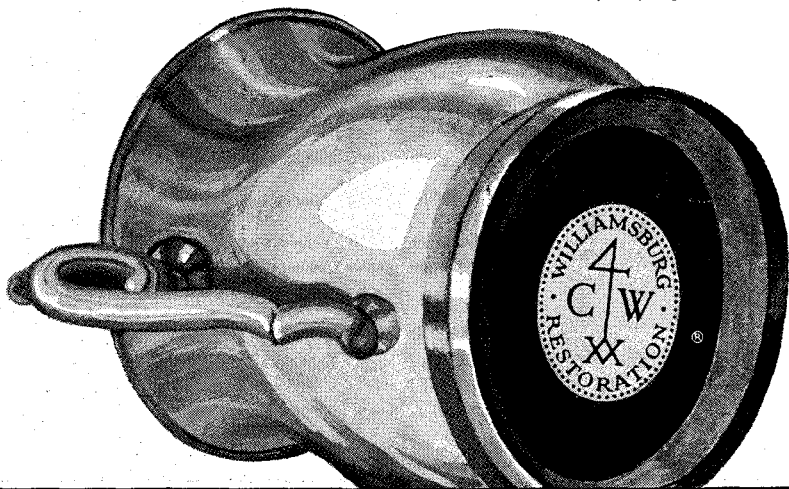
Only the pewter, wallpaper, brass and other fine articles bearing this famous Hallmark are true *Williamsburg*® Reproductions. Only a man with an eye for authenticity would care enough to show it off—bottoms up!

The Williamsburg line is the country's largest collection of colonial furniture and furnishings.

For colorful 144-page book full of *Williamsburg Reproductions*, send \$2.50 to Craft House, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

A dapper gentleman we met turned his tankard so it'd show

©Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Are you a driving man, moving up in the race for fame? Fast way to impress clients and associates is by "trading in" that old bare floor for a beautiful, brand-new Bigelow Carpet. For every place of business, every home, every public building, Bigelow has or can create the perfect carpet. We've done it since 1825. Call or write, Bigelow-Sanford Inc., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

(Advertisement)

earth—the conductors, producers, designers, and singers I happen to consider the best—for the longest possible periods, and I would try to offer the best possible productions of the operatic masterpieces. The function of the Metropolitan Opera House is not to become a home for contemporary opera but to preserve the great works of the literature in excellent modern frames." Bing's operatic philosophy, which once led him to compare the Met to a museum, has been strongly attacked by several New York music critics, who point out that much more varied repertoires are offered in some European houses. Bing's answer is that he has been backed up by "the extraordinary loyalty of the American public." He quotes Verdi, who said to one of Bing's predecessors as general manager of the Met, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, "Read the newspapers as little as possible, but read most attentively the reports of the box office. These, whether you like it or not, are the only documents which measure success or failure, and they admit no argument and represent not mere opinion but facts. If the public comes, the object is attained. If not—no. The theatre is intended to be full and not empty. That's something you must always remember." The Met is almost always full.

Whatever solace Bing draws from reminiscing about Gatti-Casazza, who managed the Metropolitan from 1908 to 1935, is surely attended by a certain amount of envy. In describing the tranquillity that once characterized the Met, Bing has said, "Mr. Gatti-Casazza never bothered to learn English. He never went along on the Met's spring tour. As soon as the season was over, he returned to Italy. He didn't even have to worry about money. At the end of the season, he would tell his board of directors how large the deficit was, whereupon Mr. Otto H. Kahn and a few others would write out their checks. Mahler and Toscanini conducted at the Met. Artur Bodanzky, who would be a star conductor today, was available most of the time as the house conductor. Year after year, Caruso came for the opening night, stayed through the entire season, drank heavy Tuscan wine, played practical jokes on-stage, and sang two or three times a week. During one season, he made fifty-three appearances. The singers were not so distracted by offers from recording companies and radio, and there existed no television to complicate the manager's life."

Bing came to the Met in 1949 to spend a season as an observer, studying



Six ways to go stereo, Sony-style...

- 1 — Model 200 Portable Solid-State Stereo Tape System. Under \$199.50
- 2 — Model 660 E.S.P. - Reverse Solid-State Stereo Tape System. Under \$575
- 3 — Model 260 Radial Sound Solid-State Stereo Tape System. Under \$249.50
- 4 — Model 350 Three-Head Solid-State Stereo Tape Deck Recorder. Under \$199.50
- 5 — Model 250-A Perfect Playmate Solid-State Stereo Tape Deck Recorder. Under \$149.50
- 6 — Model 530 Quadradial Sound Solid-State Stereo Tape System. Under \$399.50

SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo*®
AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE IN TAPE RECORDERS

For information on any of the models illustrated or on the rest of the best from Sony, write Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California, Department L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUNBAR



EDWARD'S CHAIR
A DESIGN EXPERIENCE,
IN STEEL, WOOD AND WOOL.

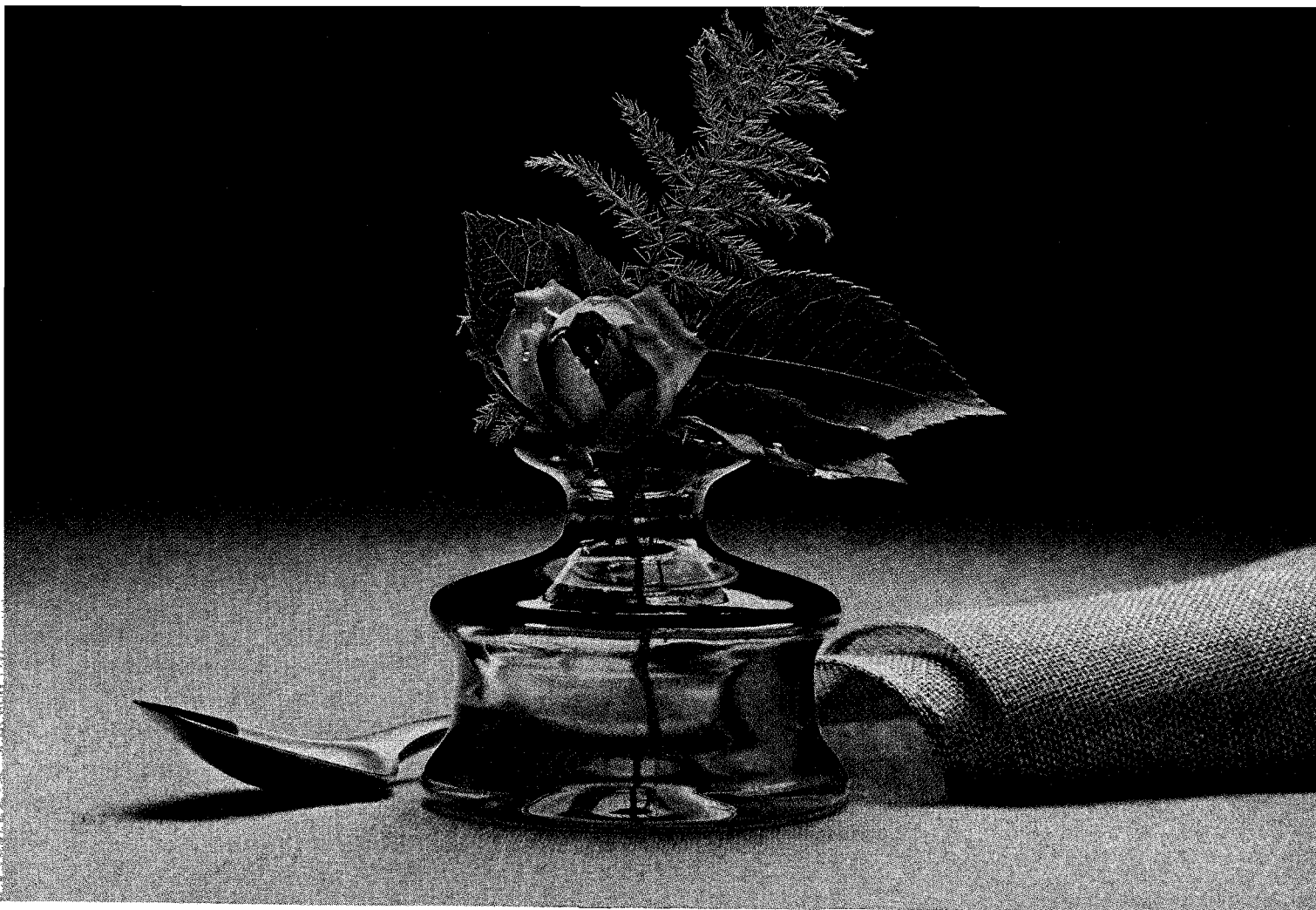
Get acquainted with Dunbar at our showrooms:

New York, Chicago, Berne, Boston, Atlanta, Miami, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.

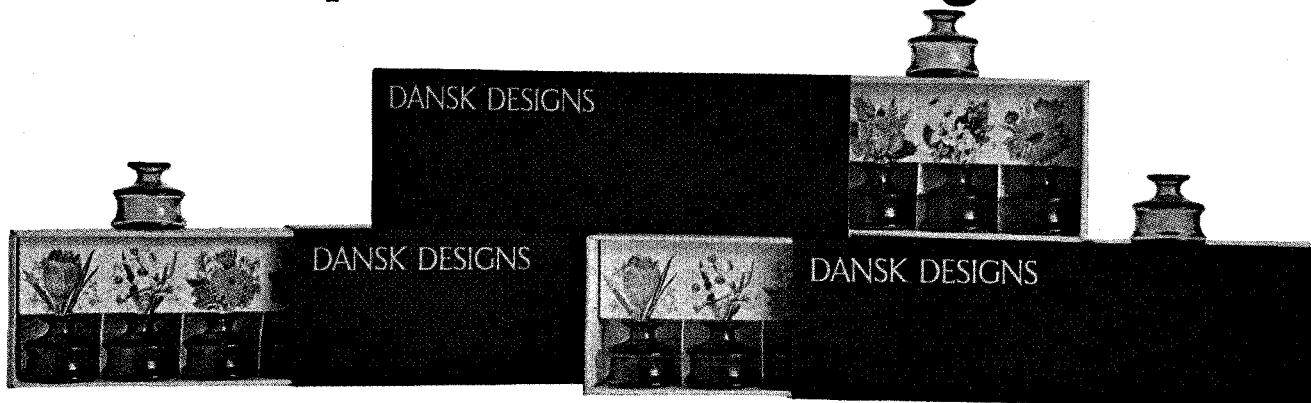
the house and its resources before taking over as manager. He expected to size up the situation in six months, but he now says that it took him six years. However that may be, shortly after Bing took over the Met for the 1950-51 season, he created a storm that would have satisfied Felsenstein in the first act of "Otello." Three dozen singers, among them such a sacrosanct star as Melchior, left or were fired; half the ballet company was dismissed; well-known singers had to submit to the indignity of auditioning for the new general manager; and everybody had to be at rehearsal at eleven o'clock sharp. Productions of "Carmen" and "Aïda" that Bing considered unsatisfactory were taken out of the repertory in spite of their popularity. A campaign to improve the visual element of all productions was begun—a campaign that brought to the Met a number of prominent designers (including Eugene Berman, Rolf Gérard, Oliver Messel, Cecil Beaton, Oliver Smith, Teo Otto, and Caspar Neher) and prominent directors from the legitimate theatre (including Margaret Webster, Alfred Lunt, Peter Brook, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Tyrone Guthrie). Bing gave his designers and stage directors rank and authority equal to those of his conductors, and made it clear that he was the one who would resolve all conflicts.

Bing is not offended when people say that the Metropolitan is a dictatorship. He thinks it has to be one. At the Met, the general manager is personally involved in every major or minor decision. When anyone asserts that spectacular mistakes have been made in the past sixteen years, Bing not only agrees but pointedly adds that they were *his* mistakes. He believes in delegating authority—in breaking down jobs and assigning them to individuals, who are expected to do their best with them—but he retains final authority and thus takes all responsibility. "What goes right is the result of teamwork, and what goes wrong is my fault," he has said. He has been much criticized for doing too much of the casting himself, not only of major parts, which must be assigned a year or two ahead, but of small ones, sung by artists who are at the management's disposal all season. Bing devotes a great deal of attention to this "secondary casting," in order to be able to select the best singers available for the jailer in "Tosca," the three titled orphans in "Der Rosenkavalier," and similar minor roles, which many leading houses give to aging pensioners or untried members of the chorus. For the big roles, Bing

Jungle Gardenia
by Turaché
favorite
fragrance
of the world's
most beautiful woman



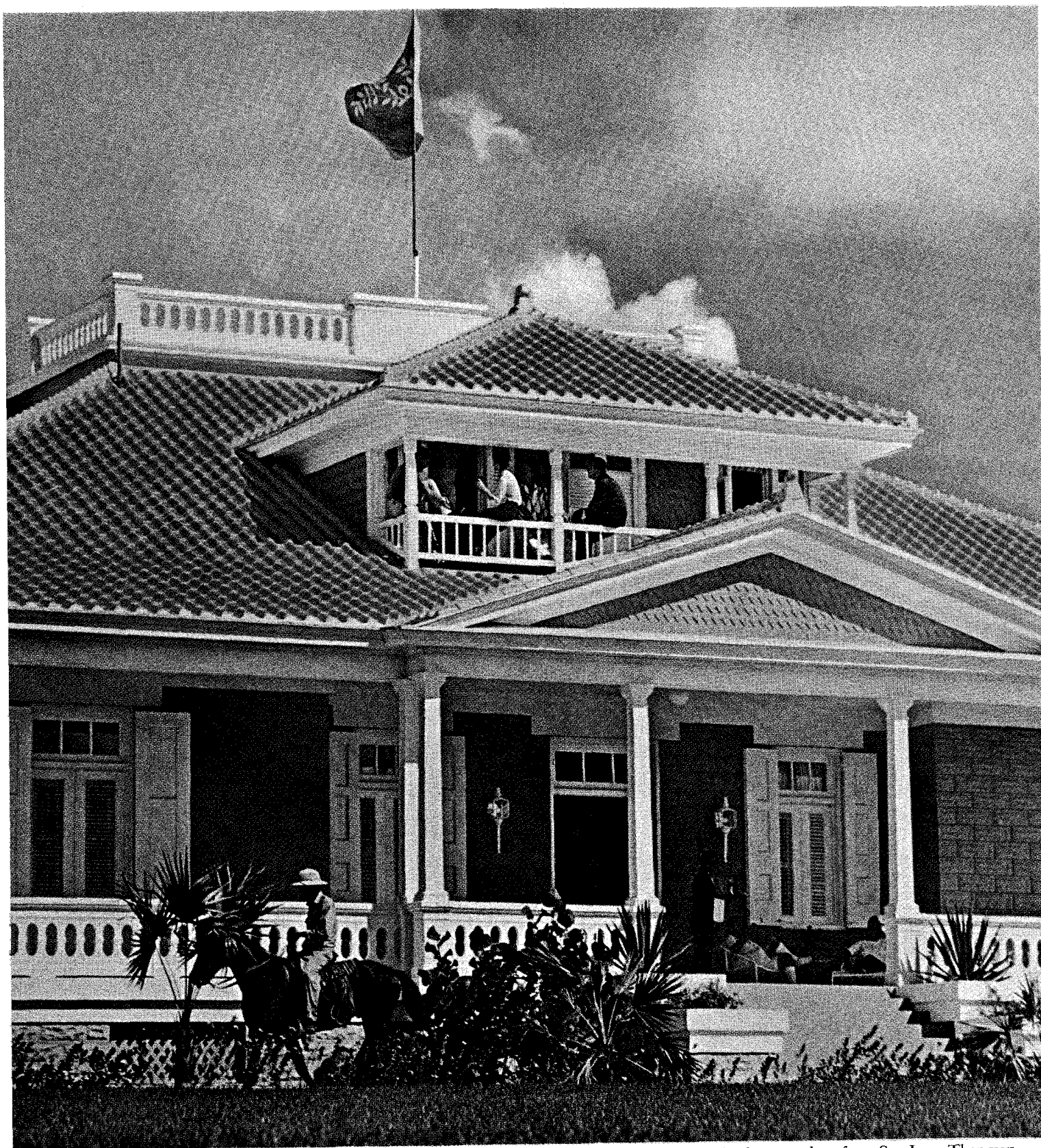
**1/2 dozen roses make a skimpy bouquet,
but put each rose in a Dansk® "Bouquetette"
a "Bouquetette" at every place setting and
make the prettiest blooming table ever.**



Dansk "Bouquettes" come in olive, amber, and aegean. They're only 2" high, which is why we can put six in a box for a mere \$7.95. So new, they're not in our catalog yet. But, oh, the things that are! Get your copy by sending 25¢ to Dansk Designs Ltd, Dept. J, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549.

If you think the Caribbean has big resort hotels and only big resort hotels...

...discover Puerto Rico's friendly guest house



Sportsman's House is an escapist's heaven—it's on an island *off* an island. You can get there by ferry or plane from San Juan. Then you have the choice of three of the quietest beaches in the entire Caribbean. Or you can ride *paso fino* horses. Or sail. Or snorkel. Or snooze.

this fall

YOU can stay in a guest house so close to the sea you can almost tumble out of bed and into the surf.

You can drive up into the mountains to a guest house surrounded by wild orchids and angel's-trumpets.

You can stay in guest houses on an offshore island—even on a university campus.

Puerto Rico's guest houses are as varied as the island itself. And fun.

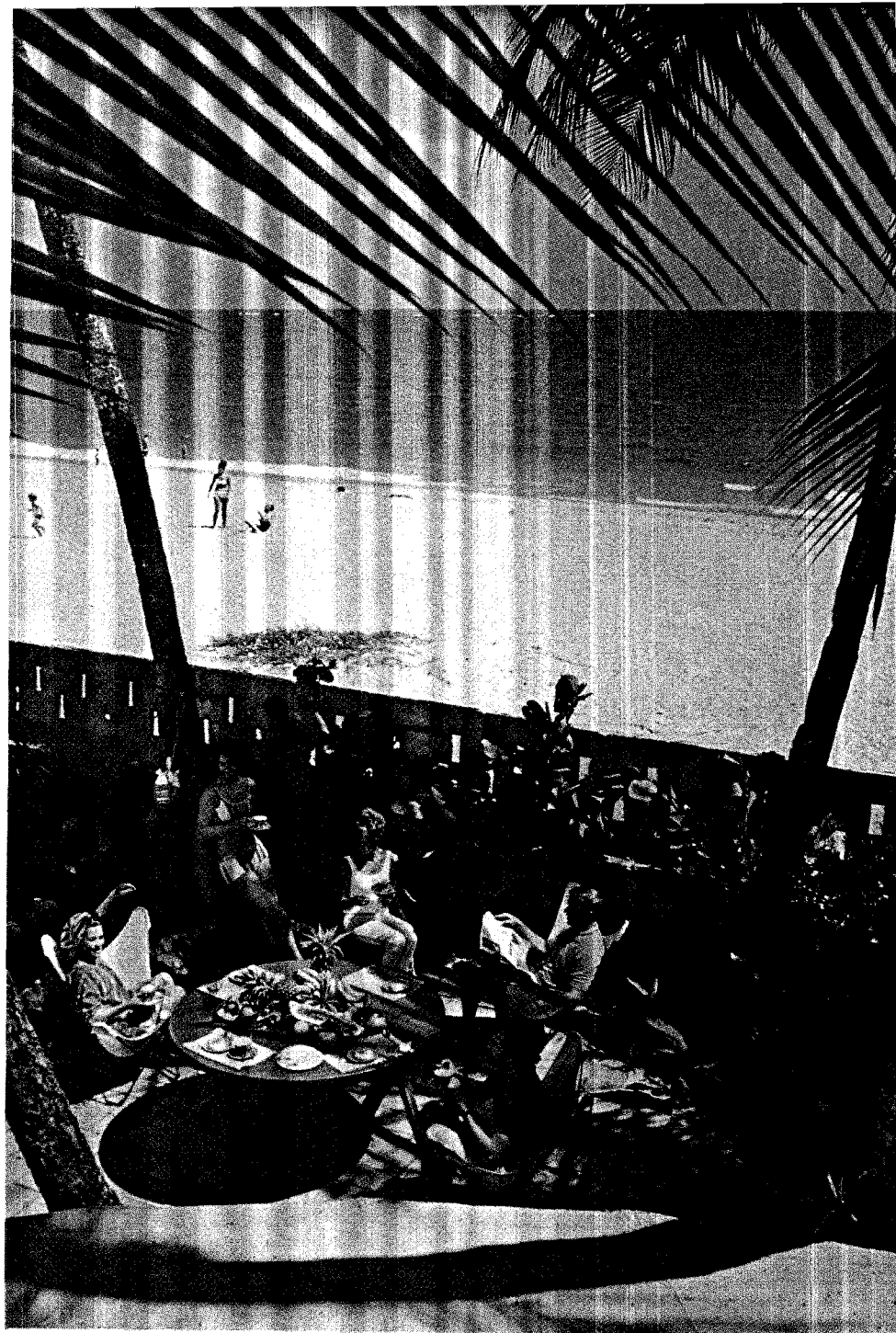
In fact, some travelers never stay anywhere else but in guest houses. They love the informal, friendly atmosphere. And they appreciate the low rates—from \$5 a day single.

Don't dream about your trip too long. Guest houses don't have hundreds of rooms, so you have to make your reservations early. Especially in the balmy fall. Especially if you plan to take your family.

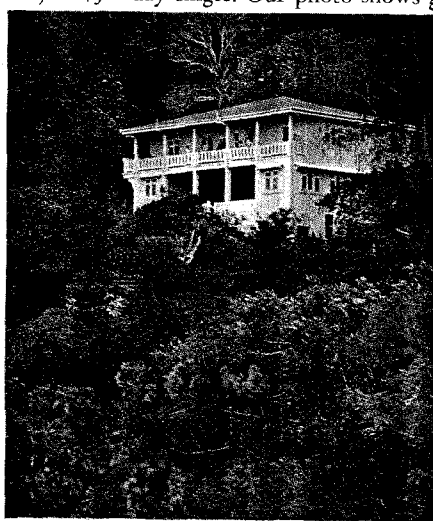
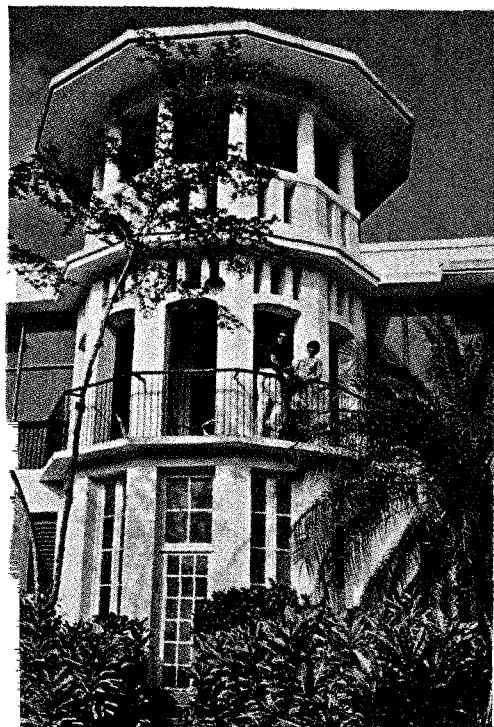
Talk to your travel agent soon. He has all the facts on locations, facilities and rates—and on Puerto Rico's big new hotels.

He'll also surprise you with the low jet fares to San Juan. Examples: \$90 from New York, \$196 from Chicago, \$216 from Houston, \$312.50 from Los Angeles. All round trip.

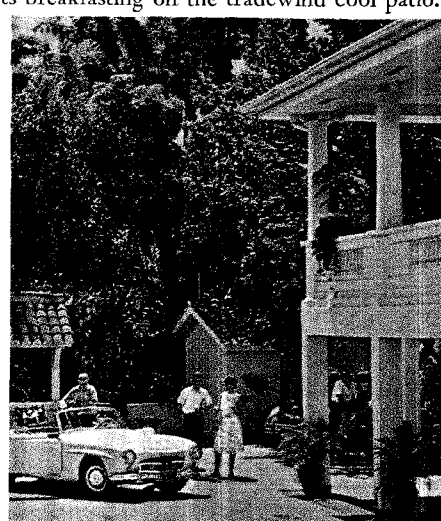
Costello Hall sits on the campus of Inter-American University in San Germán. It's an ideal touring center for the historic towns and villages in the west of the island.



Lutece-on-the-Beach is only minutes from the luxury hotels of San Juan—yet its rates start at just \$5 a day single. Our photo shows guests breakfasting on the tradewind cool patio.



Plantation House has three miles of paths that meander through lush tropical gardens—2,500 feet up in the cool mountains.



San José is in the center of Ponce, and close to a great new museum of art (Velásquez, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Van Dyck).

PHOTOS BY TOM HOLLYMAN

Vacation abroad without leaving the U.S.A.—come to Puerto Rico.

when may a
gentleman
remove his
coat?...



Photographed at the Tower Suite, New York City

when his shirt is by

Sero

THE GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT



Sophisticated informality! It does exist. Particularly when a gentleman wears a shirt by Sero. He takes pride in his Purist® button-down collar . . . pride in the fit . . . in the flair . . . in the traditional tailored look. Whatever the occasion, a Sero shirt belongs.

For the store nearest you, write SERO, New Haven, Conn.

is apt to choose among about half a dozen top singing stars. It is fashionable to complain that there are not enough great singers these days, but actually there never were more than half a dozen of these super-stars around at any one time. Caruso, Patti, Melba, Chaliapin, Battistini, Gigli, Jeritza, Flagstad, and a few others are remembered as members of the exclusive club. Great singers in that category, it sometimes seems, can do no wrong—even if what they do involves faulty singing. To be sure, Chaliapin once aroused protest at the Vienna State Opera when, appearing as Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust," he stepped to the footlights and began to "conduct" the orchestra, because he didn't agree with the conductor's tempo. The Viennese audience booed him. One evening at the Paris Opera, on the other hand, when Callas had difficulty with a high note in "Norma," she calmly raised her hand, motioned to the conductor to repeat the phrase, and brought it off gloriously, whereupon the audience cheered. (The audience is often right.) Bing fired Callas from the Met in 1958 after a feud that made front-page headlines in the *Times*, but the quarrel has been more or less made up. Mediocrity is the greatest danger for a leading opera house, and the super-stars are a manager's insurance against that danger. They may be impossible to deal with, but they are rarely dull.

Opera singers are likely to be highly competitive people, and opera houses are fertile breeding grounds for rumor and intrigue, but the Met is known among artists all over the world as a no-nonsense house, where people get on with their business with a minimum of hysterics. This is not to say that Bing has not had his share of troubles with singers. When an opera house has half a dozen "leading" bass-baritones, each of them is apt to feel that he is *the* leading one, and his view will be buttressed by his wife, his friends, his relatives, and his admirers. What Bing calls "the strange mechanism of self-defense" seems to make it impossible for an artist to realize that somebody else may be better for a certain task. Yet even those who are most critical of Bing agree that he never lures a singer to his opera house under false pretenses. The general manager has been known to deal quite roughly with some of his top stars (who can always sing elsewhere), but he has rarely been accused of uncharitable behavior toward singers of lower rank (who depend on him). Once, when a member of the board of directors suggested to Bing that it

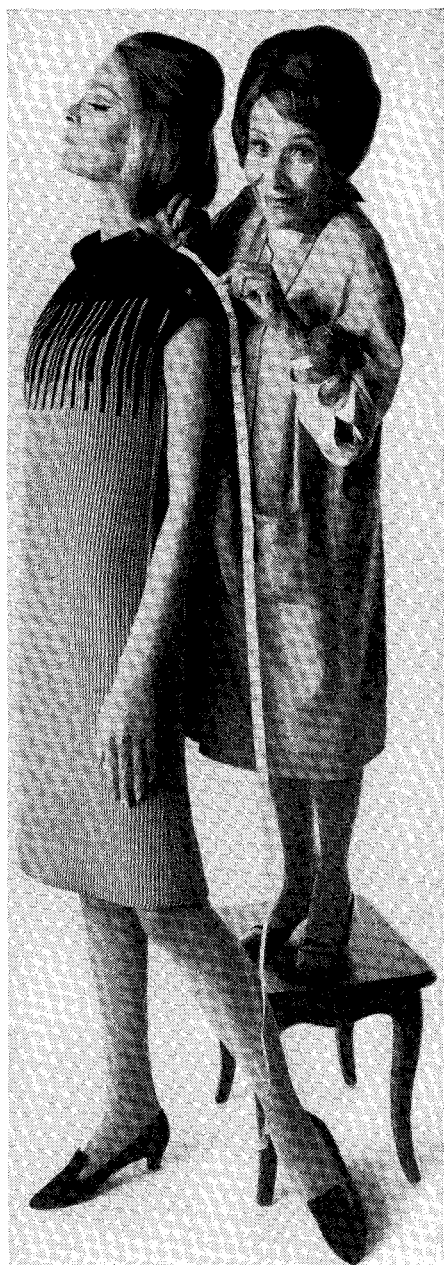
Have a brighter evening.

Light the lamp at 5.



Imported gin for magnificent martinis.

DISTILLED ENGLISH DRY GIN, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94 PROOF—IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y. ©McK&R, 1966



Little lady
with
big ideas.

Adele
Simpson

would be desirable for him to explain his views on artistic matters to important singers in a way that wouldn't upset them, Bing replied that there was no use trying, because singers are bound to be upset most of the time anyway. One very well-known performer has said, "With Bing you always know where you stand, even if the knowledge is not always pleasant."

DURING Bing's sixteen years at the Met, the annual budget has gone up from three million dollars to ten million, and the annual deficit from three hundred thousand to two million. The members of the board of directors, whose response to these increases has oscillated between astonishment and resignation, find it easier to meet a deficit when they know about it well in advance, and Bing always predicts his a year ahead of time, in a carefully prepared budget that resembles that of a small European nation. George S. Moore, president of the First National City Bank of New York, who is the treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Association, has frequently expressed his admiration for what he calls Bing's "remarkable fiscal control." In the season before last—the most recent year for which both estimated and actual figures are available in complete form—Bing's estimate of income (\$6,254,000) was high by less than one hundred thousand dollars, and the figure he projected for total expenses (\$7,891,000) was low by a mere twenty-one thousand. The largest single expense item in that budget was \$3,582,000 for "artistic salaries," and Bing overspent in that category by about one per cent. The members of the orchestra got more than eight hundred thousand dollars—the average salary for these musicians is about ten thousand a year; in contrast, a top technician in one of the production departments may make as much as twenty thousand—but the largest item under the heading of salaries was for singers. In the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1965, singers got \$1,583,545—only about twenty-six thousand dollars off the amount that had been budgeted. "My board may not be happy with the deficit," Bing remarked not long ago, "but at least they know they can trust my figures."

Although the Met is known all over the world as a "rich" house, the management is constantly struggling to extract enough money from rich patrons and not-so-rich radio listeners just to keep its head above water. Among the more than one hundred opera houses

Find the Tallymaster at these stores, and their branches in other cities.

AKRON, OHIO M. O'Neil Co. Polsky's	NEW ORLEANS, LA. D. H. Holmes Maison Blanche
ALBANY, NEW YORK John G. Myers Co.	NEW YORK AREA Abraham & Straus Bamberger Gertz of Long Island Goldsmith Brothers R. H. Macy Stern Brothers
ATLANTA, GEORGIA Rich's, Atlanta	OAKLAND, CAL. Capwell Rhodes
BALTIMORE, MD. The Hecht Company Hochschild Kohn	OMAHA, NEBRASKA J. L. Brandeis
BOSTON, MASS. Jordan Marsh	PENNSYLVANIA All Pomeroy Stores
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. D. M. Read Co.	PHILADELPHIA, PA. Lit Brothers Strawbridge & Clothier John Wanamaker
BUFFALO, NEW YORK Adam Meldrum & Anderson Co.	PHOENIX, ARIZONA Broadway-Korrick's
CINCINNATI, OHIO Shillito's	PITTSBURGH, PA. Joseph Horne Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO Halle Brothers The May Company	PORTLAND, OREGON Meier and Frank Rhodes
COLUMBUS, OHIO F & R Lazarus	RALEIGH, N. C. Hudson-Belk Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS Sanger-Harris Titcher's, Dallas	RICHMOND, VIRGINIA Thalhimer Brothers
DAYTON, OHIO Rike's	ROCHESTER, N. Y. McCurdy's
DENVER, COLORADO Denver Dry Goods Co. May D&F	SACRAMENTO, CAL. Weinstock-Hale's
DETROIT, MICHIGAN The J. L. Hudson Co.	ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI Famour Barr Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney Stix, Baer & Fuller
EL PASO, TEXAS The Popular	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH Auerbach's Z C M I Department Store
FORT WORTH, TEXAS Leonard's	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS Joske's, San Antonio
GREEN BAY, WIS. H. C. Prange	SAN DIEGO, CAL. The Broadway Walker Scott
HARTFORD, CONN. G. Fox & Co.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The Emporium Macy's
HOUSTON, TEXAS Foley's	SEATTLE, WASH. Bon Marché
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. H. P. Wasson Wm. H. Block	SPOKANE, WASH. Bon Marché The Crescent
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. Ivey's	SYRACUSE, NEW YORK Dey Brothers
KANSAS CITY, MO. Emery, Bird, Thayer	TAMPA, FLORIDA Maas Brothers of Florida
KNOXVILLE, TENN. Miller Brothers	TOLEDO, OHIO Lamson's of Toledo LaSalle & Koch
LOS ANGELES, CAL. The May Company The Broadway	WASHINGTON, D.C. The Hecht Company
MIAMI, FLORIDA Burdine's Jordan Marsh Richard's	YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO McKelvey Co. Strouss-Hirschberg
MILWAUKEE, WIS. The Boston Store	
MINNEAPOLIS- ST. PAUL, MINN. The Dayton Company Donaldson-Golden Rule	
MOBILE, ALABAMA L. Hammel Co.	
NASHVILLE, TENN. Cain Sloan Harvey's	
NEW HAVEN, CONN. The Edward Malley Co.	

...and at many other
fine stores.

FOR NAMES OF STORES IN OTHER AREAS CONTACT
VICTOR, CHICAGO, ILL. 60618 OR CALL 312 KE 9-8210.

7654
3874

If your figurework
isn't exactly right, it's
all wrong.



Tallymaster makes it right
all around your home.

Close isn't enough. Not for Uncle on April 15th, nor your otherwise friendly bank. The new Tallymaster home adder doesn't make mistakes. Ever. And it totes a whole column of figures in seconds.

Show it off: it's Wedgwood blue and white. Carry it anywhere: it's portable. Or tuck it away when not in use: it takes up less standing area than your telephone.

You'll find all three easy-to-use models

(one electric, two hand operated) at good department stores. The most expensive costs less than \$100; all models guaranteed for a year by Victor, America's largest manufacturer of adding machines.



VICTOR

VICTOR COMPTOMETER CORPORATION, CHICAGO 60618

Slip Away

Go ahead. Give in to that impulse. And here's the shoe to do it in: a slip-on with a highland feeling about it. The up-country shawl and the hand-stitched moccasin-style toe set the mood perfectly. A brow shoe, in black, bronze or burnished brown. \$40.00.

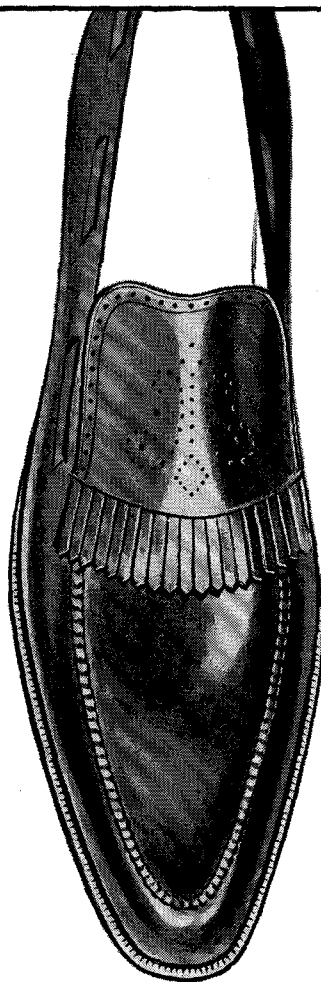
Available at these fine stores:

Atlanta, Ga. John Jarrell
 Chattanooga, Tenn. Gentry, Ltd.
 Columbus, Ga. Stephen Bland
 Dallas, Texas Hoffman's
 Detroit, Mich. Kilgore & Hurd
 Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Maus & Hoffman
 Greenville, S.C. Rush Wilson, Ltd.
 Houston, Texas Norton-Ditto
 Jacksonville, Fla. Levy's
 Los Angeles, Calif. Boshard-Doughty
 Los Angeles, Calif. Phelps-Wilger
 Memphis, Tenn. Julius Lewis
 Milwaukee, Wis. MacNeil & Moore
 New York, N.Y. A. DePina
 Oklahoma City, Okla. Connolly's
 Phoenix, Ariz. Mills Touche
 Pittsburgh, Pa. Larrimor's
 Savannah, Ga. Morris Levy's
 Seattle, Wash. Littler
 Waikiki, Hawaii Ross Sutherland
 Washington, D.C. J. Garfinkel
 Wichita, Kans. Wm. Dodson, Ltd.
 Winston-Salem, N.C. Norman Stockton

and at these Frank Brothers Stores:

Chicago, Ill. 633 N. Michigan Ave.
 Hot Springs, Va. Homestead Hotel
 New Haven, Conn. 264 York St.
 New York, N.Y. 9 East 57th St.

FRANK  BROTHERS



in the world, only those in America are not supported by some form of official subsidy. At Milan's La Scala, Toscanini drew up a constitution to insure that the autonomy of his leading house would never be endangered either by hustling for money, as in New York, or by bureaucratic meddling, as in Vienna. La Scala recovers only a small fraction of its expenses from ticket sales (the Met recovers seventy-four per cent), and the deficit is met by the provincial government through taxes, including the one on *totocalcio*, the national soccer pool. La Scala charges fairly steep prices for first and gala nights, but also offers forty *serate per i lavoratori* (workers' nights), when the top price is about one dollar—for the same productions, same casts, and same conductors. In Austria, the Vienna State Opera gets an annual subsidy from the government that is more than the budget for Austria's foreign service. This is an enormous sum for a country that has a smaller—and poorer—population than New York City, but no one seems to object to its being spent on opera. London's Covent Garden gets substantial subsidies from the Arts Council for its short season of opera, and is further helped by the tremendous popularity of its ballet. All the houses in Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal, and Spain get government subsidies, and in the Communist countries of Europe the production of opera is considered a national necessity. Carl Ebert, under whom Bing served his apprenticeship in the business of opera management, once told him, "America will have to understand that you cannot have opera without subsidy." Bing himself is reticent on the subject. Much as he would like to see a secure financial future for the Met, he doesn't cherish the idea of being questioned in a Washington committee room. Besides, the Met has had to scramble for money ever since it was founded, in 1883, when Henry E. Abbey, its first general manager, lost six hundred thousand dollars during the initial season. Wealthy patrons and private foundations have always made up the Met's deficits in one way or another, and on occasions when it has had to appeal to the population at large, the response has always been generous. In 1940, after an urgent radio appeal, 166,000 opera lovers, from coast to coast, contributed more than a million dollars to help buy the deed of the Met's old building, on Broadway at Thirty-ninth Street. Although opera is getting more and more expensive all the time, Bing seems to proceed on the

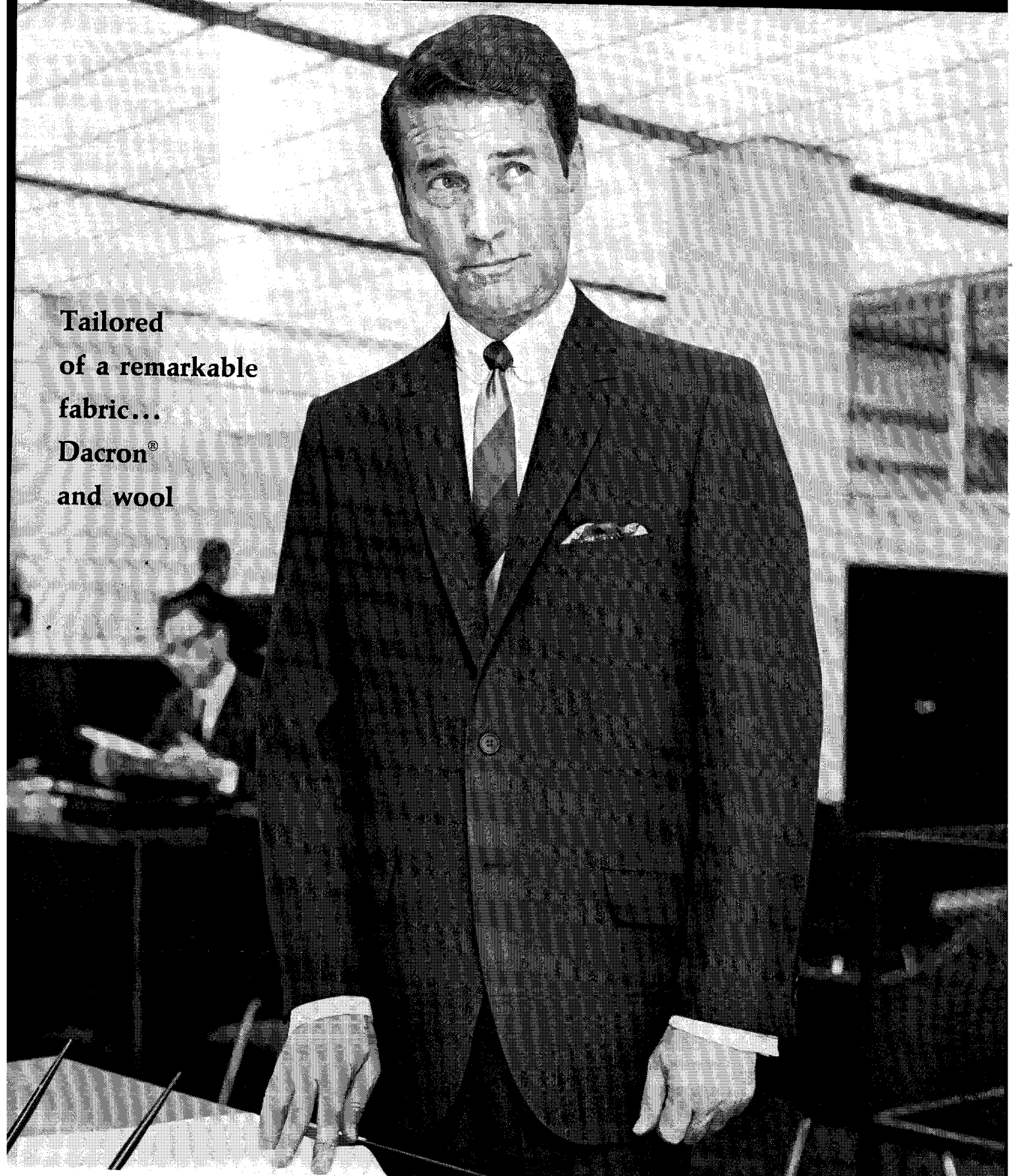
What makes
a traditional
Ancient Madder
authentic?



Resilio
TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

Only by feeling a Resilio ancient madder can you understand the incredible softness of this heavyweight foulard. This comes from the centuries-old hand crafting technique of beating the fabric with rubber mallets after it has been hand block printed. Notice the dusky, subtle colorations. To learn more about traditional ties send for your free booklet, "Tiemanship" Resilio Traditional Neckwear, Empire State Building, New York 10001.

P.S. All Resilio ancient madders are completely authentic with hand block printing and soft finish texture.



Tailored
of a remarkable
fabric...
Dacron®
and wool

SUIT SHOWN: 55% DACRON* POLYESTER/45% WOOL

You give your aspirations a powerful boost when
you clothe them in a Walter-Morton "Prismatic Twill" suit
of superb "Dacron" and wool.

* DU PONT REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

WALTER-MORTON CLOTHES • BOX 275 • ROCHESTER, N.Y. 14601

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GASTON de LAGRANGE

Fastest growing Cognac in America



ALSO V.S.O.P.

80 PROOF

IMPORTED
★ ★ ★

BY APPOINTMENT

TO HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING ALEXANDER I



AND TO HIS MAJESTY
KING PETER II

IMPORTED BY: PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.



Exotic Paldao Chests available in multiple lengths

Possibly the most elegant assemblage
of contemporary furniture in all the world

Directional

New York: 979 Third Av., Decoration & Design Bldg. • Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart
• Boston: Rapids Furniture Company
Public invited • Purchases through your decorator, architect or dealer • Write for brochure

assumption that the Met will always have the money it needs.

It takes Bing and his staff three weeks to assemble the annual budget in its final form. All the next season's performances are scheduled, contracts with the artists are drawn up, the exact numbers of orchestra and chorus rehearsals are determined, and the physical costs of new productions are estimated right down to the outlay on special nail polish for "Turandot." The experts who make up the rehearsal charts know the special requirements of every opera. Fewer stage rehearsals are needed, for example, for an opera that is full of intimate scenes performed by two or three people than for one with large mass scenes on a vast stage on which there may be so many levels that the performers must get used to stairways. Conductors, chorus masters, and stage directors invariably ask for more rehearsal time than the management feels it can afford. According to Bing, "There is rarely a decision made at the opera house that is not the result of a mixture of artistic and economic deliberations."

Whatever may be wrong with the Met, it is hard to see how it could be improved by an efficiency expert. Advance planning has been developed to such a high degree that simply by glancing at a mimeographed chart Bing can tell which of his top artists will be available during each week of the following season. (A green line means yes, a red line means no.) The fees and salaries of all performers are listed in tables, to which the general manager refers constantly, and he also has readily at his disposal lists of the casts of all performances in the future season, schedules of orchestra and chorus rehearsals for each day of the season, the dates of the Met's future spring tours (certain auditoriums must be booked ten years ahead), and statistics on how many times specific operas have been performed in the past and how they did at the box office. Bing is fond of his charts and figures. He believes that all efforts must be made to reduce the element of chance to a minimum in an artistic medium that depends on the frail vocal cords of a few top singers. A common cold or a minor traffic accident may cause a performance to be cancelled and raise havoc with the budget. (At the old Met, a sold-out house would bring in twenty-nine thousand dollars; at the new one, the potential receipts will be thirty-five thousand.) "People don't seem to understand that singers often get sick," Bing has said. "New York's climate is



You're pretty good at dodging insurance agents. So good your Prudential man may never be able to help you plan your estate. Then know who your biggest heir could be?

Uncle Sam.

Prudential understands that building an estate can be tough. But keeping it in the family can be even tougher.

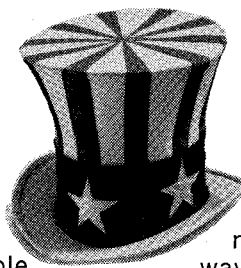
Especially if you regard it as a do-it-yourself project. You won't know all the nuances of estate taxes. So you're liable to pay a lot more than you might — if you had worked with the experts. Your attorney, your accountant, and your Prudential man.

OPERATION ESTATE CONSERVATION. Prudential understands that most any businessman worth his salt keeps his money working for him. So he's not likely to leave enough spare cash on hand

to meet estate costs.

The answer is a Prudential insurance program to provide the cash to pay the tax people. (And the hospital people and the mortgage people and all the other people.) So your wife is not forced to scrape up the money by selling a piece of property or a block of stock.

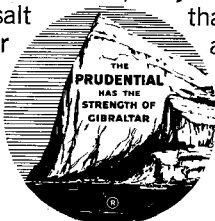
Your Prudential man, of course, does a lot more than just write up the policy for you. He knows, for example, that a properly drawn beneficiary arrangement can save you thousands of tax dollars. That the Keogh Act can mean



tax savings for professional and self-employed men. And dozens of other ways to keep more of your estate in the family.

ESTATE PROTECTION NEEDN'T BE A BURDEN. Even the most affluent businessman doesn't have a lot left over after taking care of his personal insurance and other money commitments. But it doesn't take a lot for your Prudential man to provide the estate protection you need. And still not throw your personal finances out of kilter.

You can always count on one thing: Prudential understands.



Prudential understands



would you believe cheetah?

Don't. Our fabulous new Zanzibar walking coat may be a dead steal, but is actually a new breed of cat. A blend of Dynel® modacrylic and mohair by La France that promises warmth without weight, color fastness, water repellency, a resistance to soil and moths. Superbly crafted by Russell Taylor.
8 to 16. 80.00

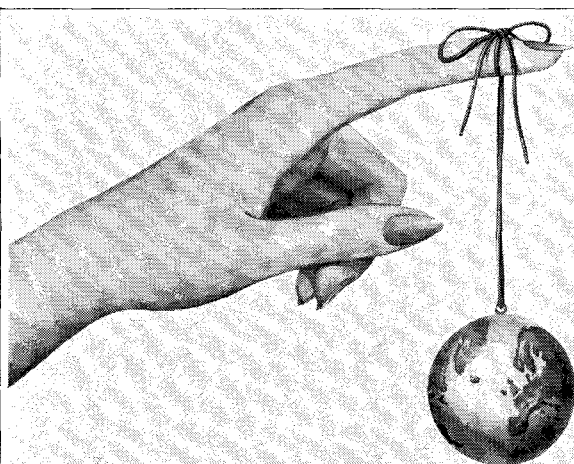
Wallachs
Ladies Shops

5th Ave. at 46 • White Plains • Jamaica

Cross County • Roosevelt Field • Menlo Park • Paramus • Huntington

not as bad as London's, but it isn't exactly ideal for Italian singers." Income also depends, of course, on public taste. A manager could be sure of playing to a full house every night if he stuck to a repertory of "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "Aïda," and "La Traviata." At the Paris Opera, rarely a week goes by without a performance of Gounod's "Faust," and the performance is always sold out. And apparently babies are being born every day who grow up wanting to hear "Carmen," no matter who sings it. But other operatic classics are problematical at the box office. Verdi's "Falstaff" was a big hit at the Met during the 1963-64 season, largely because of Zeffirelli's production and Bernstein's conducting. In Bernstein's absence, the following season, attendance declined. Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," one of the few operas since the days of Richard Strauss that have been widely accepted as classics, is a box-office hit in Europe; it did well at the Met during its first season, when it was "a cocktail-party conversation piece," as Bing puts it, but not the following season, although the production, the conductor, and nearly all of the cast were unchanged. Menotti's "The Last Savage" did well during its first season but not the following year. Richard Strauss's "Salome" was a hit, thanks in large measure to the super-star Nilsson, but his "Ariadne auf Naxos" and "Arabella," both of which were hits in Europe, were not very successful at the Met.

While Bing and his staff can estimate the expenses of a future season very closely, they have to depend on guesswork when it comes to future box-office receipts. During the 1964-65 season, the Met's box-office receipts from two hundred performances were \$5,460,403, and paid attendance that year was ninety-four and a half per cent of the capacity—3,625 seats. Of the number of tickets sold each season in the old house, seventy per cent were in the form of subscriptions, by which a seat is sold for a series of performances. The remaining thirty per cent represented income that had to be guessed at, and the difference between a good house and a poor one was five thousand dollars. This meant that six scheduled performances of an unpopular work could cost the Met thirty thousand dollars, and two productions a year that didn't work out might increase the deficit by sixty thousand. Subscriptions in the new Met, which has a capacity of 3,788 seats, will run to eighty per cent or more, and the



...thanks to
ICELANDIC
AIRLINES

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE and LOW-COST "SHOESTRING" TOURS

What a life! . . . What a world! . . . yours to enjoy with Icelandic Airlines' low "dream-come-true" air fares and new "Shoestring" Tour program! Icelandic offers the lowest air fares to Europe of any scheduled airline—at anytime of the year. Pay far less than Jet Economy fares. In fact, you save enough, in most cases, to pay for a "Shoestring" Tour . . . your choice of exciting, unescorted tours of 32 major European cities. Each tour covers hotel accommodations, breakfast and sightseeing for an unbelievably low cost per day. Imagine . . . 5-Days, 4-Nights in London for only \$19.00; or 4-Days, 3-Nights in Madrid for \$13.50. From New York to: ICELAND • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND • HOLLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN • DENMARK • FINLAND • LUXEMBOURG

CALL
YOUR
TRAVEL
AGENT

THE PIONEER
OF LOW FARES
TO EUROPE

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

SEND
FOR
TOUR
FOLDER
A

610 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center) New York 20 • PL 7-8585

*Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base*

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 80 PROOF



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE THE NEW JERSEYS



Dorothy Cox designs a new look for the new jerseys... easy and understated in worsted wool. Left: Twin tone in navy or red with beige. Right: Subtle seam bodice dress in navy, red or beige. Both in size 6 to 18, about \$40.

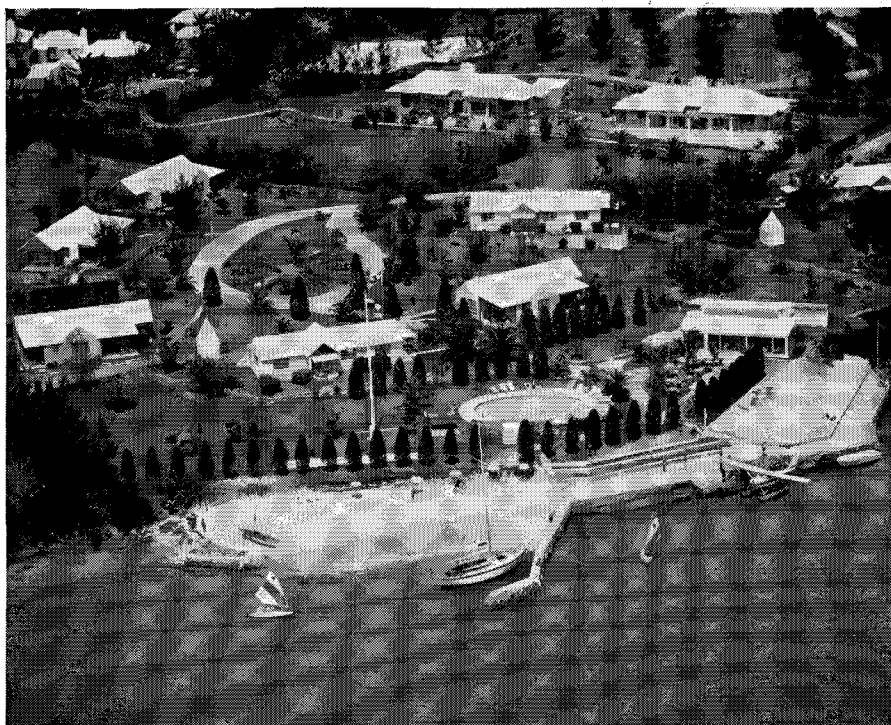
IN THE TANNER MANNER

LORD & TAYLOR, ALL STORES/HUTZLER'S, BALTIMORE/R. H. STEARNS, BOSTON/GIDDING-JENNY, CINCINNATI/YOUNKER BROS.—FRENCH ROOM, DES MOINES/JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C. OR FOR THE STORE IN YOUR CITY, WRITE: TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA, 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018.

suggestion has been made that all seats be sold on a subscription basis—a move that would make the general manager's life much easier than it has been, since it would assure him of sold-out houses throughout the season and would enable him to predict future income precisely. The only trouble is that nobody would ever be able to step up to the box office and buy a ticket for the one opera he wanted to attend.

The Met has twenty-two thousand current subscribers, and a waiting list of three thousand. Under Bing, the regular season has gradually been extended from eighteen weeks to thirty-one, and instead of the six long subscription series that were offered when he took over, there are now twenty shorter ones. Subscription tickets are no cheaper than ordinary ones, as they are at other leading opera houses, and almost half of all Met subscribers add a twenty-per-cent contribution to their checks. Opening night, once the private preserve of the Monday-night subscribers, was taken out of the subscription system and offered on a first-come-first-served basis to anyone willing to pay higher prices—the top has been fifty dollars, and this year it will go up to a hundred, except for the first night of the season in the new house, when it will be two hundred and fifty. Could the Met ever break even? Bing thinks it could, under three conditions. The top price for a regular performance would have to be at least twenty dollars, instead of thirteen, as at present. All subscription prices would have to be raised at least fifty per cent. And, finally, the house would have to be sold out every night of the season. According to Bing's painstaking budgetary projections, that day will never come.

WHEN young people ask Bing how one becomes an opera manager, he is likely to answer, "Don't!" On second thought, he may tell them to go to Europe and start learning by experience—which is what he did. Bing was born on January 9, 1902, on Vienna's Praterstrasse, into a family with a solid middle-class commercial background, his father being head of the Austrian iron cartel. (Bing has two brothers, both of whom have become businessmen, and a sister, who married a businessman.) Bing seemed to go against the family tradition very early. He was expelled from more than one school for bad behavior, and he never passed the *Matura* examination, required for admission to a university. By 1917, he had convinced his father



Your cottage is a step from the beach at Lantana Colony Club!

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2 111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

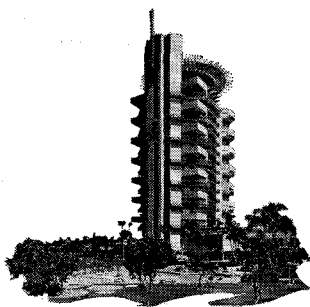
On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Glencoe

A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc., Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailors, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.



High spot for fun in Fort Lauderdale

Come to Pier 66 and look up. Look down. Look all around. You'll see Fort Lauderdale's *complete resort*—22 acres devoted to your relaxation and pleasure. Play par-three golf. Swim in two pools. Board deep-sea fishing boats at the Pier's own marina. Dine in three distinctive restaurants. Enjoy sparkling entertainment and nightly dancing. Visit the revolving Pier Top Lounge for breathtaking views. Rooms and suites are deluxe in size and decor. Ask your travel agent. Or write direct.

PIER 66

Department NY-10
17th STREET CAUSEWAY • FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

**Worumbo® Coachman
Cloth shows up
in the nicest
places.**

Just ask Matlin.

Coachman Cloth,
the luxurious
Worumbo woolen.
Wing-collared coat
by Matlin
at Bloomingdale's
Green Room,
New York; Bonwit
Teller,
Philadelphia;
Hixon's, Milwaukee.
Fabric by Stevens
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway
New York 10036

that he was bound to be a failure both scholastically and commercially, and it was decided that he would be tutored in literature, art history, and painting—three of his special interests. He talked vaguely of being a painter. "I was a typical Viennese talent with no special talent," he has said of this period in his life.

Bing's first job was as an apprentice in an old bookstore, where his chores included sprinkling the dusty floor and wrapping packages. From the bookstore he moved on to the Hugo Heller Concert Agency, where he acquired some valuable insight into the artistic temperament among musicians. He also took singing lessons—he was a light baritone—and began to talk vaguely of becoming a singer. He is now glad he didn't, for that career would have come to an end long since, and besides, he says, he would never have hired himself for the Met, even as a member of a large chorus. Still, he did learn something about music. (During a recent transatlantic flight, Bing astonished Hermann Prey, the German lyric baritone and lieder singer, by pointing out a couple of notes Prey had missed in a recital of Schumann's "Dichterliebe.") The climax of Bing's short singing career was an audition at Salzburg's Mozarteum, before Lilli Lehmann. He sang Schubert's "Der Fischer." She listened without comment, but when the next candidate, a young girl, began to sing, she got up, saying to her little dog, "Let's go, Fifi. This is really *too* much for us." Some evenings, as the general manager of the Metropolitan sits alone in his office, listening, over a speaker system, to a performance that is going well, he may furtively take a baton out of his desk drawer and conduct an imaginary orchestra. He would love to conduct, and has made it clear that he rather envies conductors what he calls "an exciting and healthy profession." He enjoys recalling how he once asked Karajan why he bothered to conduct "Tosca," an opera not considered a major challenge to conductors, and Karajan said, "Every man should be given a chance to conduct 'Tosca' twice a year and get all his aggressions out of his system."

In Vienna after the First World War, Bing fell deeply and permanently in love with opera. It was a great time and a great place for opera lovers. Franz Werfel had started a Verdi renaissance; Richard Strauss was conducting his own works at the Vienna State Opera; and the famous stage producers were busy revolutionizing the concept of opera, drawing upon the

Dear time

Had a few moments - Was thinking
about you and Dan. What's
doing in your life? Our family
has increased by two since I
last saw you. When are we
going to get together.

The Letter

The letter you
didn't have to write...
the very nicest kind.

EATON'S
Fine Letter Papers

**Of all the great
Bourbons, which is
No.1 in Kentucky,
the home
of Bourbon?**



Yellowstone Bourbon. Though it's fairly expensive, Yellowstone continues to outsell every other Bourbon in Kentucky. Maybe there's one great experience left for you: Yellowstone Bourbon. Six years old.

100 Proof Bottled-In-Bond & 90 & 86 Proof

Discover the Macuto-Sheraton Hotel in Venezuela before everybody does

(Blame us if life seems a little dull afterwards)

Only jet-hours away, tucked between the Caribbean and Andes and a short drive from Caracas airport is magnificent Macuto-Sheraton. Something special in resort hotels. Your balconied room overlooks a wide beach and three swimming pools. Fantastic game-fishing, a sea marina, golf and exciting entertainment in La Sirena nightclub.

Room rates are from \$8.50 a day (per person, double occupancy) to \$20. For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your favorite Travel Agent.

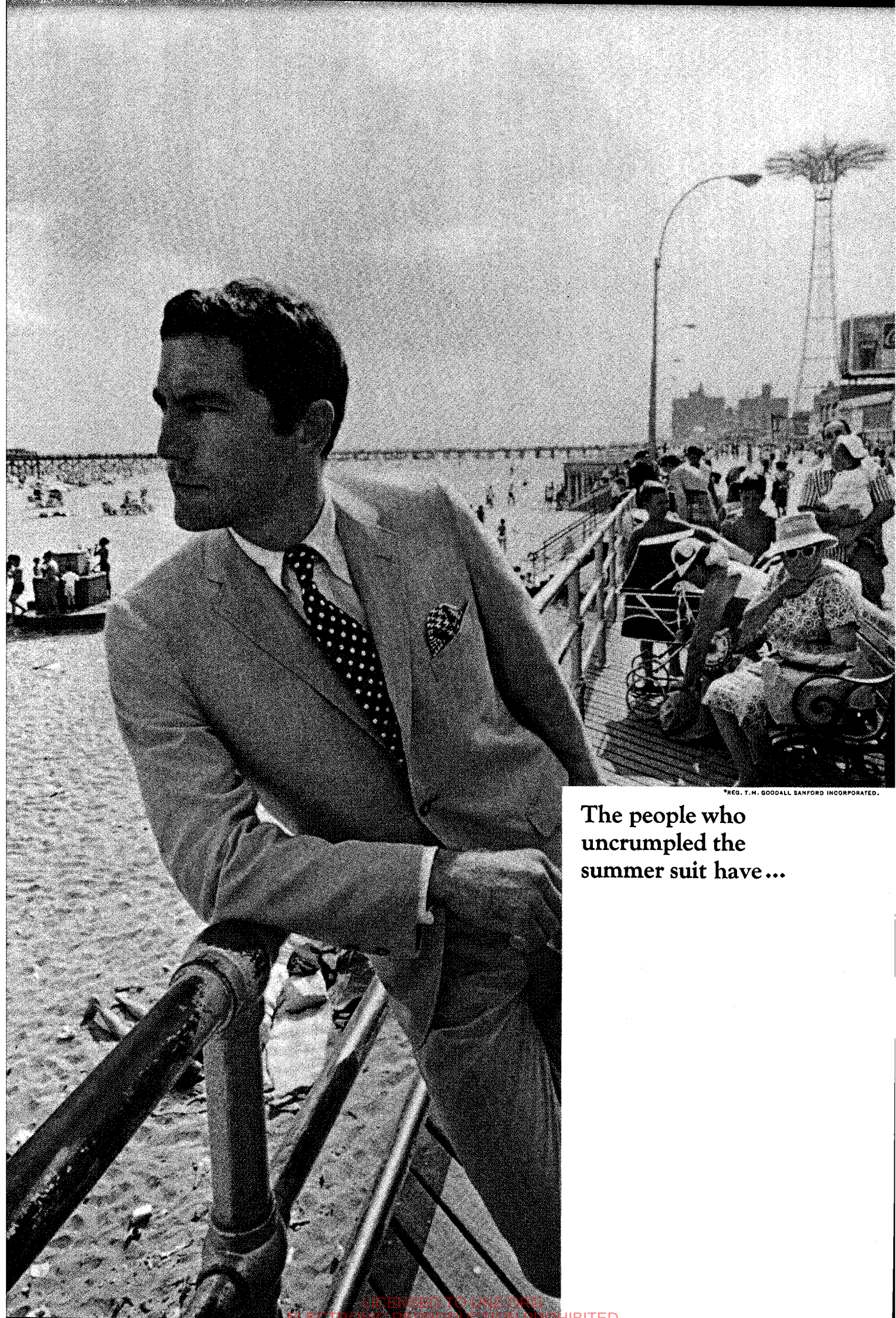


THE MACUTO-SHERATON
IN VENEZUELA NEAR CARACAS

126 hotels and motor inns coast to coast in the U.S., in Hawaii, Canada, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Nassau, Mexico and the Middle East. Opening March '67: Manila.

literary, artistic, and intellectual riches of a city whose prominent citizens included Sigmund Freud, Arthur Schnitzler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Alban Berg, and Arnold Schoenberg. Upon leaving the concert agency, Bing got a job as secretary to the manager of a small theatre, the Neue Wiener Bühne, in the hope of learning something about production. Instead, he was required to figure out the withholding tax on the actors' salaries and do a number of other menial clerical tasks. He soon left Vienna for Berlin, where he went to work for Paritätischer Bühnenverein, a large theatrical agency that was controlled partly by theatre managers and partly by theatre unions. In this job, Bing might be asked to find a Tosca for Görlitz, a town in Silesia, or a Lohengrin for Wuppertal, in the Rhineland. Hopeful young Rigolettos whom no one wanted to hire would drop in, shake hands, and ask Bing whether he had anything for them. When he said no, they would shake hands again and leave. Bing began to acquire his reputation for acerbity when he put up on his door at the agency a sign reading, "DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO REFRAIN FROM SHAKING HANDS."

One day in 1928, Carl Ebert, then the manager of the Darmstadt State Theatre, came looking for an experienced administrative assistant. It took no reflection at all for Bing to come up with a suggestion. "Take me," he said. Upon being asked how much experience he had had, he answered truthfully, "None whatever," and was hired on the spot. At the Darmstadt house, which performed operas, operettas, and straight dramas, Bing at last began to acquire experience that bore directly on what was to be his lifework. Ebert did not approve of improvisation, and insisted on exact planning and careful coordination in his productions. Bing learned a lot about budgeting, box-office reports, and the precarious economics of the theatre business, and he also got married there, in 1929, to the former Nina Schelemskaya-Schelesnaya, a modern dancer from Moscow. In 1930, Bing moved on to Berlin, where he spent an unhappy year in the production department of a Berlin film company, in which, as he recalls it, young Hungarian phonies were busily employed in rewriting Dostoevski. Bing then joined the Berlin Municipal Opera as administrative assistant, and just a few months later Ebert was engaged as its *Intendant*. Fritz Busch and Fritz Stiedry were the house conductors. It



*REG. T.M. GOODALL SANFORD INCORPORATED.

**The people who
uncrumpled the
summer suit have...**



*REG. T.M. GOODALL SANFORD INCORPORATED.

...engineered the perfect winter suit.

Anyone who discovered a summer suit fabric that wouldn't wilt, then tailored it so it went through the washer without looking as though it had been through the wringer, would find perfecting the winter suit a snap.

The same Palm Beach tailoring techniques that totally revolutionized the summer suit have been found to produce a vastly superior winter suit.

Palm Beach "engineered tailoring" cuts and sews fit into a suit forever, rather than pressing and molding it in for a while. The elimination of hand work makes tailoring more precise and fit more exact.

Palm Beach's "engineered" winter suits look superb, perform beyond your expectations, and because they are tailored through engineering rather than by hand labor, cost only 60.00 to 75.00.

Palm Beach®
the engineered suit

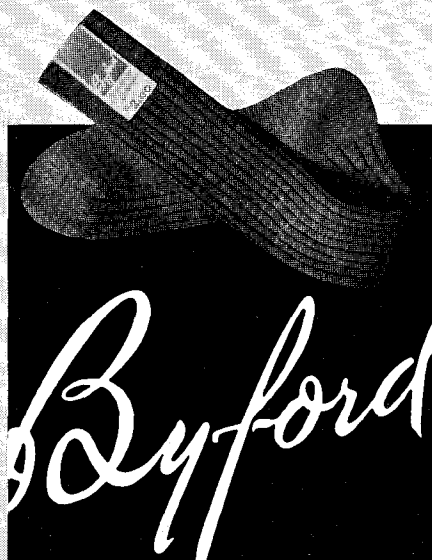
was a happy time for Bing, but it didn't last long. When the Nazis came to power, he went back to Vienna. His next stop was Teplitz-Schönau, a town in the Sudeten region of Czechoslovakia, where he helped manage the local theatre. The 1934 season started more or less auspiciously with the award of a subsidy from the German Propaganda Ministry, in Berlin, which was even then preparing the Sudeten campaign that ended four years later with the occupation of Czechoslovakia. Bing and his colleagues (among whom was Leopold Ludwig, now *Generalmusikdirektor* in Hamburg) used Goebbels' money to perform Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" in street clothes (a project that Bing has described as "the kind of thing you have to do when you are young") and Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—music that the Nazis regarded as degenerate. This didn't please the Propaganda Ministry, and it abruptly cancelled further payments. Looking at his charts, Bing predicted that the theatre would be broke by the end of the year. Fortunately for Bing, a letter arrived just then from Fritz Busch, asking him to come to Glyndebourne, in Sussex, where "a crazy Englishman" named John Christie wanted to have Mozart performances staged on his beautiful country estate.

Bing spent several seasons in Glyndebourne—a period that he has called "one of the happiest times of my life." It was an ideal atmosphere for opera—late dinners, followed by rehearsals that lasted into the morning hours, amid lots of enthusiasm. Christie was, in Bing's words, "a man who had the generosity to pay and the wisdom not to interfere." When the Second World War brought operations at Glyndebourne to a halt, Bing, who by this time had taken steps to become a British subject, got a job as assistant to the manager of a London department store. Eventually, he was put in charge of all departments except ladies' fashions. As he recalls it, one of his duties was to walk through the hair-dressing salon and exert his Viennese charm on the ladies under the dryers.

After the war, Bing was one of those who helped to make Glyndebourne into a going concern again. Christie was no longer able to subsidize the performances there on his own, but by now Bing was becoming accomplished in the techniques of fund-raising. And then, in 1947, Bing took his place in the front rank of the world's musical entrepreneurs when, in effect, he planned and created the Edinburgh Festival single-handed. He arranged for Bruno Wal-

*I hope he wears
Byford socks today.*

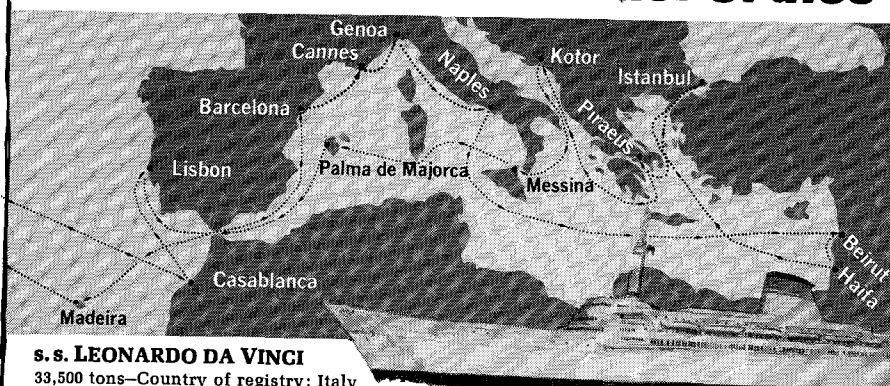
Me too.



Byford Byflex stretch socks are carefully woven from the finest blend of machine washable wool and nylon. To stay up, look neat and feel great. Over-the-calf, \$2. In practically every color. At the best stores all over for the best shoes to go over. Byford Imports, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10001.

For the 6th consecutive year

Italian Line's fabulous 40-day 1967 Spring Gala Mediterranean-Near East Cruise



s. s. LEONARDO DA VINCI

33,500 tons—Country of registry: Italy

From New York March 3, 1967—14 ports, 10 countries—from \$1250, all first class

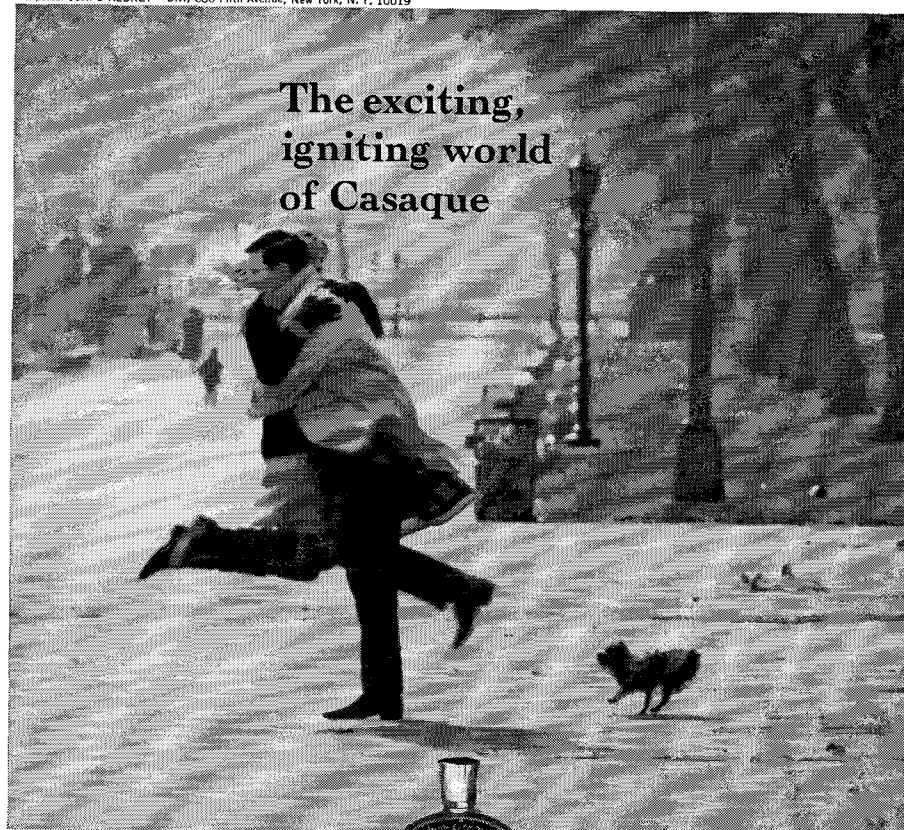
As the luxurious LEONARDO DA VINCI threads its way in and out of these exotic ports, it strings you a necklace of marvelous memories: Morocco, Portugal, Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, Yugoslavia, Israel, Turkey... fascinating countries along the blue Mediterranean. Go delving into the ancient sections where you can catch history still asleep, on your own or an excursion organized by American Express Company. Tour inland to Jerusalem and visit sights as ancient as the Bible, walk along streets trod by Christ and His disciples. The fully air-conditioned, stabilized LEONARDO is your hotel all the way. It welcomes you back from each shore excursion with service "con amore"... Lucullan feasts... fun and festivities.... See your travel agent or



Italian Line

Dept. B-71, One Whitehall St., N.Y., N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019. Tel: 797-7000

Importer Jean D'ALBRET® Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019



The exciting,
igniting world
of Casaque

More than a fragrance
a refreshing sensation
PARFUM CRÈME

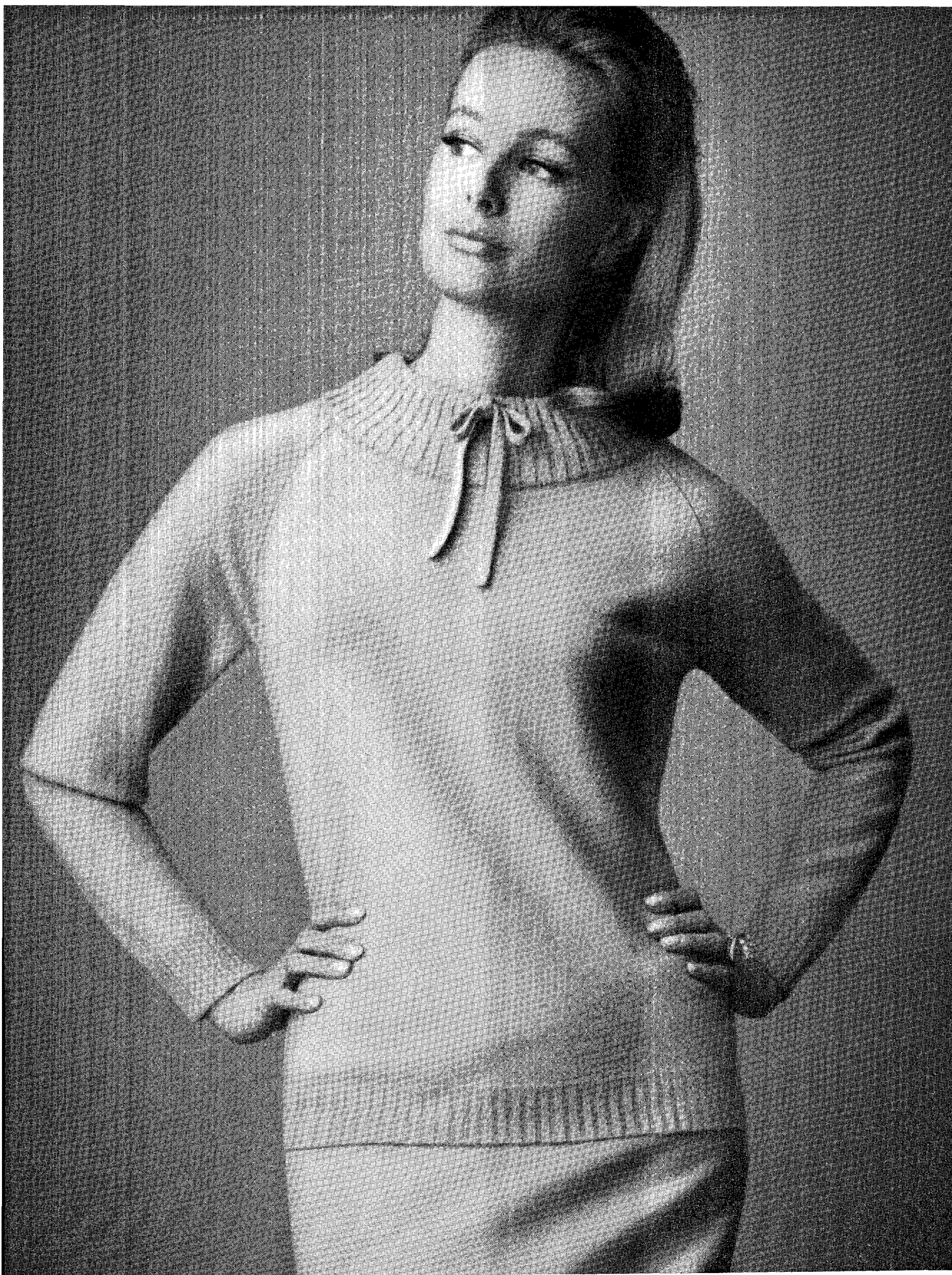


CASAQUE Jean D'ALBRET

ter to conduct the Vienna Philharmonic, for the first time since the war, in a memorable performance of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," and presented a new trio consisting of Artur Schnabel, Joseph Szigeti, and Pierre Fournier. Those were just two of a number of high spots, and Bing, in addition to supervising a formidable variety of opera, theatre, and ballet productions, dealt with innumerable administrative details, including problems arising from food rationing and a shortage of hotel space.

In 1949, Bing came to New York to negotiate with a foundation about the possibility of bringing the Glyndebourne ensemble to America. When someone asked him to describe the artistic philosophy of Glyndebourne, he said, "Gentlemen, I didn't come to discuss the philosophy of our festival but to look at the size of your bank account"—a remark that brought the negotiations to an abrupt end. Before Bing returned to Europe, he went to hear a performance at the Met. It was not his first; in 1939, when he made a trip to the New York World's Fair, he had heard "Lohengrin," with Melchior. ("Melchior sang beautifully," Bing once commented, "but what impressed me most were the jewels of the ladies in front of me.") Now, ten years later, he went to pay a courtesy call on Edward Johnson, the Met's general manager. They had a friendly chat, and when Bing was about to leave, Johnson said, "By the way, how would you like to become my successor?" Bing has reported that he was "completely flabbergasted and naturally intrigued." He was later introduced to a few members of the board of directors, but no one discussed business. As soon as he got back to Europe, however, he received a cable suggesting that he return to New York immediately. He spent the following weekend at the country home of George A. Sloan, then chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Opera Association, and was introduced to several other members of the board. He must have made a favorable impression because Sloan asked him to have his picture taken by a well-known portrait photographer, under an assumed name, in order to guarantee absolute secrecy. Bing introduced himself to the photographer as "Dr. King" but aroused a certain amount of suspicion by failing to respond when addressed by his alias. As it turned out, the pictures of "Dr. King" were needed two weeks later, when the appointment of the Met's new general manager took nearly everyone by surprise.

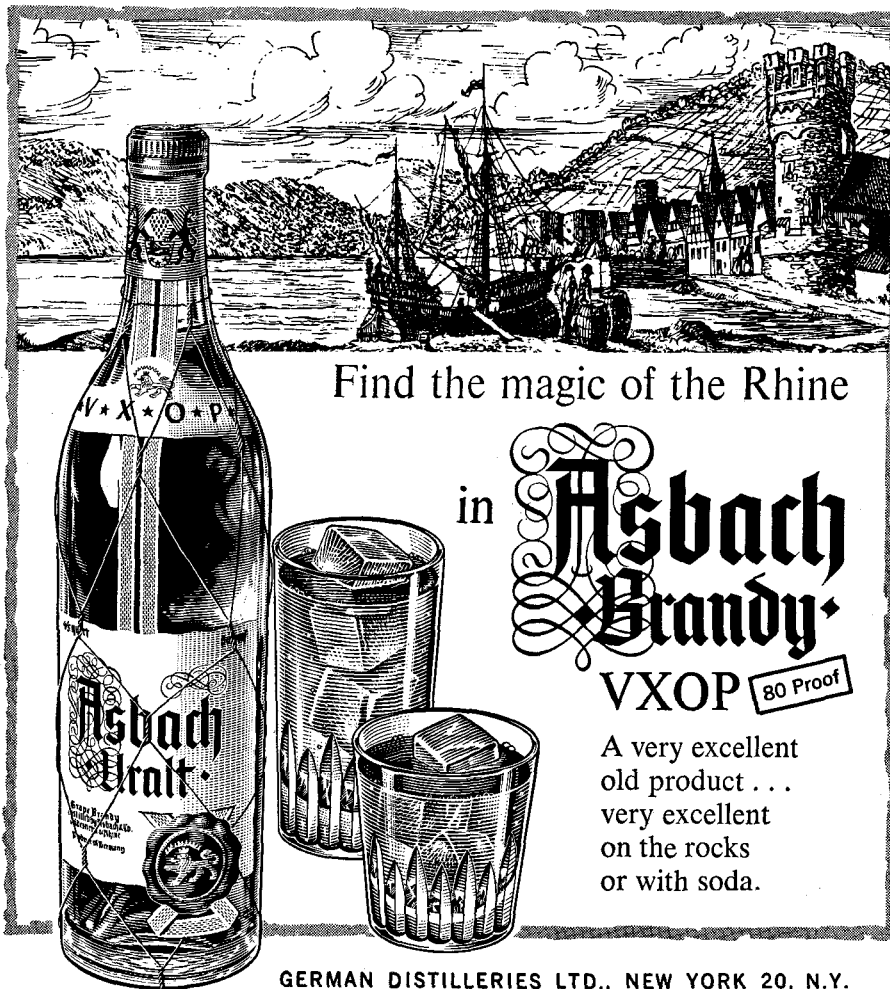
The reaction to Bing's start at the



Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

We like to think "meticulous." For example, we weren't satisfied to form the easy shape of our graceful pullover with anything but this exotic fur blend we created ourselves. It's coupled with a matching slim flannel skirt. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

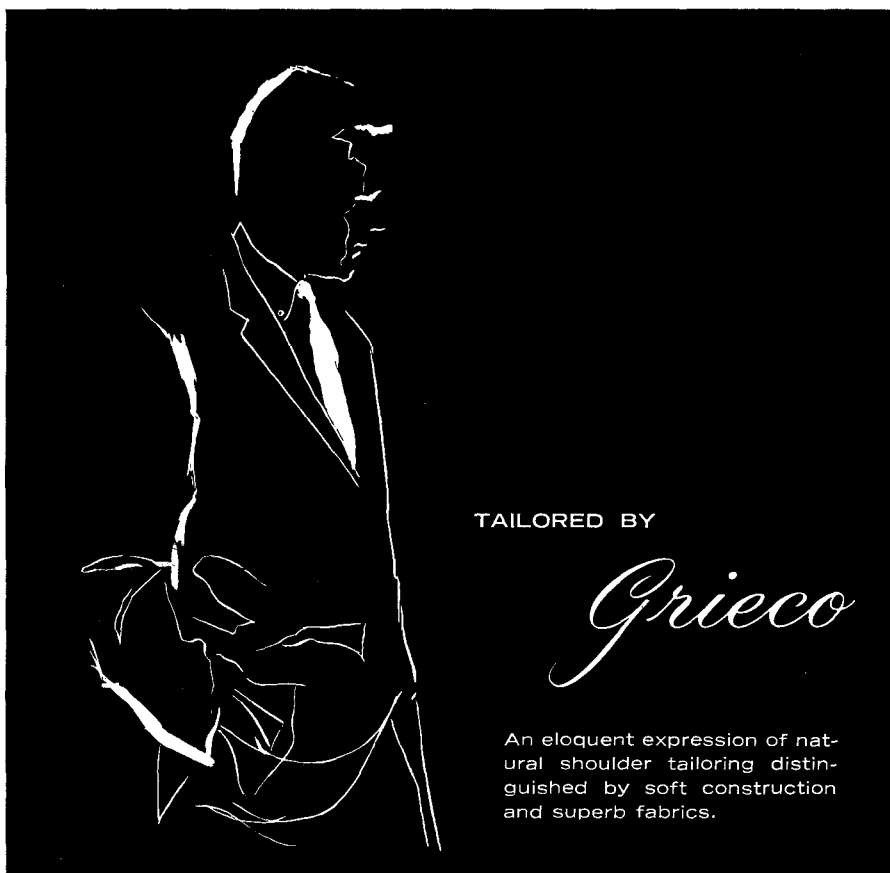
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Find the magic of the Rhine
in **Asbach Brandy**
VXOP 80 Proof

A very excellent
old product . . .
very excellent
on the rocks
or with soda.

GERMAN DISTILLERIES LTD., NEW YORK 20, N.Y.



TAILORED BY
Grieco

An eloquent expression of natural shoulder tailoring distinguished by soft construction and superb fabrics.

Atlanta, Ga. Parks Chambers
Carmel, Calif. Kent of Carmel
Los Angeles, Calif. Phelps-Wilger
Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn. Hubert W. White

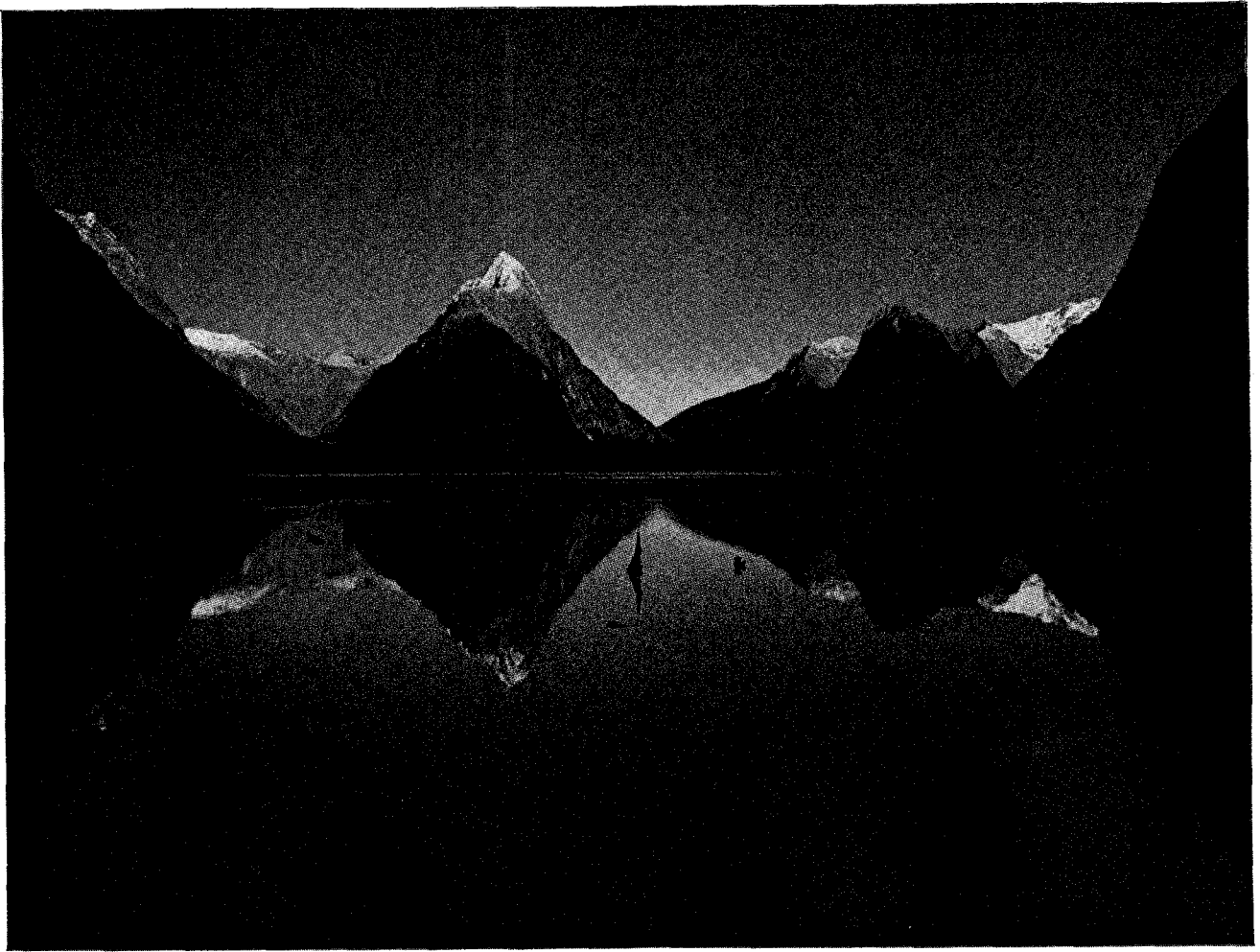
New York, N. Y. DePinna
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhodes
Springfield, Ill. Arch Wilson
Washington, D. C. Julius Garfinkle

For stores in other cities write: GRIECO BROS., INC., 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10019

Met, after his season as an observer, was not particularly favorable. He was criticized for getting rid of Frank St. Leger and Earle Lewis, two men who had done a great deal of the managerial work under Johnson. Moreover, Bing didn't get along with Sloan, and he came under heavy attack from the entire board when he dismissed Melchior and some three dozen other artists. There was a lot of intramural strife, and Bing was a lonely man in the early years. He had few friends inside the house except two colleagues from the old Darmstadt days—Max Rudolf, his artistic administrator, and John Gutman, his general assistant. "It was really a *triste* business," he said recently. "It still is."

AN elegant iceberg of a man, who obviously conceals at least seven-eighths of his feelings, Bing has been described as "cool," "imperturbable," "polished," "aristocratic," and just plain "hateful." He is slim and angular, with an ascetic face and a tonsure-like bald spot, and he could be cast without makeup for the part of the Grand Inquisitor in Verdi's "Don Carlos," one of his favorite operas. As a matter of fact, the general manager plays many roles in the course of his work. Depending on the needs of the moment, he turns on his native Viennese charm, his acquired British aloofness, or his American-style managerial toughness. He has never considered applying for United States citizenship, for he feels that he made the decision about his nationality once and for all when he became a British subject. "One doesn't change one's nationality like a shirt," he has said. He was named a Commander of the Order of the British Empire in the Queen's 1956 New Year's Honours List, and this has been a source of deep pride to him ever since. Bing's accent is a curious mixture of soft Viennese and clipped pseudo-Oxford. He likes to wear double-breasted suits, and usually arrives at work wearing a bowler and carrying a tightly rolled umbrella.

Bing abhors backslapping cordiality and is not pleased when people call him "Rudi" five minutes after they have met him. Less than half a dozen people at the Met—all of them friends of many years' standing—call him by his first name. Many of his personal friends have no connection with opera, and his private life is a quiet one. When he moved to America, in 1949, he and his wife took an apartment on the thirty-sixth floor of the Essex House, on Central Park South. They thought they would stay there for just a few weeks,



BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM

*You won't be stunned by New Zealand's fiords.
Not after you've seen
New Zealand's alps, glaciers, geysers,
volcanoes, fern forests and
beautiful beaches.*

Alps covering an area larger than all Switzerland; geysers hurling steamy plumes high into the air; smoking volcanoes; the largest glacier anywhere in the world outside the Pole. For sheer scenic splendor, New Zealand is unmatched by any country on earth. For warm hospitality, you can't meet the match of the friendly New Zealanders. For more information about New Zealand, see your travel agent or send the coupon to us, and we'll send you our new free Kiwi Travel Pack, containing colorful brochures which will tell you everything you will want to know about New Zealand... the Land of the Long White Cloud.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE,
Department NY-9
153 Kearny Street, San Francisco 94108; 630 Fifth Avenue, New
York City 10020; or 510 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles 90014.

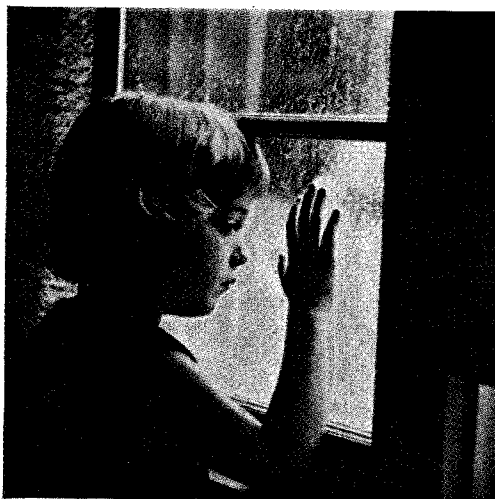
Please send me your new Kiwi Travel Pack.

☐ I am interested in information on nearby Australia, too.

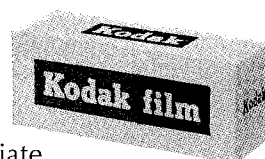
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Moments indoors come out best on Kodak film



The more your pictures mean to you, the more you'll appreciate Kodak film. Roll after roll, Kodak film is *dependable*. Ask for KODACHROME Film for color slides and movies, KODACOLOR for snapshots. And be sure the name Kodak is on the box.

until they could find something else, but they are still there. Although Bing is the head of an institution that is one of the centers of New York society, he doesn't attend cocktail parties, accepts very few invitations to dinner, and almost never entertains at home. He doesn't remember when he last saw a Broadway show, and he estimates that he has gone to the movies three times in sixteen years. He likes to walk to work. Occasionally, when Mrs. Bing is away, he eats in a plebeian establishment on Sixth Avenue where, to his immense satisfaction, he can get breakfast "for exactly three dollars less than at the hotel." During the opera season, Bing usually goes home late in the afternoon for an early dinner, prepared by his wife, a quiet and humorous woman who has let it be known that when she goes out in the evening she would rather spend the time in the Russian Tea Room than at an official function. Half the people working at the Met don't even know her. She has never become involved in her husband's professional life, and Bing, after all his experience with the husbands of prima donnas and the wives of star tenors, considers that a blessing.

Before the featured singers go on-stage for a performance, Bing likes to drop into their dressing rooms, and afterward he goes backstage again to say goodnight to them. Aside from the fact that such courtesies do much to keep up the morale of an opera house, Bing thinks it is important to let people know that "the boss is in the house." During a performance, he spends a good deal of time in his box, not only out of a sense of duty but because he still finds opera fascinating. Bing has official guests in his box almost every night, totalling more than a thousand a season. Every morning, a list of the evening's guests, many of them diplomats from the United Nations, is placed on his desk. Even so, he sometimes gets their names mixed up.

Except in the line of duty, Bing avoids all contact with singers, conductors, producers, and designers outside the opera house. In sixteen years, he has not spent a single evening in a singer's home. In a real emergency, when all other means have failed and the fate of a sold-out performance depends on his personal intervention, the general manager may feel obliged to pay a call on a hoarse tenor between vocal crises or a high-strung prima donna between nervous breakdowns. The experience is one that he does not enjoy. In describing a typical visit of this sort, Bing once said that

**We hear
you'd prefer
jet travel,**



**so we're going
to take you
up on it.**

Today, if you're ready.

On the all-new prop-jet NORD 262, with its unique one-abreast seating.

Remember our Convairs? They're being renovated. Completely: inside and out. All-new prop-jet exteriors—to get you where you're going in half the while. All-new plush interiors—to take you there in twice the style. And with cocktails, snacks and beverages available on all flights.

Flights of fancy? We hope you'll think so.

What is Lake Central coming to? To the same heart-of-industrial-America cities we've been serving for years. Only lots, lots faster.

As a matter of fact, Mach 1 is just around the corner.

**LAKE
CENTRAL
AIRLINES**



Serving 46 cities in Ill., Ind., Mich., Ohio, Pa., N.Y., Md., W. Va., and D.C.



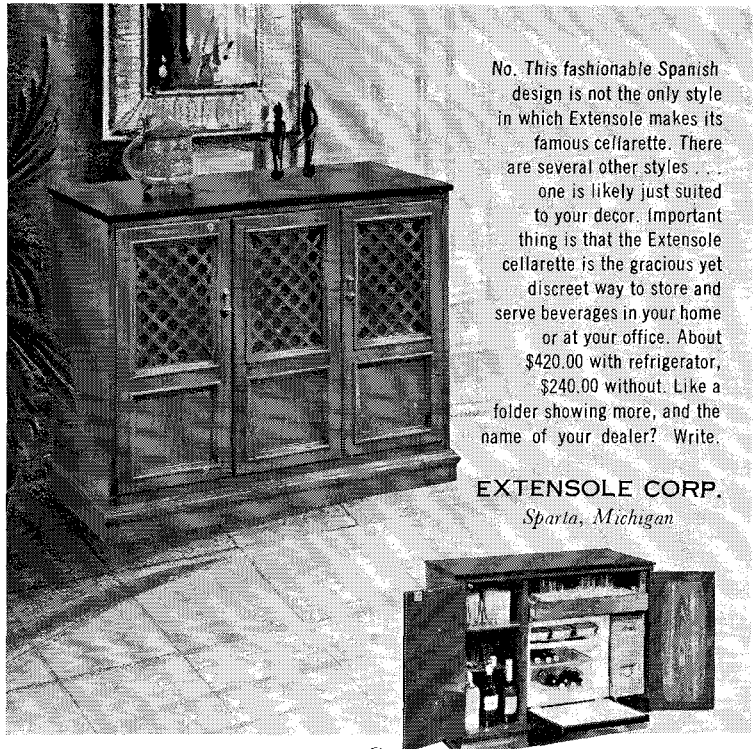
have you
met my
sister?

she's sweet...

For the martini that's clearly... the dryest.

he usually finds the tenor or the diva sitting next to a phonograph listening to an electronically beautified rendition of the glorious voice. The artist sings along inaudibly, with the mouth wide open, and watches in a mirror the action of the golden vocal cords. In the case of a diva, there may be intermittent crying spells. Having finished the recorded aria, the artist makes desperate, silent gestures intended to convey to Bing that she, or he, *has* to cancel tonight. There is just no voice left. A complicated argument then begins between Bing and the singer—an exchange of rational spoken persuasions and irrational silent protest. In the end, the singer may be persuaded to make a supreme effort in order to save the performance. “Usually he, or she, sings very well,” Bing concluded acidly.

In an age when stars reach their ascendancy within a few years, many of them are overwhelmed by their fame. They often believe that people expect a star to be difficult. One diva suddenly declared in the middle of a performance at the Met that she would not go on again unless she was given a solo curtain call after her next aria. When it was explained to her that this was not done at the Met (the policy was later changed), she threatened to leave the house. The general manager was summoned. After assessing the situation, Bing looked coolly at his wristwatch and said, “I shall give you exactly three minutes to go back onstage and continue. Otherwise, I’ll have you thrown out of the Met and sue you for tonight’s entire house receipts. Incidentally, you now have only two and a half minutes left.” The diva went on with her performance, and there was no solo call. Some years ago, a temperamental tenor announced, two hours before an important rehearsal, that he was sick. Calling what he suspected was the man’s bluff, Bing sent an ambulance to his hotel, and two sturdy men in white announced that they had come to take him to the hospital for treatment, “at the expense of the Metropolitan’s general manager.” The tenor experienced a miraculous recovery and sang at the rehearsal. Another star sent Bing a doctor’s certificate and a letter cancelling her contract the day before she was to join the Met’s spring tour, which is not always as popular with famous singers as appearances at the Met itself are. Bing had no choice but to release the singer, much to the detriment of the tour. Five days later, he was informed that the lady was singing in Europe. Not long ago, Bing said, recalling the episode, “We sued



No. This fashionable Spanish design is not the only style in which Extensole makes its famous cellarette. There are several other styles . . . one is likely just suited to your decor. Important thing is that the Extensole cellarette is the gracious yet discreet way to store and serve beverages in your home or at your office. About \$420.00 with refrigerator, \$240.00 without. Like a folder showing more, and the name of your dealer? Write.

EXTENSOLE CORP.
Sparta, Michigan

Extensole

Baby Sitter Sitter

Who takes care of the people who take care of babies? In a small way our new 9" Sony portable TV does. Big enough for everybody to enjoy at home, it's little enough to go anywhere you take the baby. Then you can sit back and be entertained by the nursemaid's nursemaid, the nanny's nanny, the amah's amah, the cozy companion of those who stay awake while infants sleep. This

solid-state Sony operates on house current or (optional) battery pack. 24 transistors and 15 diodes give you a sharp, clear picture (with plenty of contrast, even in daylight) that will keep you awake through the drowsiest afternoon. And when the day's over just tuck yourself in with a late show and let Sony put you to sleep.

The Mother's Helper Helper Sony® 9" TV

© SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



Impeccably

Timeless elegance at a quiet price.

This is the classic
character of Tailorbrooke
—expressed here in this
pure wool tweed
from Great Britain.

In verdant green,
vibrant blue, heady wine.
Sizes 10 to 18; about \$80.*

From Tailorbrooke's
impeccable collection at
fine stores including:

Altman's, New York
Berger's, Buffalo
Hutzler's, Baltimore
Regenstein's, Atlanta
The Union, Columbus
Boyd's, St. Louis
H. Liebes, San Francisco

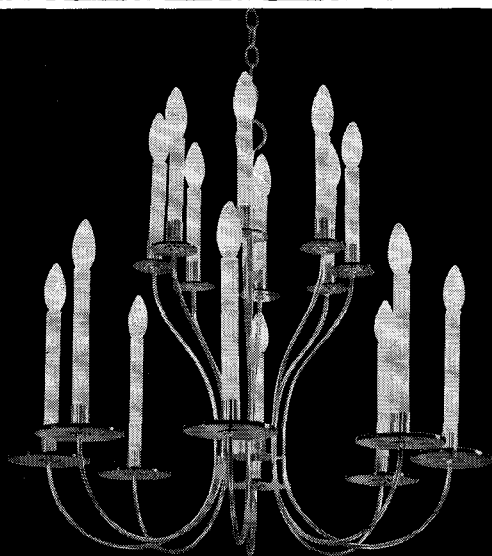
*slightly higher in the west

Tailorbrooke
533 Seventh Ave.,
New York, N.Y.



her. She will not come back to the Met." In a more reflective mood, he once remarked, "I regret to say that attitudes improve as a singer's quality declines. As the voice deteriorates, the character becomes pleasanter. I find that artists are more often uneducated than genuinely temperamental."

Such utterances do not endear the general manager to all of the people he works with. The late C. D. Jackson, a member of the Metropolitan Opera board, once said regretfully, "Our problem is that we have a witty general manager." At any given moment, something like a dozen prominent singers, conductors, directors, and other operatic celebrities are not on speaking terms with him, and whenever he makes one of his characteristic pointed remarks, it is sure to be circulated throughout the opera world with uncanny speed. For example, it was known in Vienna almost as soon as at the Met when he said, "Karajan says that he had thirty-seven lighting rehearsals for his 'Götterdämmerung' in Vienna. Why, I could get the stage that dark after two." Sometimes, of course, Bing's wit helps to relieve a difficult situation. One night in December, 1959, a performance of "Tristan und Isolde," in which Nilsson was making her third appearance at the Met, was jeopardized when all three of the available tenors became indisposed. Bing resolved the crisis by asking each tenor to sing one act—an effort for which each man's strained vocal resources might just suffice. In a short curtain speech explaining the arrangement, Bing said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Fortunately, the opera has only three acts." Very often, however, the general manager's wit takes the form of sarcasm. The Met's relations with organized labor have always been tense—in 1961 they became so tense that Bing threatened to cancel the entire season, and a settlement was reached only after Arthur J. Goldberg, then the Secretary of Labor, intervened, at the request of President Kennedy—and they were by no means improved when, during one particularly bellicose negotiating session, a union official having raised his voice somewhat to underscore a point he was making, Bing assumed his most aristocratic manner and said, "Would you mind screaming that again? I didn't quite get it." On another occasion, he said, "How can you have sensible discussions with union officials who must prove to their members that they are fighting bloody battles for them? They *must* be intransigent. If we offered



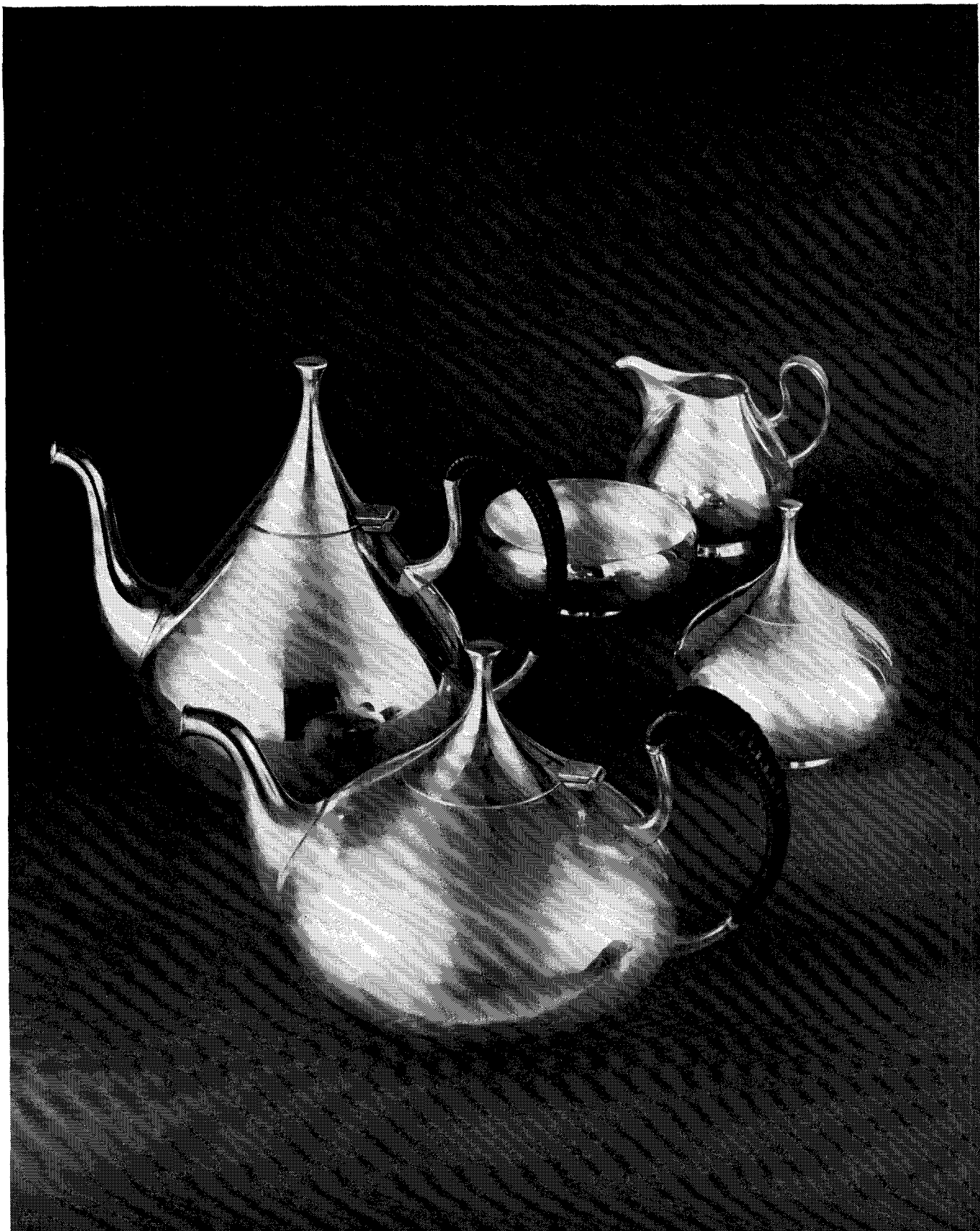
bring stars indoors

With the dramatic flair and sparkling elegance of multi-light chandeliers. Lightoliers are designed to enhance your interior settings by their better lighting and with their own decorative effects. Select the lighting fixtures and lamps from our extensive collection to suit your precise needs for every room in your home. Through your decorator or dealer.

LIGHTOLIER®

11 E. 36 ST., N. Y. • DALLAS • CHICAGO • L. A.

Write for lighting ideas booklet NY-9, Lightolier, Jersey City, N. J. 07305.



DIMENSION, AN INTERPRETIVE FORM OF THE FUTURE, NOW IN A TEA SERVICE OF HEAVY SILVER PLATE.
44-OUNCE TEA POT, 50-OUNCE COFFEE POT, CREAM PITCHER, SUGAR BOWL AND WASTE BOWL, \$185.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Leisure Jacket

MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR TRIPLER

Softly finished Velvo suede jacket, carefully tailored to our specifications. Unusual knit treatment of collar and pockets

Sizes: 38 to 46

HANDSOME MOCHA BROWN

ONE-HUNDRED TEN DOLLARS

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL. SHIPPING CHARGES BEYOND NEW YORK UNITED PARCEL DELIVERY 75 CENTS

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes

MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

them all they demanded, they would be desperate."

In the past few years, some of Bing's associates have noticed, with some surprise, that his haughty imperturbability has on occasion been ever so slightly shaken by the mounting criticism that the Met has faced. He has even gone so far as to express a lack of respect for some of the critics who have attacked performances at the Met. "Criticism should be made a licensed profession," he once remarked. "Why should an experienced artist be subject to public ridicule by a young man who has just started in his job? There are schools for musicians and singers. There ought to be a school for critics." Nevertheless, he has generally been able to maintain a detached, philosophical attitude. In response to a rather strident attack on a new production that he himself considered extremely good, Bing told a story about a clerk in a shoe store who had a standard answer for customers' complaints that shoes didn't fit. "What do you mean, they don't fit?" the clerk would say. "They just don't fit *you!*"

BING had serious misgivings about the idea of moving the Met to Lincoln Center, but he was overruled. Although each institution at Lincoln Center is artistically autonomous, Bing points out that they are inevitably going to be looked upon by the public as members of the same family, and that since the City Opera moved last season from the City Center to the New York State Theatre in Lincoln Center, two of the members of the family are going to be performing opera within a few yards of each other. People have told him that it won't matter—that New York audiences are intelligent enough not to confuse the two opera houses—but he is still dubious. "Suppose somebody says, 'I heard a lousy opera last night at Lincoln Center.' Maybe it was the other house's opera, or maybe it was ours. Under the umbrella of Lincoln Center, each of the two houses is bound to be deprived of its individual image, and that is the most important asset an opera house can have."

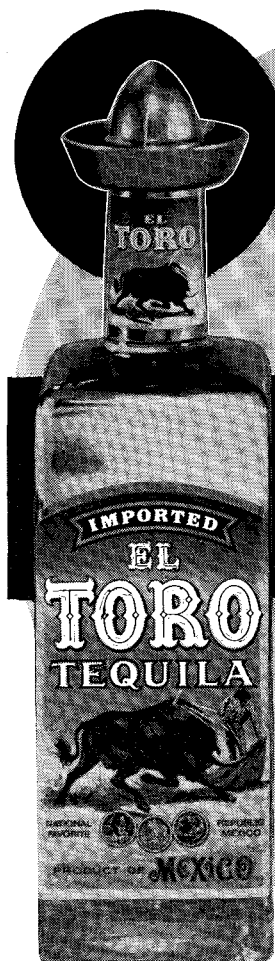
Competition among opera houses is unavoidable, as Bing sees it, and in that war he intends to give no quarter. He would doubtless fight to the death in a situation like the one that arose between 1906 and 1910, when Oscar Hammerstein I, a formidable impresario with an obsessive desire to produce opera, put up the Manhattan Opera House, at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and gave the Met some

IF YOUR
PRESENT COCKTAILS
TASTE OLD HAT,
TRY THIS ONE

EL TORO
TEQUILA

Smooth. Rare. Imported. El Toro Tequila . . . waiting to satisfy your good taste. Perfect as is . . . delightful in a Margarita, Bloody Maria or a Mexicali Rose. Try the new "In" drink today — El Toro Tequila.

El Toro Tequila, 80 and 86 Proof,
White or Gold
Product of Mexico



Imported by THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., New York, N.Y.

DINK STOVER SETS A SNARE OR THE EXPOSURE OF "MA" BARKER

In which Dink, warned by his Boss about a culprit stealing his media recommendations, attempts to discover the guilty party — with results that unsettle Dink and ruffle the motherly Miss Barker no end.



As this scene opens, Dink is sitting in rapt attention in the office of his Boss, the kindly Media Director. His visage beclouded by grave suspicions of a most harrowing nature, the Media Director speaks:

DINK, old fellow, I have to impart some disturbing news. As you no doubt have surmised from the ever-growing lineage figures, more and more advertisers these days are using The Boston Globe. So much so that I strongly suspect some malcontent here in our shop is purloining your media recommendations (masterful ones they are, by the way) and giving them to another agency!" His Boss uttered the last words with telling effect.

Dink winced. Although delighted with the news that his media recommendations were so well received, his dander immediately became aroused: An office spy, he thought. What a dastardly trick! "But, sir, do you have any idea who this ingrate might be?" he blurted out querulously.

The Media Director nodded grimly. "I believe I do, Dink. You know Miss Barker in files? That gray-haired old lady who's always bringing you cookies — and those endless clippings about Yale, your Alma Mater —?"

"Of course, sir. 'Ma' Barker she prefers to be called. A truly wonderful woman. And

generous to a fault," Dink exclaimed naively.

The Media Director snorted. "How could you be so utterly deluded, Dink! Why do you suppose she's always snooping around your office? She has to be the culprit — probably sent here to ferret out our office secrets by". (He whispered an obscure advertising agency of rather unsavory reputation whose underhanded tactics Dink had encountered in a previous episode.)

The Media Director continued: "Now, I want you to sound her out. Encourage her to talk. We'll get the 'goods' on 'Ma' Barker and fast — or my name isn't!" (Here Dink's Boss pronounced his name, gravely.)

Only minutes later, Miss Barker made her customary stop at Dink's desk, just as he was putting the finishing touches on a particularly well-thought-out media presentation.

"Hello, Dink," she greeted him maternally, "What's that you're doing?"

"Presentation," answered Dink succinctly.

"Landsakes, you're a positive genius with those pie charts!"

Miss Barker exclaimed. "Here, have a cookie. Are you including The Boston Globe in your presentation, the way you always do?" she inquired casually.

"The Boston Globe? Maybe yes, maybe no," Dink answered craftily, certainly not wishing to divulge the true contents of his latest masterpiece wherein, indeed, The Globe played a very important role.

"But don't you say that The Globe is the number one newspaper in all of Greater Boston?" 'Ma' continued.

"Could be," said Dink.

"And carries more general, retail, automotive, travel and total advertising than any other Boston newspaper." Miss Barker lowered her voice confidentially.

Dink decided that a dramatic confrontation would be the best way: "I have reason to believe that you've been snitching my media recommendations," he said, the enormity of the deed giving his voice a steely quality. "Come clean, 'Ma,' and things will go a lot easier with you."

Miss Barker sighed heavily as if a great load at long last was being lifted from her shoulders. "Very well, Dink, I confess. But I only did it for my young nephew, Floyd, who works for an obscure agency of rather unsavory reputation. One day he told me how worried he was about a vital media recommendation he had to make and suggested that it wouldn't do any harm if I just borrowed one of yours. Reluctantly, I agreed. Those parts where you recommended The Boston Globe were so wonderful that Floyd pressed me for more . . . and more. Meanwhile, he was swiftly promoted to Media Director, then executive Vice-President . . ."

Dink felt a surge of pity for Miss Barker, whose remorse was something touching to behold. "There, 'Ma,' I understand. Let me speak to my Boss, a kindly man, and tell him exactly what happened. I'm sure that when he learns that you were only a helpless pawn in this affair, he will forgive — and forget."

Dink paused. "I only hope that this unfortunate incident will not in any way lessen our relationship. I truly cherish you as a friend, and you are still welcome to drop by my office any time you wish."

With that, Dink deftly snared one of her cookies and picked out a newspaper clipping from the packet she had brought.

"Now, 'Ma,' let's read about that young scatback on the Yale scrubs. I think he really bears watching . . ."

*"Those parts where you recommended
The Boston Globe were so wonderful . . ."*

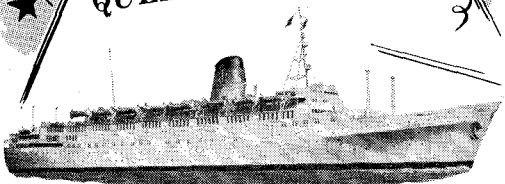


ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fun
in the sun

Cruise with the Celebrities
on OLYMPIA and
QUEEN ANNA MARIA



In addition to the regular social and entertainment functions programmed daily by a professional cruise staff, you will enjoy performances on West Indies Cruises by such stars as:

BARBARA McNAIR ★ BILLY DANIELS
JANUARY JONES ★ JIMMY DEAN ★ RUTH OLAY
GEORGE JESSEL ★ MITZI McCALL & CHARLIE BRILL
PAUL GILBERT ★ RUDY VALLEE
ALLAN SHERMAN ★ DELLA REESE
CHARLES GOREN

For your leisure and pleasure, two luxury liners fully air conditioned and stabilized for your comfort. Spacious cabins. Continental-American cuisine. Friendly service. Ballrooms, nightclubs, bars and lounges for festive parties. Swimming pools, vast sun and sports decks for games and relaxation.

All departures from New York.

Hand-picked ports for sightseeing, shopping, swimming and night life. A complete vacation at a resort afloat included in your fare.

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Dec. 22 ... 12 days ... 4 ports ... \$330 up

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 3 ... 10 days ... 4 ports ... \$275 up

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 14 ... 13 days ... 5 ports ... \$360 up

OLYMPIA
Jan. 21 ... 13 days ... 5 ports ... \$335 up

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 28 ... 13 days ... \$360 up **SOLD OUT**

OLYMPIA
Feb. 4 ... 13 days ... 5 ports ... \$335 up

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Feb. 11 ... 12 days ... 4 ports ... \$330 up

OLYMPIA
Feb. 17 ... 7 days ... 2 ports ... \$175 up

OLYMPIA
Apr. 24 ... 9 days ... 3 ports ... \$275 up

7-day BERMUDA "STAY-ABOARD" CRUISES
4 days in Bermuda with specially planned activities plus full cruise programs on board.

OLYMPIA • Sailing Friday night • July 28, Aug. 4, Aug. 11, Aug. 18 ... \$175 up

WEEKEND CRUISES TO NOWHERE
3 fun-filled days, \$75-\$80 up. Sail Friday 6:30 p.m., return Monday 7 a.m.

Oct. 21, Nov. 4, 1966; Aug. 25, Sept. 8, Dec. 1, 1967.

Countries of Registry: Liberia/Greece

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

GREEK LINE

32 Pearl St., New York, N.Y. 10004
WH 3-9140

Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Detroit • Los Angeles
Miami • Philadelphia • San Francisco • Canada

of the most desperate moments in its history. Hammerstein belabored the Metropolitan with its own weapons—importing the greatest stars he could get (Melba, Calvé, Bonci, Renaud) and putting on the most popular operas ("Aida," "Rigoletto," and "La Bohème"). Hammerstein managed to fill the Manhattan Opera House even when the Met had Mahler and Toscanini as conductors, and Caruso and Chaliapin as stars. In 1907, the Met tried unsuccessfully to stop Hammerstein from performing "La Bohème," claiming that it had obtained exclusive rights to all Puccini operas from Puccini's publishers, G. Ricordi, in Milan. A few years ago, when the Met was preparing a new production of "Der Rosenkavalier," for which it had acquired the New York City performance rights from Boosey & Hawkes, the American publishers of Richard Strauss, Bing refused to let the City Opera share those rights. The great, rich Met was severely criticized for preventing the City Opera from doing its own "Rosenkavalier," and Bing was under strong pressure to give in. He didn't. Bing foresees more such conflicts. "Some night in the next few years, it may happen, owing to unfortunate circumstances, that both opera houses in Lincoln Center will perform 'Traviata,' and the Met will be attacked for not giving in. If people knew the intricate planning that goes into every performance, they would never suggest that we call off the performance because the City Opera has scheduled its own 'Traviata.'"

Most of the competition among opera houses centers not on the operas they schedule but on the singers who perform in them, and Bing is convinced that the standing of an opera house depends primarily on the quality of the singing stars it attracts. When Bing has to choose between two equally competent artists, an American and a foreigner, he says, the American gets priority; otherwise, the better artist is hired. "The Met's public wants to hear the best voice, not the best American voice," he has said. "Sometimes the voice it hears may be only a second best, but that is because there is no one else who is better." Once a year, Bing makes a brief tour of the leading European houses and listens to a few singers, who have been lined up for him by scouts and agents. When young singers perform in small halls, auditions may not reveal all that Bing wants to find out. In Milan, the auditions often take place in a private apartment, where the acoustics are very different from those

**Only
one
man
knows
Tribuno's
secret**

...and he keeps it under his hat!

Only this man, John L. Tribuno, knows the secret for making one of the world's great vermouths ... and he keeps it under his Knox Planter! The secret is in the blending of 30 rare botanicals into a smooth, delicate vermouth that imparts a unique flavor to your cocktails. Tribuno Vermouth never overpowers. Get Tribuno, the vermouth blended for American tastes. Extra-Dry for frosty martinis. Sweet for crisp manhattans. And for a special taste treat, try Tribuno Extra-Dry or Tribuno Sweet on the rocks.



TRIBUNO VERMOUTH

"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

WHY IS MR. MONK THE ONLY MAN IN SHIRTSLEEVES?

A good question. Glad you asked it. There are two reasons: One, he's working hard teaching his friends how to avoid getting behind the 8 ball. Two, he's showing them how well a man can look in his shirtsleeves if he buys the proper shirt. This HATHAWAY® shirt in Liverpool Blue, for example. It's tailored in the enviable Hathaway tradition in a SuPima fabric woven from superior pima cotton grown exclusively in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. That's why it looks so silky, feels so fresh and sleek. One further note: you don't have to like pool to love SuPima. At the nation's most distinguished stores. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y.

SuPima
WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

SuPima is the registered certification mark for products made of Southwestern extra-long staple cotton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



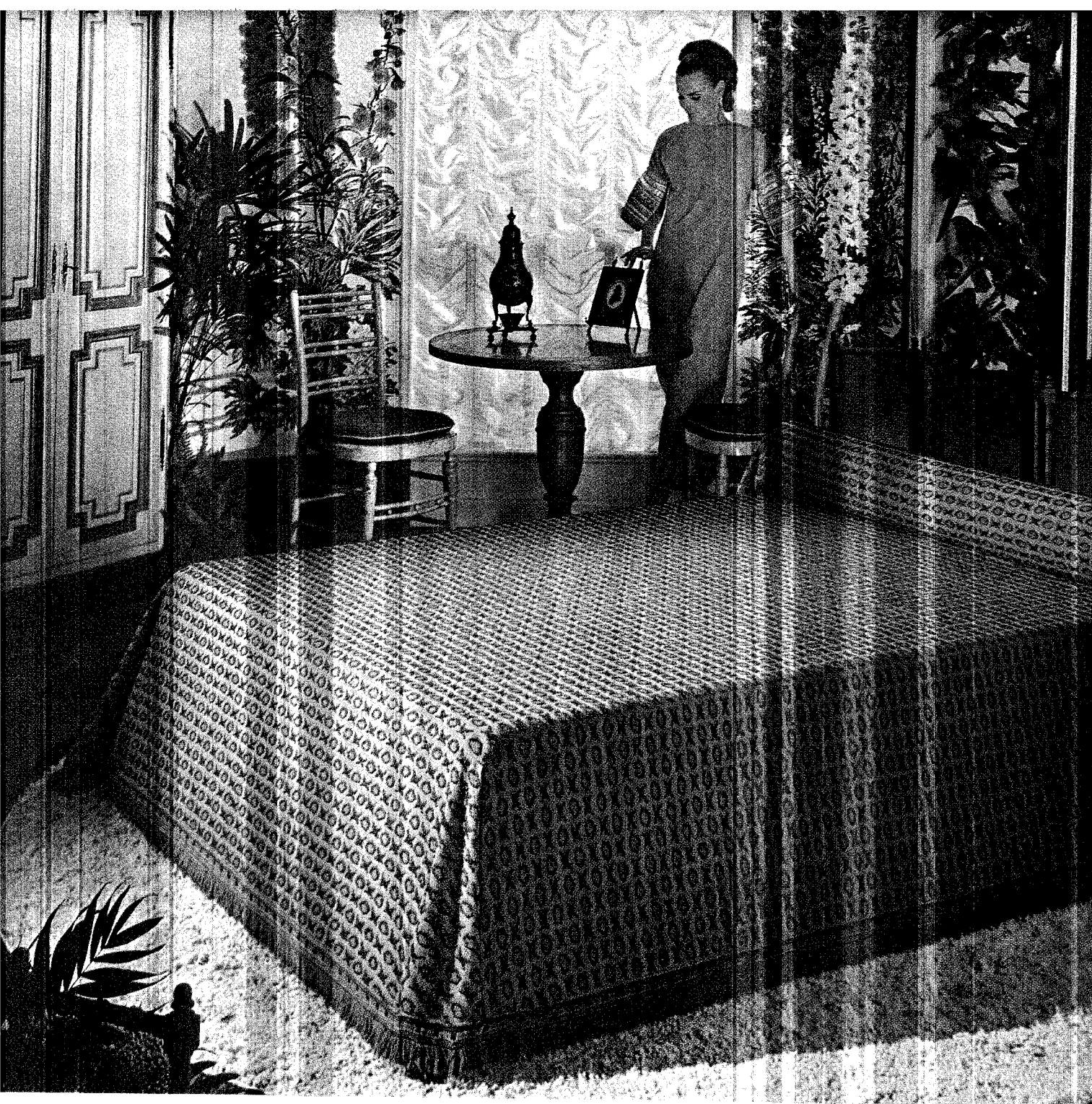
The Good Guys are always on the White Horse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How long since you spent an evening with White Horse? It's a most enlightening experience. This different breed of Scotch does everything that you want but doesn't overdo it. Smooth. Subtle. Persuasive. Come on up on the White Horse.

TO ORDER SET OF 4 GOOD-GUYS GLASSES AS SHOWN (WHEREVER LEGALLY PERMISSIBLE) SEND \$3. CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO WHITE HORSE, DEPT. N-9, P.O. BOX 170, BOSTON, MASS. 02101/BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.



MORGAN-JONES

bedspreads...color-cued to you

Always true to blue in your fashion? Does its beauty warm you and win you—every time? Take pleasure, then, in owning Morgan-Jones “Caprice.” A new version of the popular hob-textured bedspread. And how happily it lives with any décor! Blue for you and a raft of other beautiful colors, all machine-washable. About \$13. At fine stores.

Those other colors? Ming blue, Antique gold, aqua, carnation, champagne, fawn, fern, mint, paprika, Persian green, pink ice, pistachio, sand, snow, wedgwood.

Morgan-Jones 

SPRINGS MILLS, INC./104 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

in a large auditorium. If Bing feels it's worthwhile, he may invite the artist to New York for another audition, at which his conductors, coaches, and artistic advisers can also be present. "We often react as instinctively as orchestra members who sense a conductor's strength or weakness the moment he enters the pit," he once remarked of these sessions. "Sometimes we feel the singer is good, or no good, before he sings his first note."

In common with the managers of all the world's leading opera houses, Bing is frequently accused of not doing enough to build up a young ensemble. He claims that a number of singers who started out in small parts at the Met have become stars, and, in this connection, he also cites the Metropolitan Opera Studio, which performs operas in colleges and schools, with young singers and little scenery. Twice a year, some of the young performers read a new modern opera for the Met's artistic staff. The Met's National Company also provides opportunities for a number of young artists to sing operas in many cities throughout the country. Bing has insisted that the young company be allotted much more rehearsal time than the regular company, to make up for its lack of singing stars. Among the Met's other relatively new extracurricular activities is its seven-week, twenty-eight-concert summer season at Lewisohn Stadium, offering a mixed fare that includes anything from Tebaldi to Gracie Fields. Many people have written to Bing telling him how glad they are that the Met is "not only for rich people."

The competition among opera houses for first-rate singers has combined with the development of jet travel, Bing feels, to lead today's stars into forming dangerous singing habits. They are forever being faced with the temptation to sing too much. In the old days, a Wagnerian *Heldentenor* rarely performed more than twice a week—a heavy enough schedule, considering the demands that Wagner makes on singers. During last year's Bayreuth Festival, Wolfgang Windgassen, the current leading *Heldentenor*, gave fourteen performances in thirty days. It takes robust health and steady nerves to withstand a strain like that. In addition, many young singers with promising voices are devoting less than the traditional amount of time to study. Long before they are ready to meet the technical and emotional demands of their profession, they get offers of contracts and are persuaded to go out and sing. Some of them, attempting difficult



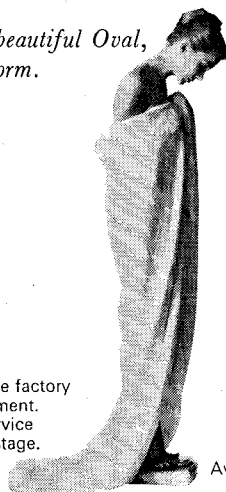
**The only bath scale
of its kind**

There are various makes of bath scales—but only one BORG. It comes in a wide choice of designs, colors and prices. But whichever BORG you choose, you can be sure it will contain the same precision-made mechanism famous for dependable weight-watching.

Only BORG has this magic mechanism. It weighs you on a coined-beam, first-class lever system, which is *factory-tested* for accuracy and covered by a Lifetime Service Warranty* for its entire life. That's why, if you gain or lose *even a single pound*, your BORG will tell you right away.

When you buy a bath scale, look for the BORG name. It's your guarantee of exceptional quality in the scale you buy.

*Model shown is Borg's beautiful Oval,
with the fur-fabric platform.*

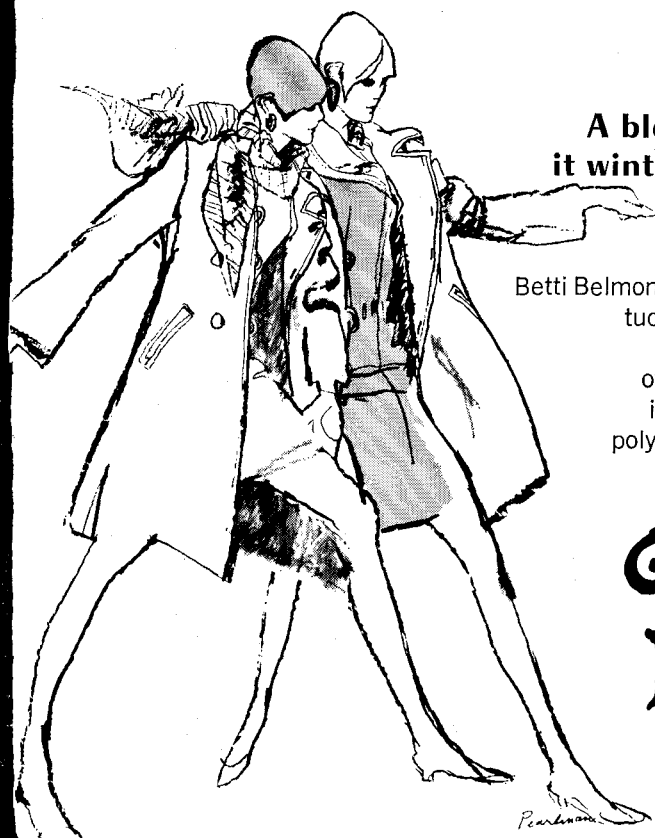


No
other scale
is made like
a

BORG
▲ SCALE

*A Borg Scale may be returned to the factory at any time for free repair or adjustment. If damaged by abuse, a nominal service charge may be made, including postage.

Available in Canada • Borg-Erickson, Chicago



**A blend so rich,
it winters with fur**

Betti Belmont of Style Trends
tucks soft opossum
under a crackle
of sparkling white
in two-ply Fortrel
polyester and cotton
from

**Galey &
Lord**

Burlington
Goods

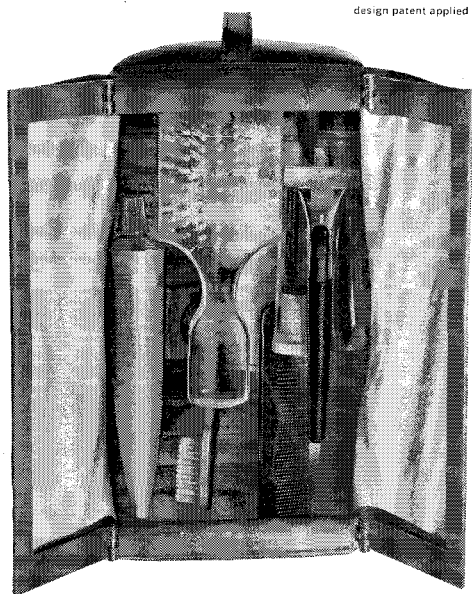
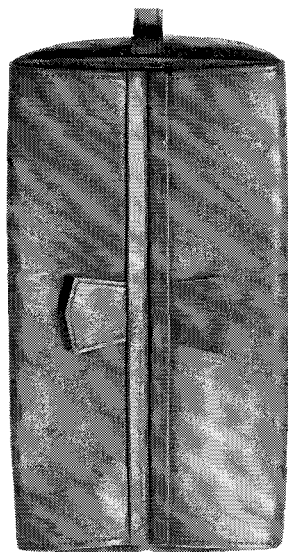
Pearlman

FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE GALEY & LORD, 1407 B'WAY, N.Y. 10018 A DIV. OF BURLINGTON IND.

parts too early, ruin their voices, frazzle their nerves, and burn themselves out completely just when they should be reaching their zenith.

All the world's great opera houses have a star problem, but Bing feels that the Met, as a result of geography, has a special problem in providing understudies, or "covers," for the stars. In an emergency, a European house can get a replacement within a couple of hours. The Met must be as self-sufficient as an aircraft carrier in the middle of the ocean. If a tenor reports a sore throat at noon, Bing cannot simply make an urgent telephone call and get an adequate substitute from Milan, Munich, or London. Occasionally, the Met gets help from the City Opera, Chicago, and San Francisco (or, in turn, helps one of them), but the Met's basic policy is to have every part in every performance doubly cast. This is getting more difficult every year. For one thing, it demoralizes a singer to hang around backstage for weeks waiting for a call that may never come, and many good covers would rather sing twenty weeks in Hamburg or Munich than be paid for twenty weeks of not singing in Manhattan. If a star is suddenly indisposed and there is no cover, a performance may have to be cancelled, and nothing hurts a great opera house more than a cancelled performance, both in terms of finances and in terms of public relations. When an opera had to be cancelled in the old house, it was almost impossible to substitute another opera in a hurry, because there was no space to store sets. In 1963, a Saturday matinee of "Der Fliegende Holländer" that was cancelled three hours before curtain time was replaced by "Ariadne auf Naxos," but that was possible only because the sets for "Ariadne" (a simple, two-set opera) happened to be in the house, and because some of the "Holländer" artists could sing in "Ariadne." Even so, the first clarinetist had to be tracked down by the police; he was found at a track meet in Jersey City and brought to the Met in a squad car.

At least one of Bing's backstage logistical problems has been solved by the fact that the Met's new building has sufficient storage space for all the sets that may be needed for half of the season. And rehearsal scheduling has been considerably simplified by the provision of side stages that can be used for rehearsals. But Bing and his staff have had plenty of reasons for worrying about how things would go in the new house. For example, nobody



**When you see how
much you can cram
into this Travel Kit**

you'll flip!

New Flip Top® Travel Kit in soft, supple Mello Touch Cowhide, with strong washable vinyl lining. Flip—it opens, making every bit of inside space useable. Flip—it shuts, for a light, smart carry-all that packs everything, including a wallop. About \$12.50. Available at **John Gerber, Memphis; Macy's, New York; Sibley's, Rochester; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.** All stores, all branches.

ST. THOMAS

ST. THOMAS, INC., ST. THOMAS PLACE, GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

"The auction at Sotheby's, then Fortnum and Mason's for lunch. A visit to the Tate Gallery this afternoon, followed by a tour of the West End. Simpson's for dinner and the late floorshow at Churchill's. Very good, sir"

**You are invited to London
for a very, very posh fortnight.**

As posh as you can imagine. Whatever your interests, hobbies, whims and fancies are, we will tailor a London tour especially for you.

For example: consider yourself the playboy? We'll introduce you to the most popular plays on the London stage; to the 21 Club where you can play baccarat, fan-tan and chemin de fer; to Harringay Stadium where you can play the dogs.

Fancy yourself a collector? We'll lead you through half-hidden streets and alleys to the finest in stamps, arms, armour, antiques and rare coins.

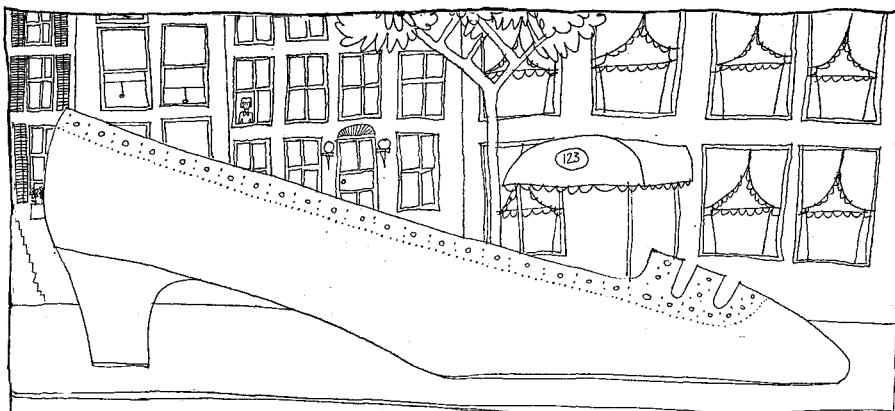
Is art your intrigue? You'll be intrigued by the private galleries throughout Mayfair, auctions, priceless collections of Old Masters and avant garde.

And wherever you go, there will be a limousine waiting and a Londoner for your personal escort.

Mr. Eric Engledew will send you full details about this extraordinary fortnight. Simply write him care of British Overseas Airways Corporation, 530 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036.

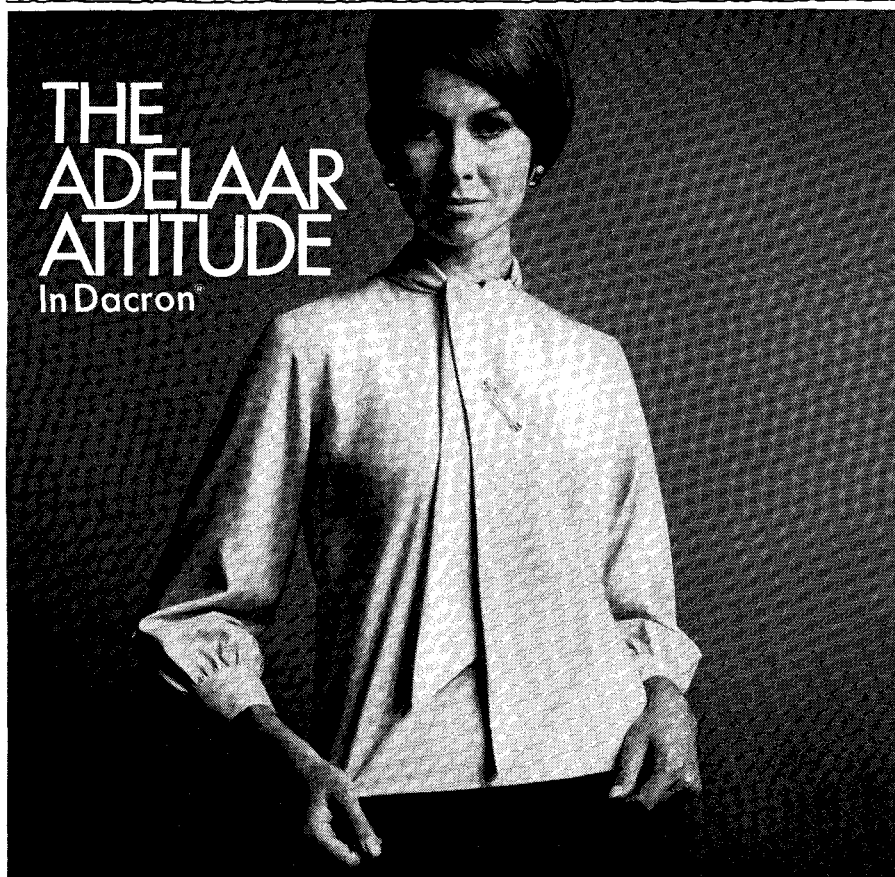
BOAC
AND BOAC CUNARD

Services operated for BOAC Cunard by BOAC.



the city-dweller Geller

Want to meet a young shoe about town?
Twenty-eight dollars puts an end to pounding the pavements.
In brownstone brown, BMT black, Seagram's sierra, or traffic cop navy. At
ANDREW GELLER, 18 W. 57.

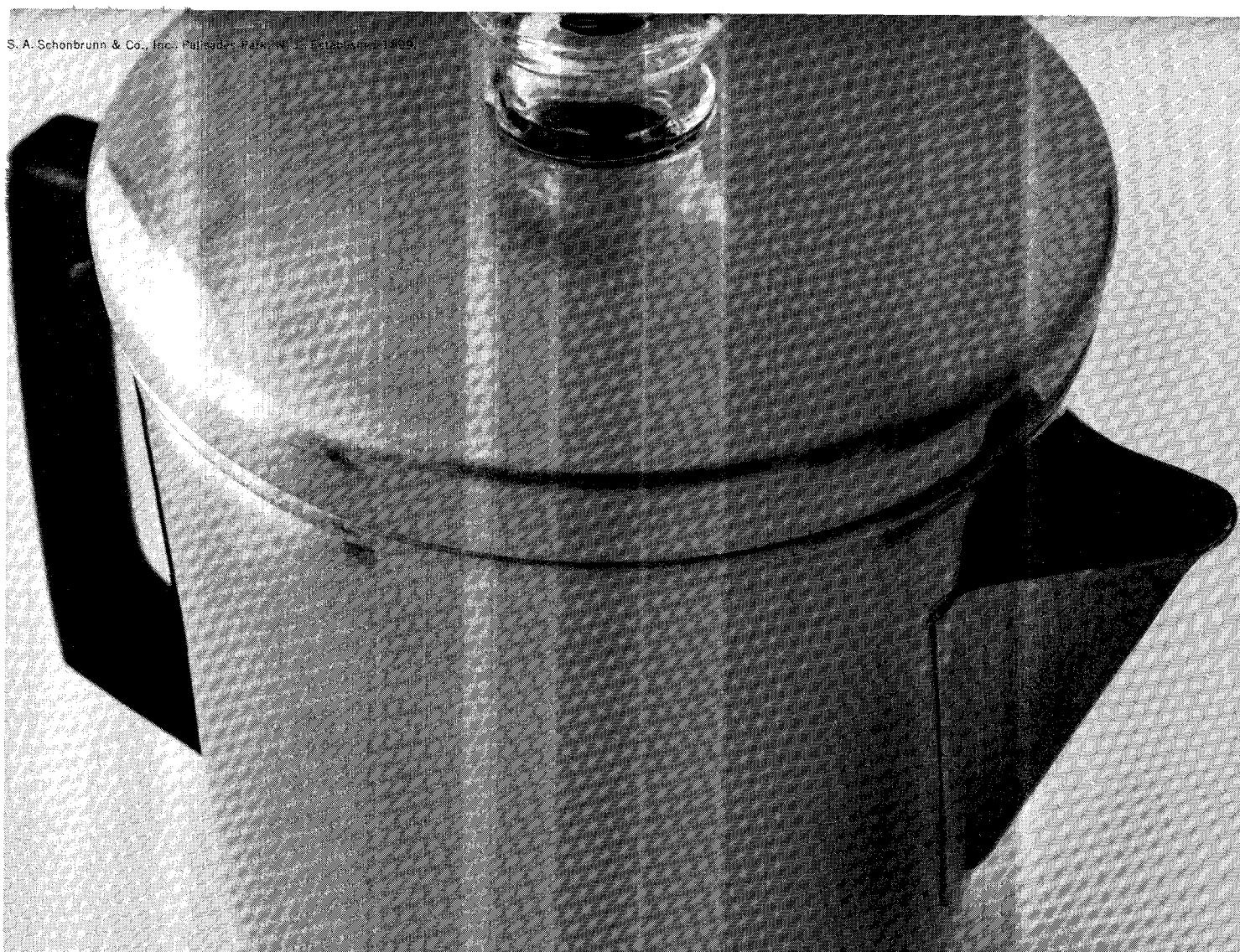


There's always more to an Adelaar than meets the eye. For example, this Adelaar has a three way "change-again" neckline. It ascots, bows or cowls. Of 85% Dacron® polyester and 15% Avril® rayon, in white, toast, blue, sherbet pink and nugget gold. 10 to 18. \$10*. At Lord & Taylor; J. L. Hudson; Marshall Field & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Wanamaker's; Hutzler's. Adelaar, Inc., 525 Seventh Ave., N.Y. *SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

could predict with any degree of certainty how singers would sound in the new auditorium before it was built. Any new opera house, as Bing well knows, is bound to present difficulties. During the première of "Carmen" at the newly opened Deutsche Oper in West Berlin a few years ago, the intermission between the second and third acts lasted forty-five minutes. The electronically operated stage elevators had broken down, and stagehands were compelled to carry Spanish mountains up to the main stage on their backs, just as they had done in the old pre-electronic days. There will unquestionably be moments in the new house when Bing, much as he dislikes improvisation, will be compelled to resort to it.

BING's contract as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera runs until 1970, when, at the age of sixty-eight, he will have been there twenty years—seven years less than the formidable Gatti-Casazza. Looking back on his career thus far, Bing thinks that his biggest single achievement at the Met has been not an operatic production but the removal of the color bar. In 1951, for the opening night of his second season as manager, he insisted on giving the Negro dancer Janet Collins an important part in the ballet of his first "Aïda" production. The board of directors was something less than unanimous in its support. Years later, when the company performed in Atlanta with Leontyne Price and the customary party at a local club was cancelled without explanation, Bing gave a party of his own and pointedly introduced her to some of the pillars of local society. He is also proud of having introduced a pension plan at the Met. Although he admits that he has sometimes found it necessary to be brutal in what he has characterized as "basically a brutal profession," he says that when, on occasion, he used to have to fire members of the staff or of the chorus after forty years of service and was unable to offer them even severance pay, he felt as if he were signing a death warrant. The new pension plan, which was put into effect in 1961, provides retirement income for people who have been working at the Met for five years or more. Bing hopes that in some measure it will also serve to help make it possible for an aging singer to retire at a time when audiences can say, "Too bad he's no longer around," instead of "Thank God he's gone!"

"No one wants to step down," Bing



The espresso machine.

You already own one.

It looks like the common, ordinary, kitchen variety coffee pot, doesn't it?

It does, and that's what it is.

When you brew common, ordinary, kitchen variety coffee in it.

But:

put Medaglia d'Oro coffee in it, and you have an espresso machine.

As Italian as a great big steam machine or that little espresso pot, the *macchinetta*.

You see, Medaglia d'Oro is espresso coffee.

The beans are roasted longer than the beans for ordinary coffee.

That—and the kind of beans we use—gives Medaglia d'Oro its good, rich, Italian flavor.

Gives you good, rich espresso.

And what Medaglia d'Oro does in a plain old percolator or drip-type pot, it also does in a fancy-type pot.

Like an electric percolator. A

Silex, Pyrex, Chemex, any ex.

Because Medaglia d'Oro is an *all-purpose* grind which you brew like ordinary coffee.

Serve it steaming hot in demitasse cups, with sugar and a twist of lemon peel. *Delizioso*.

Well, what are you waiting for? You already have the espresso machine.

Medaglia d'Oro

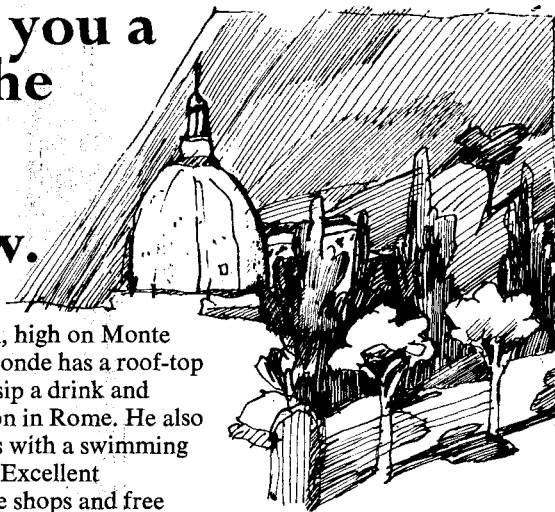


In Rome, the Cavalieri Hilton will give you a view of the city that Caesar never saw.

At the Cavalieri Hilton, high on Monte Mario, manager Olaf Bonde has a roof-top terrace where you can sip a drink and watch the lights come on in Rome. He also has landscaped gardens with a swimming pool and tennis courts. Excellent restaurants, fashionable shops and free private bus service to the heart of Rome, minutes away. For reservations, call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

CAVALIERI HILTON

Go international —
with all the comforts of Hilton



DOUBLE- BREASTED STRIPES



MEN OF TASTE WEAR IT—OTHER MEN ADMIRE IT



WITTY BROTHERS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

said some days ago. "I myself don't ever want to step down and get out of this crazy, exciting, and lovely business of producing opera." He was sitting in the darkened auditorium at Lincoln Center, watching a rehearsal of "Antony and Cleopatra" with what appeared to be a mixture of pride and gloom. Onstage, dancers and singers in gauzy costumes and beaded wigs moved warily through gold-and-orange scenery; in the auditorium, assistants rushed up and down the aisles bearing messages—most of them bad news of one sort or another. Bing was pale and tired at the end of what had obviously been a trying day, but he handled each problem that was brought to him with patience, European formality, and an occasional gleam of humor. Aside from "Antony and Cleopatra," Bing has scheduled eight other entirely new productions for the Met's first season at Lincoln Center. "No opera company in the world has ever tried to give so many huge new productions just when it is opening a new house," he said. "There is no doubt that these productions strain even the resources of this phenomenal new building. But I believe that the resources and strengths of our staff, even though strained to the breaking point, will see us through. Very few of us in the last months haven't worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, and we're still behind schedule. You must remember that this is a totally new house with totally new equipment. Our turntable cannot be used at all for the opening, and it cannot even be repaired until we get several big productions out of the way—probably not until after Christmas. The lighting bridge hangs out of plumb and must be fixed immediately. The dancers in yesterday's 'Gioconda' rehearsal had to make their entrance in the dark because the lights could not be positioned to catch them. But it's only normal that ninety-nine things should go wrong." Bing smiled a fragile smile. "In opera, one learns to face disasters when they arrive. Never anticipate them. At any rate, today I can simply *hope* that it will be a glorious and memorable season. And I can hope that I will survive it."

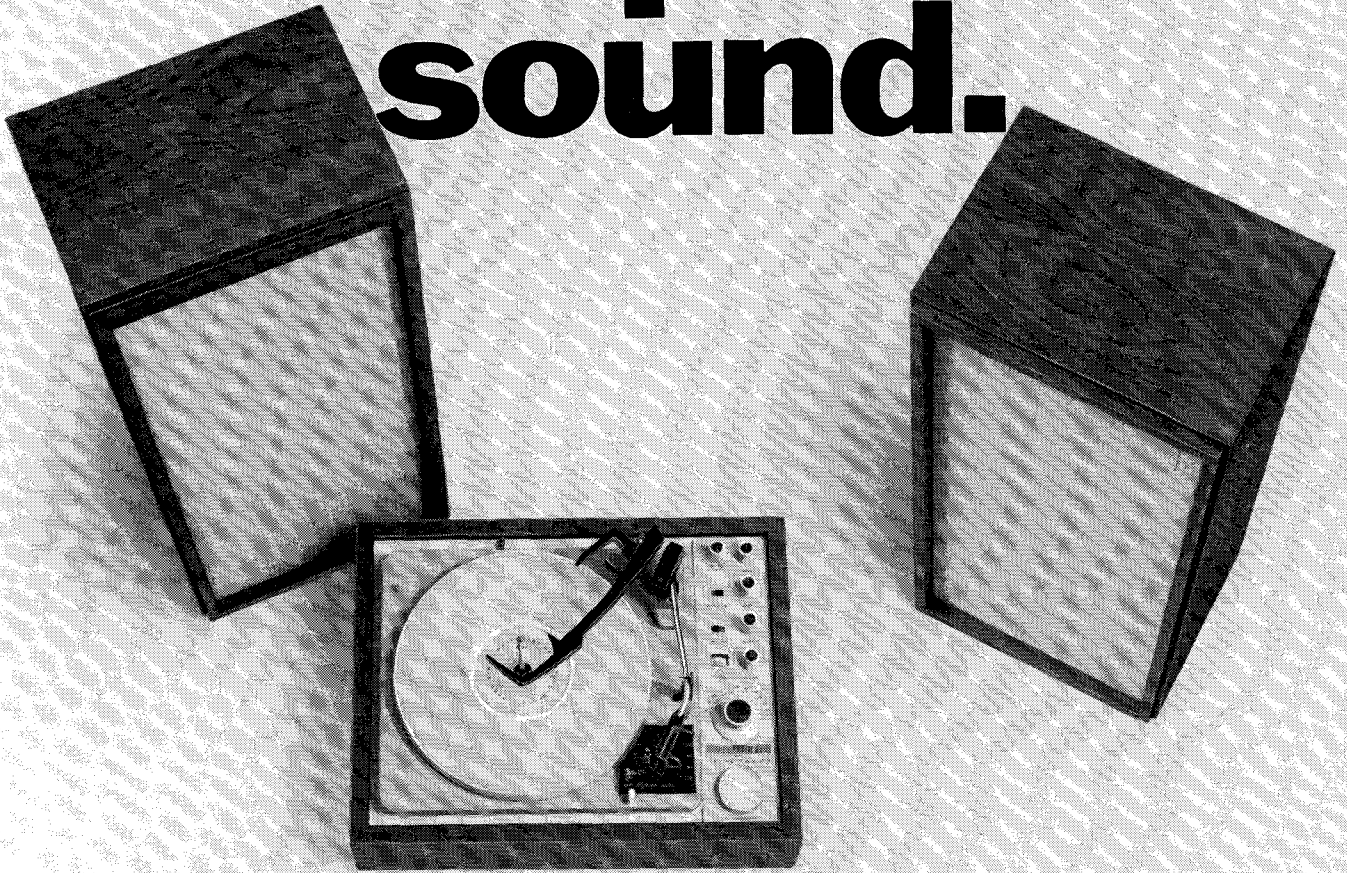
—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "Fellow Passenger," by Geoffrey Household, 1955]

The half-inch of stiff hair on my head gave me the villainous appearance of a Prussian officer or a North American adolescent.

The new shape of sound.



The KLH* Model Twenty represents a radically different way to bring sound into your living room. Instead of the big boxy console, or the clutter of individual components, the Model Twenty's three-piece design offers a sensible and flexible way to reproduce sound.

The Model Twenty fits easily and gracefully into a room already filled with the furnishings of modern living. It doesn't take up the better part of a wall or crowd a comfortable chair into an uncomfortable corner. And no matter how you choose to arrange the Model Twenty's three pieces, it will produce more effective stereo than the conventional console.

The center control section, which contains all the system's operating features, can be placed wherever it is most

convenient. (Metal legs that attach easily to the center section are provided so that, if you wish, you can put the controls next to a favorite chair.) The speakers go wherever they sound and look best.

The Model Twenty's control section contains an automatic turntable (made for KLH by Garrard), a sensitive, drift-free FM stereo tuner, and a 40 watt (100 watts peak) stereo amplifier.

The speakers are KLH's remarkable two-way acoustic-suspension systems, which can faithfully reproduce the frequency and dynamic range of a symphony orchestra.

The Model Twenty uses solid-state electronics throughout. (All electronics, as well as the loudspeakers, are built entirely in the KLH plant.)

KLH created the three-piece stereo music system because we believe it offers the most sensible way to bring high-performance music reproduction into most homes.

The Model Twenty is our most advanced statement of the three-piece concept. It has changed the shape of music in the home.

We commend it to your critical attention.

For further information write: KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. SI-1.

Model Twenty. Suggested Retail Price, \$399.95



*A trademark of KLH Research and Development Corp.



OFF BROADWAY

THE Off Broadway season opened last week with a program of three delightful one-act plays by Thornton Wilder, representing the first installment of a Festival of American Plays at the Cherry Lane, which is, or deserves to be, a lucky theatre. The plays are "The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." All were written in or before 1931, and in all of them one can see the seeds of much that Mr. Wilder developed later in his three glorious full-length plays—"Our Town," "The Skin of Our Teeth," and "The Matchmaker." These one-acters—particularly the first and the last—are experimental in content and design, and still seem to be after thirty-five years. One concept that seems downright revolutionary today is that an examination of the happiness existing between husbands and wives or between parents and children can yield as many truths as

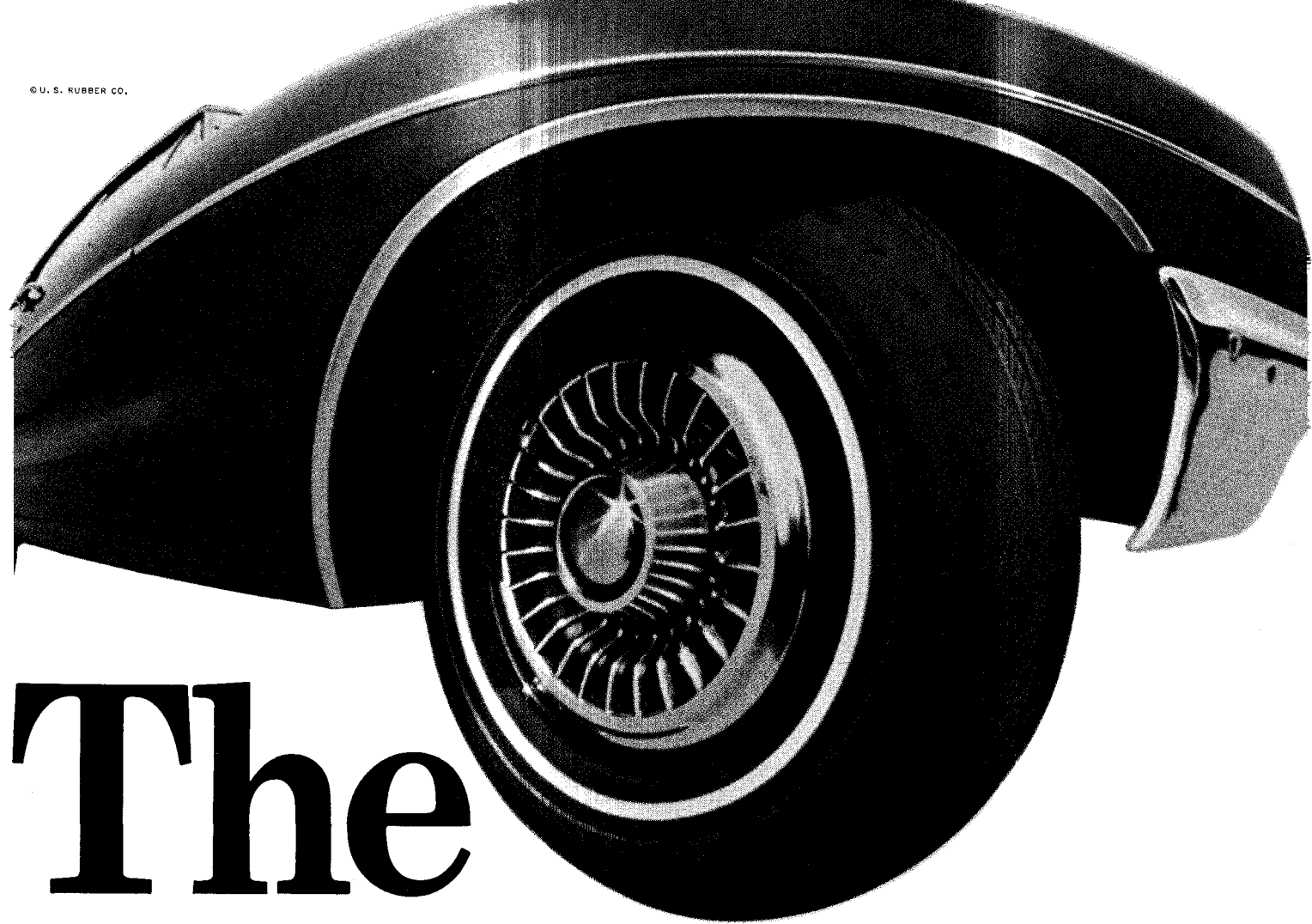
an examination of domestic misery. Mr. Wilder's kindness to his women characters is especially notable. Someday, say fifty years from now, it might be interesting to see a comparison of his plays with Edward Albee's scorching, witty, and equally valid examinations of domestic hell in "The American Dream" and "Virginia Woolf." Mr. Wilder's people and the lines they speak are so simple and uncluttered that it is easy to be fooled into thinking that he is sentimental or folksy, when actually he is our most sophisticated dramatist (as well as our best, I think). His plays consequently demand perfection in performance. The company at the Cherry Lane, under Michael Kahn's direction, does only pretty well. It does include a number of actors—John Beal, Leora Dana, Bette Henritze, Paula Trueman, and Susan Towers among them—who are several cuts in quality and/or experience above the players we usually see Off Broadway.

The action of "The Long Christmas Dinner" takes place at a large table with an arrangement of poinsettias at its center and a platter with a turkey on it at its head. The characters are members of a family named Bayard, who sit around the table eating Christmas dinner, using invisible knives and forks and plates. During the forty minutes or so of the play, ninety years go by. Men and women slowly leave the table and walk off, stage right, into death; a spinster cousin (charmingly played by Miss Henritze) starts to walk off but totters back when she is told that she is needed to nurse someone; from time to time invisible babies are wheeled in from stage left in a visible bassinet; a mother who has suddenly become a widowed mother-in-law moves from the foot to the side of the table; a young man leaves to be killed in the First World War; an unmarried woman leaves because she cannot stand "the feeling about this house of the years grinding away." Time is a healer for some, who become gentle or tentative, and an exacerbation for others, who become pompous or bitter. Phrases and sentences are repeated from generation to generation. The words everyone speaks are plain—almost but not quite matter-of-fact, and never "poetic"—yet the play itself is a poem and a celebration of considerably more than Christmas.

"Queens of France" (new to me) is set in a lawyer's office in New Orleans in 1896. Its characters are the lawyer (Mr. Beal), who is a sneaky document-rattler posing as an official of a historical society, and three women of assorted ages whom he has convinced that they are legitimate descendants of the lost Dauphin and whom he has persuaded to finance whatever genealogical research is needed to seat them on the French throne, plus a loose and lovely young woman (Marian Hailley) who is apparently without the requisite snobbery to be trapped. The play, in its spicy mixture of merriment, chicanery, and money, hints of "The Matchmaker" to come, and I think I even heard hints



"What's it to you which one gets there first?"



The \$75 Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

Sure, \$75 is a lot of money for our Royal Master size 8.25-14 tire.

And that's with your old tire, no less.

Some people don't spend that much for a whole set of tires.

But is saving money the first thing you should think of when you buy a tire? Or would you rather know you've got something special on your wheels when you hit a pot-hole at 70 m.p.h.

Or sweep around a rain-slicked curve.

Or pick up a nail at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Still and all, \$75 is a lot of money for a tire.

And maybe you're wondering how much better the new Royal Master could possibly be that we're asking so much for it.

Well, to begin with, it's built with more hand labor than you would ever think anybody puts into a tire.

Hand labor performed by men who've been building tires for an average of 19 years.

It's got a brute of a carcass that's so strong, you can practically forget about blowouts.

It's got a special red liner that grips any sharp object you pick up and helps to block off the air leakage.

And it's got two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe wet, slippery roads dry.

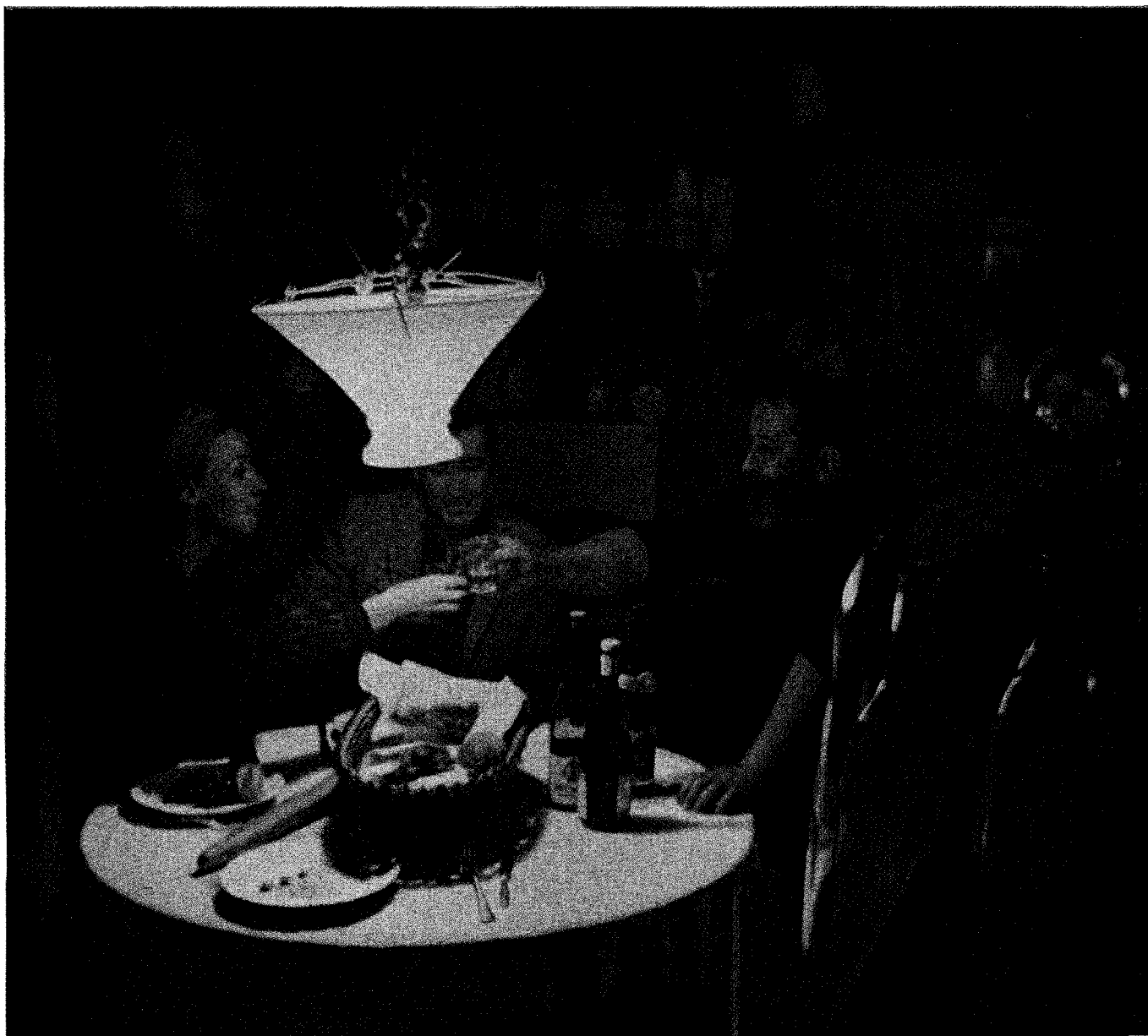
So when you look at the Royal Master and wonder whether it pays for you to buy such an expensive tire, just remember this.

Money doesn't do you any good if you're not around to spend it.

Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

THE NEW U. S. ROYAL MASTER

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER



Paris is a place for memories

and Air France helps make them wonderful.

Paris is a magic place where lovely moments seem to abound. Put enough of these pleasant experiences together and chances are you'll have something fine, worth remembering.

Our contribution to your next trip to Paris is to take you there properly prepared for the host of rich experiences that lie in store. Authentic French cuisine, gracious service, and our new "Festival in the Sky" inflight entertainment help make your trip pleasant. But it's the warmth of Air France hospitality that will make it memorable.

So come home with us to Paris. We fly more miles...to more destinations...than any other airline. See your Travel Agent or call us.



AIR FRANCE FLIES FROM NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, BOSTON, MEXICO CITY, MONTREAL, ANCHORAGE AND SAN JUAN.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

Frank Gallant, New York

of Ruth Gordon in Miss Hailey's appropriately flustered delivery. The performance as a whole seemed kind of tame to me—it could have used a bit more zing and flourish—and there certainly was an odd assortment of Southern accents. Even so, I enjoyed it and laughed quite a lot.

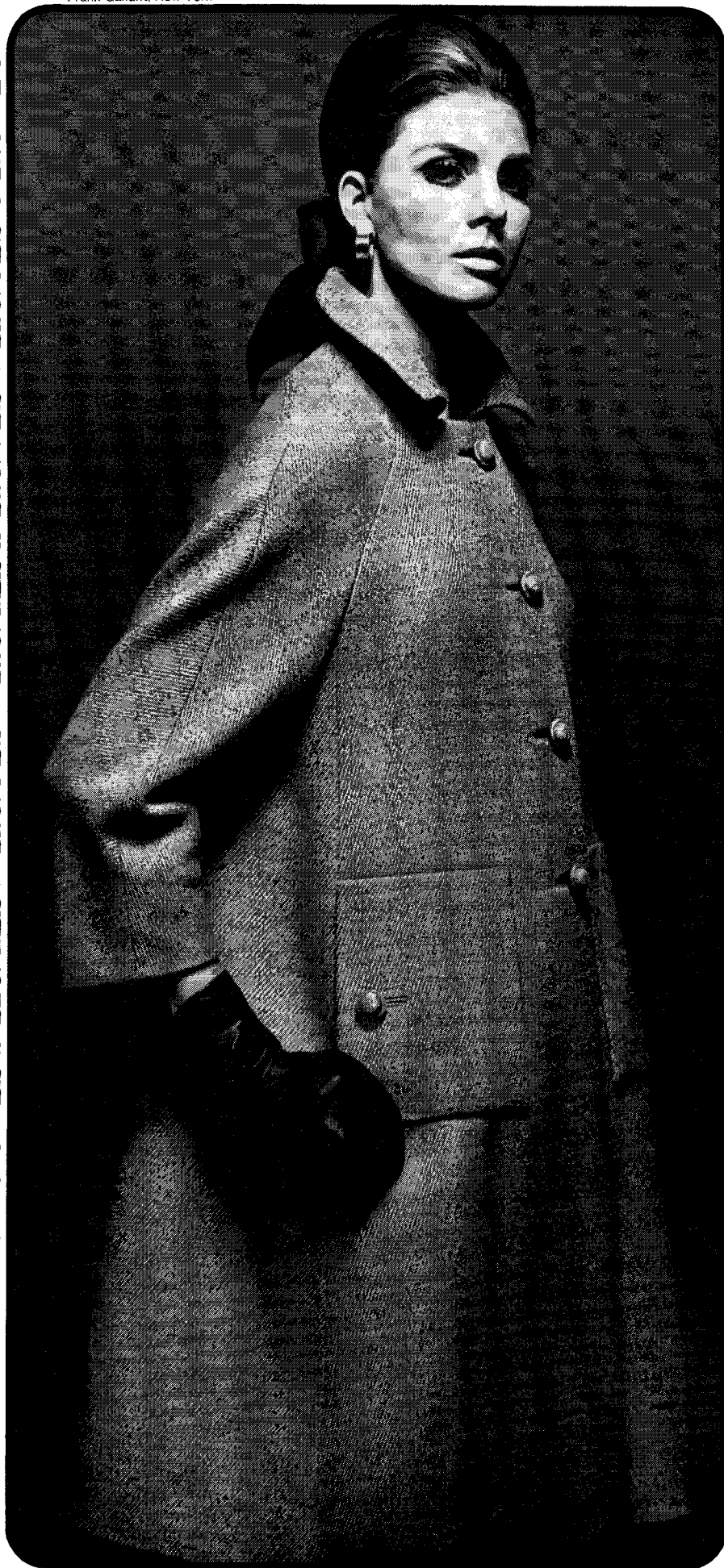
In "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," Mr. Wilder sifts out the riches contained in a single episode that is as ordinary as a family ride in the family car. All that happens, strictly speaking, is that a man who works for a laundry and his wife drive their younger daughter and small son from their house in Newark to Camden to visit their older daughter, who is recovering from the stillbirth of her first child. The stage is bare except for a small platform with four chairs on it, representing the Chevrolet in which most of the action takes place. A stage manager, script in hand, reads or performs any incidental characters that come up. It is the loveliest little play imaginable, charming and funny and serious, and everyone in it does well. John Beal, as the quiet, devoted, deeply feeling father, and Susan Towers, as the engaging younger daughter, are, come to think of it, as near to perfect as makes no matter.

MIME has always seemed to me just a simple fraction of acting which gives itself far too many airs. Claude Kipnis and two assistants (a husband and wife named Robert and Sascha World), who make up the Israeli Mime Theatre, at the de Lys, are no more and no less annoying than any other mimes. In all fairness, it should be said that there were some indications of amusement or appreciation from the audience—presumably from people who are not old enough or lucky enough to have seen Evelyn Varden preparing that imaginary breakfast in the original company of "Our Town," or who have not yet got around to seeing John Beal handle that imaginary wheel and shift those imaginary gears in "The Happy Journey."

—EDITH OLIVER

With his personal background of community service and of academic leadership, President-elect Rapp undoubtedly will develop within his first few months here his own philosophy of direction and program for OCC. Thus far, the young institution has suffered from ineffectual leadership, which it is hoped Dr. Rapp now will provide.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-Standard.*

Well, don't get your hopes up.



The Gallavanter®
unmistakably.. Frank Gallant



History will not keep you warm . . .

But our fine reverse-sheepskin coat will . . . beautifully sueded and immaculately tailored in Glastonbury, the oldest established sheepskin center in the world. Each warm coat took 6 sheep and one skilled craftsman to make.

By Draper, Ltd. For men:
British tan, sizes 38-44
\$165. For ladies:
mushroom, sizes
8-16 \$145.



401 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE
SUMMIT, N.J. 07901

MUSICAL EVENTS

New Team in Town



FOR ballet buffs, Tuesday evening of last week was a great occasion. The Joffrey Ballet, now known, just a bit awkwardly, as the City Center Joffrey Ballet, opened a season at the New

York City Center of Music and Drama. There were two causes for rejoicing: this splendid troupe was performing in what is now its permanent home; New York, as a result, will have a second resident ballet company, and the company comes in second only by a nose. It is, in fact, the character of the troupe, rather than its quality, that sets it off from the older, Balanchine group, which, however, retains its primacy in most matters. The Joffrey Ballet, as I think I remarked last season, is very special. It has, or purports to have, no stars. Its choreography, most of which is done by Gerald Arpino, includes elements drawn from both classical ballet and Martha Graham, not so much mixed as used successively for different purposes. The technique of its dancers in both modes is clean and brilliant; the ballets in its repertoire have no purpose except to enchant and entertain (no cosmic-suffering motifs); and everybody onstage seems to be enjoying himself, and to be conveying his enjoyment to the audience. Furthermore, the troupe has an unusually large contingent of male dancers—a dozen of them—and it gives them a great deal to do besides lifting ballerinas into the air and serving as pedestals.

Though there is that no-star policy, the ballet audience, including me, is beginning to recognize the personalities and special accomplishments of a number of dancers, and to wish to see them again. Among those that I have so far picked out are Margo Sappington, a tall girl with a bright classical technique and a flair for comedy; Lisa Bradley, another technically accomplished artist, with an exquisitely feminine stage presence; Ivy Clear, a comedienne who also does bravura tricks that make you sit up; Richard Gain, the company's strong man, very athletic, very polished, and particularly adept at the techniques of Martha Graham, with whom he studied for some time; Luis Fuente, a prodigious jumper and a man of proud

COME TO CANEEL

*Our
beaches
are really
super-natural*



Like a crescent moon. Pure powdered sugar. So secluded you're often alone. So quiet you can hear a bird call, the sound of surf, the whisper of trade winds in the palms. This is the magic of a Caneel Bay beach. Here you'll enjoy the bewitching natural beauty of St. John combined with the civilized pleasures of a world-famous resort. Tennis, sportfishing, sailing, snorkeling or just beachcombing. Shop for free-port bargains. Explore the Virgin Islands National Park. Visit ancient Danish sugar mill ruins. Stay in magnificent beachfront accommodations, enjoy delicious meals prepared by European chefs.

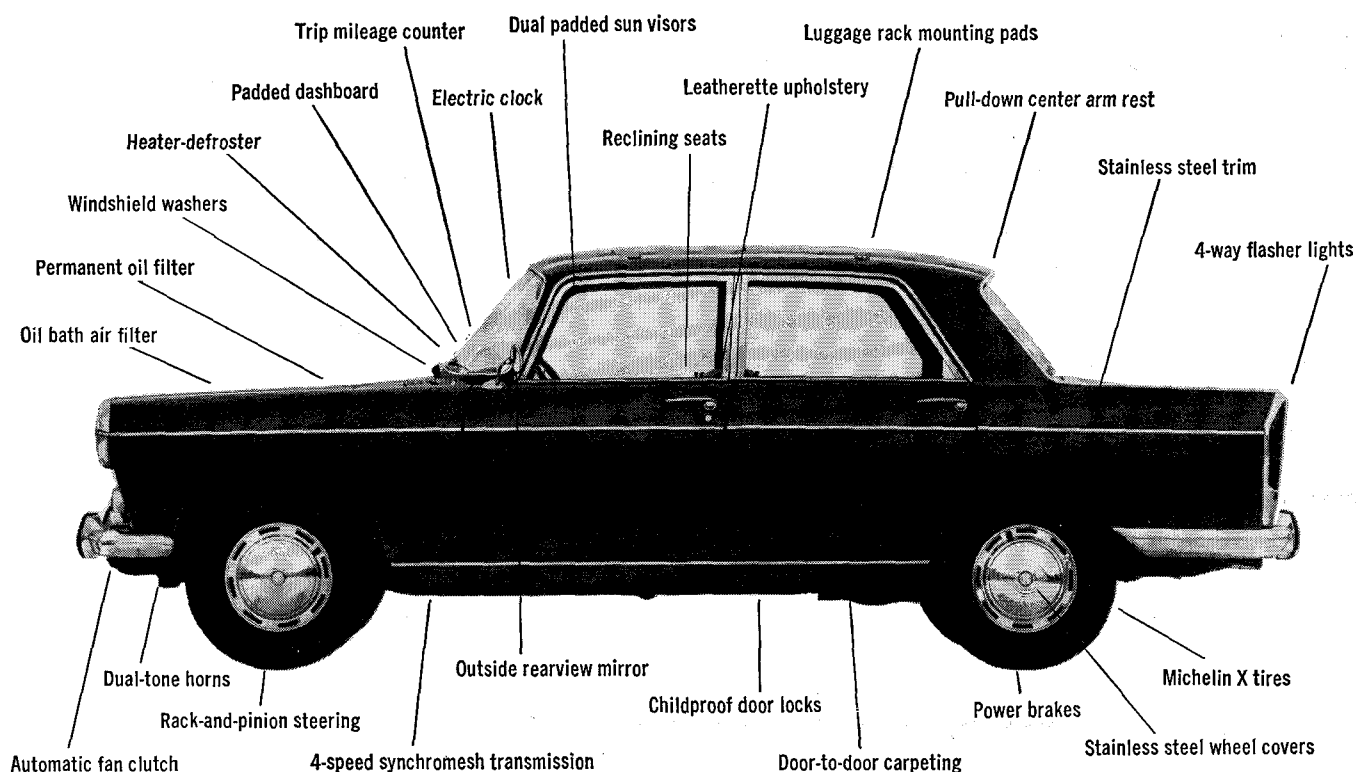
Off-Season Rates from \$17 per person double including all meals, from May to November.

See your travel agent or telephone: *New York*, CI 6-4699; *Chicago*, 922-4139; *Washington, D.C.*, 347-4951; *Dallas*, RI 7-0932.

**CANEEL BAY
PLANTATION**



VIRGIN ISLANDS
NATIONAL PARK
ST. JOHN • U.S.V.I.



**Some people think we have a hole in the head
to offer all these extras for nothing.**

And we have!



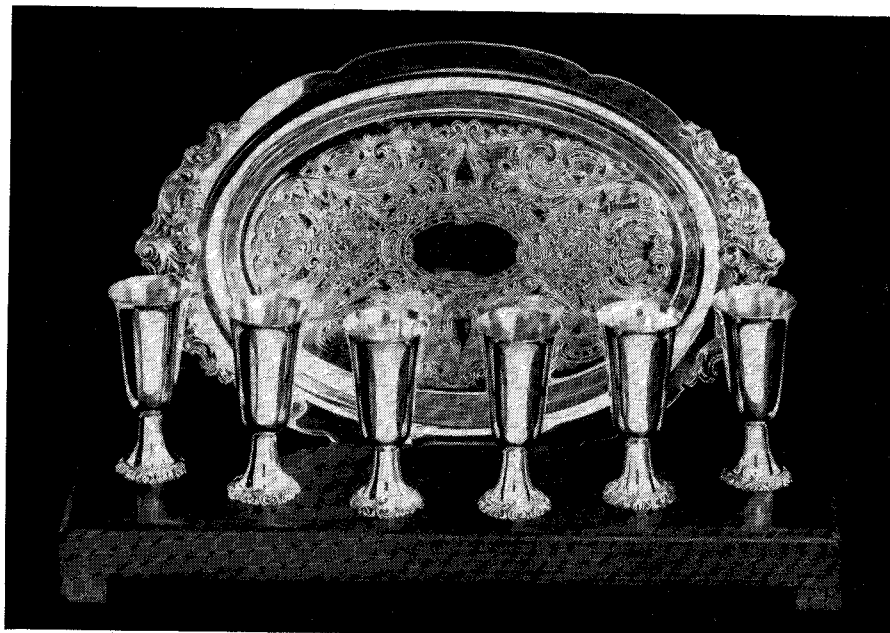
Peugeot's hole-in-the-head solid steel sunroof is just one of the more than two dozen extras that you get at no extra charge. But don't buy Peugeot just because of the free extras. Buy it because Peugeot test drives every car it builds. Buy it because John Bond, Publisher of Road &

Track, considers it one of the seven best made cars in the world. Buy it because it's known as The Indestructible. Buy it because the price is low. In short, buy it.



PEUGEOT
75 Years of Quality

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-25, 97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, N.Y., or see your local dealer.



Only Wallace does it this way.

The Baroque Cordial Set. An extraordinary sparkle in after-dinner conversation. The set of six cordials and tray in Wallace's heavy silverplate with cherry wood stand, \$45. Individual cordials, \$5.75. At fine stores.

Wallace  Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn.

**It takes Hal Holbrook three hours to make up for "Mark Twain Tonight!"
...and a minute to take a BarcaLounge-Break**

Now you try it! It's today's most comfortable way to relax tensions, erase fatigue, get ready to go again. With BarcaLounge's smooth relax-action, you can sit back, recline, read or watch TV—even work. Your chair will move as you move, adjust to your position automatically, effortlessly. The rest is easy!



BARCALOUNGER
The best known and most respected name in reclining chairs

Drama Critic's Circle special citation winner Hal Holbrook in the BarcaLounge Nantucket. About \$239.

Spanish carriage; Robert Blankshine, another prodigious jumper; Nels Jorgensen, a long, slim, elegant performer. And there are many more. These just happen to be the ones I remember most vividly.

The opening-night program turned out to be nearly the same as the one that opened the company's last season, and this fact made me wonder whether the only weakness in this spirited troupe might be smallness of repertoire. But everything was well worth seeing again. "Viva Vivaldi!" the first number, again demonstrated Mr. Arpino's gifts as a choreographer of abstract classical ballet. He has a style of his own, which is quite unlike Balanchine's and yet is authentic, clear, and imaginative. The second number, "Sea Shadow," danced by Miss Bradley and Mr. Gain, was once more a matter of pure magic, with Mr. Gain adhering to a Martha Grahamesque style, while Miss Bradley was *en pointe* almost throughout—a wonderful combination for this slightly off-beat work. The music of this ballet is an impressionistic score by Michael Colgrass, wholly appropriate and quite skillful. When I saw the ballet last year, the music was Ravel's (from one of the piano concerti, I believe). But no sooner had the first New York performance of that season taken place than the Ravel estate, which controls the copyright, forbade the use of this music. Mr. Colgrass stepped into the breach and, by working day and night for a short period, fitting new music to the dance, came up with this substitute score. I can only say that the Ravel music is not missed.

Anna Sokolow's "Opus '65," which followed, struck me last year as a hilarious teen-age spoof, reflecting, with tenderness, the agony and the ecstasy, as well as the indecision and the slightly self-conscious theatricality, of the beatnik mind. I still consider it an inspired ballet, but the performance the other night was not quite up to that of last season. The final ballet of the evening was "Olympics." It is, as you might expect, full of muscular feats. I am not exactly crazy about it, though it puts the male members of the company through a strenuous workout. I might attribute my lack of enthusiasm to a simple distaste for all-male ballet, but I think that the real reason lies deeper. The subject matter of "Olympics," which is athletics, lies so close to what is actually being done onstage that there is little play for illusion.

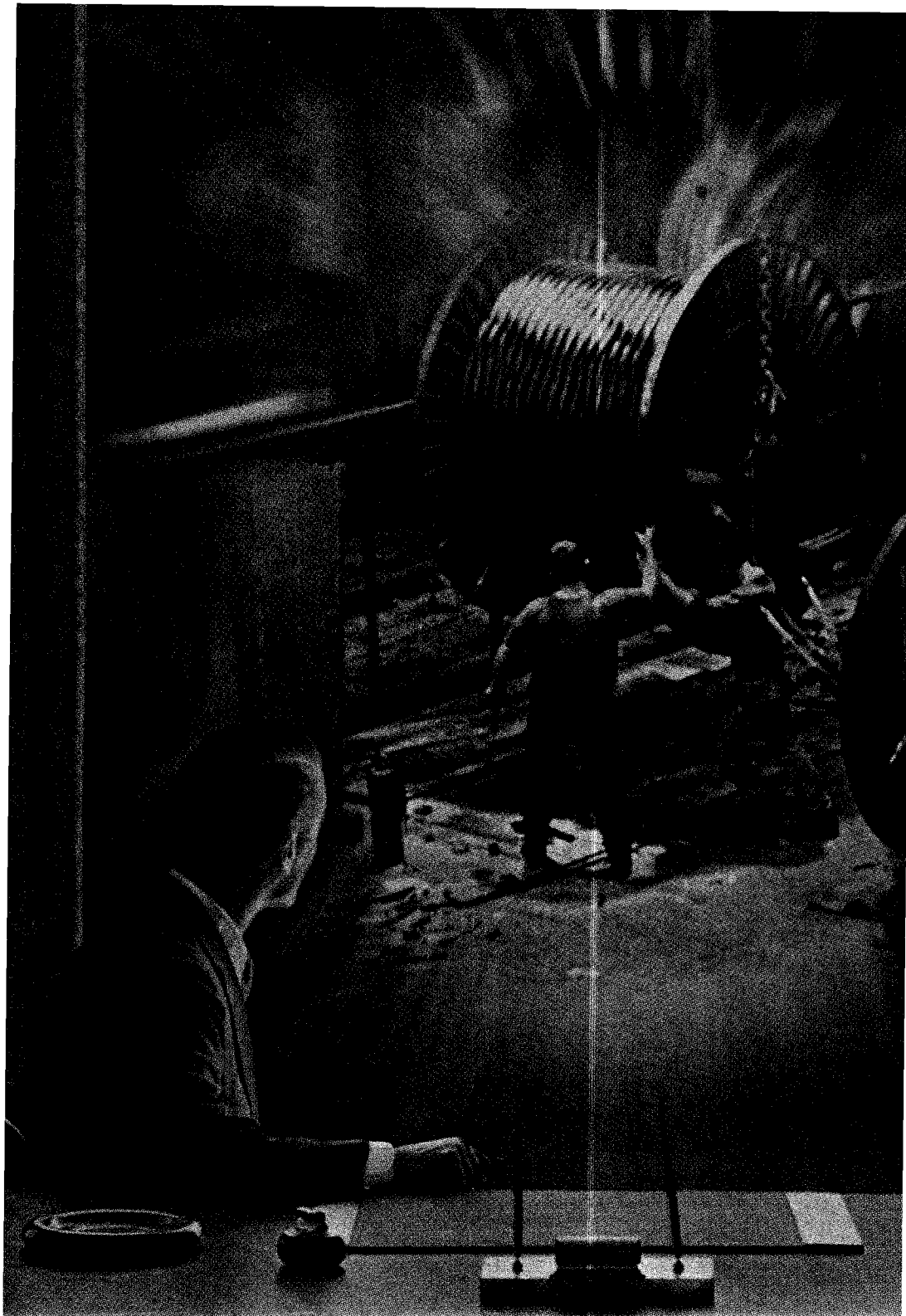
I was able to attend only one other performance by the Joffrey Ballet, and that was last Thursday night, when the



The Norman Hilton Worsted Flannel Suit

"Fayrespun" is a 2-ply worsted flannel woven expressly for Norman Hilton by Garnett and Sons, Ltd., Yorkshire. An unusually fine suiting, light, comfortable, luxurious to touch. It resists wrinkling and is easily maintained. Available only from Norman Hilton in the original naturally proportioned, soft and unpadded construction. At selected men's stores. About \$165.00. For one near you, write: Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019. Or call us at LT 1-1370.





Planning ahead for growth? Get the View from One Wall Street

OneWallStreet, headquarters for Irving Trust, is stone and steel, like other buildings. But the view is unique—and penetrating. Our Corporate Services Division focuses on every aspect of corporate planning, from acquisitions and mergers to long-term financing.

Acquisitions? Recently, we reviewed acquisition interests of a leading heavy-equipment firm. We prepared a study in depth on available companies, arranged introductions with the best prospect, helped establish a bargaining range. Result: a successful merger.

Financial Planning? Last year we discussed debt management, capital budgeting, dividend policy, investor relations and a proposed stock split with a large communications company—one of the many businesses which have come to us for an independent opinion on their long range plans.

Management Personnel? We act as a clearing house for key jobs in banking and industry. Last year we found presidents for four commercial banks and helped fill major posts in the chemical, mining, food and metals industries.

Over 500 corporations and banks turned to the Irving last year for financial counsel—and 300 more for help with acquisitions and mergers.

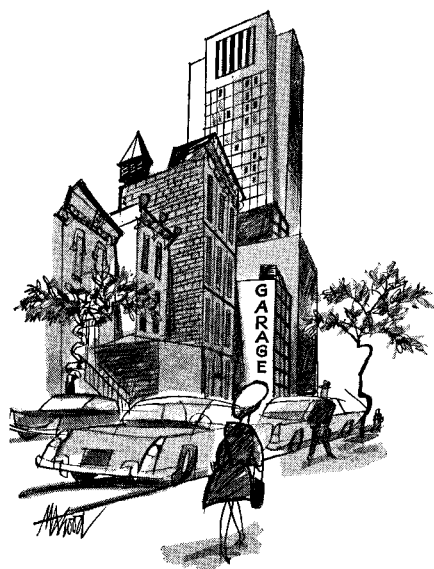
Irving Trust views banking in its broadest terms. Whatever your business problem, call, write or visit—and let us help you find the solution.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

ONE WALL STREET NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

novelty of the evening was Ruthanna Boris's "Cakewalk." This item, which I remember well from its first appearance in the repertory of the New York City Ballet fifteen years ago, is just a natural smash hit, and the audience roared its delight at every turn. I shall not attempt any sombre criticism of its choreography. It belongs to the genre of Massine's "Gaité Parisienne," though its flavor is wholly American. The stage is full of color. The general form is that of a minstrel show translated into choreographic terms. A scene about a dying poet and a bubble dance are among its more ingratiating features. The music, by Hershy Kay, based on tunes by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, is magnificently unpretentious and wholly delightful. Two dancers whom I have not mentioned before—Barbara Remington and Maximiliano Zomosa—had large parts in it, and did them deliciously.

ON Friday night, in Carnegie Hall, before a large audience, the Utah Symphony Orchestra made a New York appearance prior to its forthcoming tour of Europe. We are by now accustomed to fine orchestras from the less populated regions of the country. I should not describe this one as a collection of virtuosos. It is, rather, the kind of orchestra that has been built to achieve a high standard of performance entirely through the methodical efforts of a great conductor. The conductor in question is Maurice Abravanel, a middle-aged Greek of enormous experience and authority. He has drilled his orchestra to the point where it sometimes sounds almost like one of the top symphonic organizations of the country. Its personality is responsive, accurate, and wonderfully disciplined. There is just a suggestion of a Central European or-



In Switzerland, there's always the danger that a machine may lose its job.

To a man.



Switzerland is a contradiction. We use the latest manufacturing methods and equipment. And we're highly automated. Yet we still rely heavily on a very personal kind of quality control. Still depend on our skilled workers and hand craftsmen.

The reason for this is simple. Some things can't be made entirely by machine without losing a little quality. And our main concern is quality—not quantity.

In other words, we Swiss just won't be rushed into anything. Which means we make it tough on high-speed machines. However, quite frequently we decide that a machine may be able to do a job—or part of a job—better than a man.

So we set up a test to check out the machine. Not a test of speed. Just of ability. If the machine can do the work better than the man, we go ahead and re-arrange our manufacturing procedures. If not—there's no problem. We still have the man.

The Swiss concern for excellence isn't something new. It's a centuries-old tradition. A tradition carried on by modern Swiss industry. So when you buy something with the words "Made in Switzerland" on it, you can be sure of one thing—it's the finest product of its kind made by man. Or machine.

The Swiss Industries Group

Chocolat Tobler American Corporation • Swissair • Swiss Bank Corporation • Swiss National Tourist Office • Switzerland Cheese Association • The Watchmakers of Switzerland Information Center





FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH

(and those who would like to be)

THE CATERPILLAR AND HER COMPLEX

Leaving the office of her psychiatrist, a confused Caterpillar met a friend just outside. "Are you going or coming?" asked the friend. "If I knew that," said the Caterpillar, "I wouldn't be here."

MORAL: Peace of mind usually accompanies those who know where they're going . . .

Ever wonder, for example, what you'll be worth in 1976? The answer is largely up to you. If you've decided on a realistic financial goal our 20-page booklet "BUILDING A 2ND INCOME" may help you reach it. This fact-packed little guide to sound investing in common stocks is full of information that could lead to your future financial independence and peace of mind.

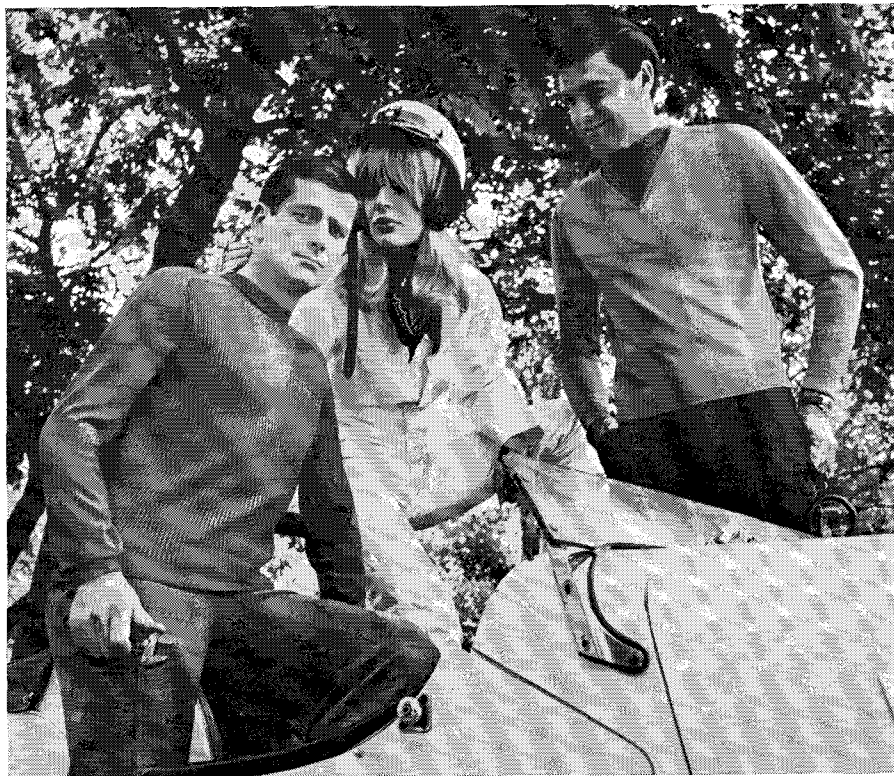
A copy is yours at our nearest office. Or write:



FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.

DEPARTMENT C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 • TEL.: 344-2000

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES • OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND ABROAD.



the **Trend** is to fast company in Ban-Lon® mock turtles

The "fast-set" sports Trend's new look . . . Mock-turtle Ban-Lon® knit shirts in our exclusive silk-textured "Trenceta"™ and lustrous 100% Antron® nylon. Full fashioned fit in a sumptuous array of luxurious colorings. No wonder the Trend is to Trend Fashions, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Trend
fashions
by Huntley of York

chestra about it, in that nothing stands out particularly, the effect being one of carefully coordinated ensemble. The program was one to daunt any but the most accomplished of orchestras, and, owing to Mr. Abravanel's mastery of his craft, it was performed with considerable brilliance and subtlety. It started off with Leonard Bernstein's "Candide" Overture—always a pleasant, lively item—and continued with the taxing Symphony No. 6 of Vaughan Williams. This great, grim work has had more elastic and more subtly shaded performances hereabouts, but it was obvious that Mr. Abravanel's conception of it was masterly, and the orchestra responded to his untheatrical and all-controlling beat with everything it had, producing an eminently respectable reading of the work.

After the intermission, Grant Johannesen, Utah's own pianist, and one who stands among the truly distinguished masters of his instrument, appeared as soloist in Prokofieff's Third Piano Concerto. The performance was one of great brilliance, with all of Prokofieff's difficult fingerwork clearly and incisively set forth, and with an added touch of devil-may-care bravura. The evening closed with Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite, which, as everybody knows, is a lovely work, and it was done with polish and spirit.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

Shannon dealt to some extent with the advantages of feedback. He gave as a quaint example a case where two people are conversing in a noisy room such as might occur at a cocktail party. He pointed out that the ability of a listener to say simply "what" when he does not understand a speaker contributed greatly to the reliability with which the speaker transmitted information to the listener. If the listener could not say "what," a very elaborate procedure would be required to assure the speaker that he was being understood by the listener.—*Army Research Office-Durham Bulletin*.

What?

BOOK REVIEWS WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

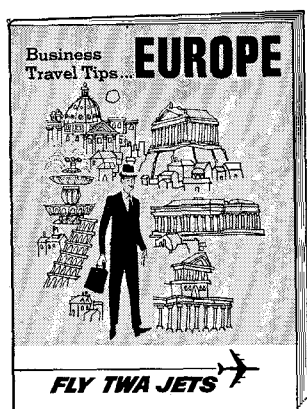
[From *Muhammad Speaks*]

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA, by Richard Hughes. Publisher: Signet, 60 cents.

Since the defection of Fidel Castro to the Communist camp, Jamaica is very much in the news. American tourists are flocking there to spend winter vacations. The Caribbean island is the site of a recently-opened Playboy Club. It seemed inevitable that sooner or later a fictional tale would be printed with Jamaica as a background. This one is about 19th century pirates.

Got a question about business in Europe?

**Get 232 pages
of answers.
Free from TWA.**



Mail the coupon and Europe's business centers are an open book: Business Travel Tips... Europe.

We've packed it with everything from economic trends to headwaiters' names. You'll learn where to rent a car, a meeting room, secretarial service. About loans, banking hours and legal holidays. The best places to stay, eat, relax. You'll be briefed on MarketAir, TWA's plan to help you increase sales overseas. You'll get maps of major cities, currency conversion charts. TWA even forecasts weather! It's a pocket-sized book with king-size information.

TWA flies to all these major cities: London, Paris, Rome, Milan, Shannon, Zurich, Geneva, Lisbon, Madrid, Frankfurt, Athens. We know Europe. And we've put everything we know in the book. Send for it!

New! TWA Worldwide Jet Credit! Lets you charge a business trip on all major airlines in the world. Your card is free, and it's good for personal travel, too. We'll send you details and an application with our Travel Tips booklet.

TWA, Inc., Dept. 655, P.O. Box 25
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017

Please rush my free copy of "Business Travel Tips... Europe."

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on



Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Telephone _____

Gurney's Inn

"Open all year"

relaxing are the rituals of the day. Your own ocean-front cottages with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio and living room. Let the staff of Gurney's Inn pamper your every whim—a true hostelry dedicated to dignified leisure not only for tribal chiefs but for all discriminating persons. So pack your moccasins, bring your beads and trade in on the pleasures of Gurney's Inn... now open all year 'round. Color brochure and tariff schedule on request. Write Dept. Chief.



If I were a Tribal Chief...

If I were a tribal chief I would surely seek the peace and quiet of the Montauk Peninsula during the golden days of Indian Summer. Days when the Hither Hills become alive with sparkling colors... as the sun in all its majestic splendor rises from the depths of the ocean to inspect its vast domain. And for restless warriors and their squaws... Gurney's Inn... a reservation on the brink o' the beach. Wonderful hours of fishing, riding, golfing, bicycling, or just plain

Gurney's Inn... Ocean front cottages & hostelry on the brink o' the beach at Montauk, L. I. • 516 MO 8-2345 • Keepers of the Inn: Joyce & Nick Monte.

AISLE K

THE Reading-room was his true home; its warmth enwrapped him kindly; the peculiar odour of its atmosphere—at first a cause of headache—grew dear and delightful to him."

When I found this passage in George Gissing's "New Grub Street," I felt a pleasant shock of recognition, the more so as I happened to be sitting in the Reading Room at that very moment. Both Gissing and I are referring, of course, to the Reading Room in the British Museum, in London. For a moment, I felt such kinship with the author that, though he has long been dead, I looked around half expecting to find him sitting at one of the desks in my aisle—K. I always sit in Aisle K unless it's full when I arrive. It is no use asking me why I prefer it. I don't know, because there is absolutely no difference between Aisles J and K, and any other; they all radiate like spokes from the hub, a circular counter in the center of the great circular room, surmounted by a dome inset with grimy glass. Aisle K is where I sat on my first day in the Reading Room, long ago, and I make tracks for it every morning that I go in. I went there to begin with because I had been hired to look up local color for an overworked American writer of historical romances, and, once there, immediately became, and have remained, a regular reader. We are a peculiar lot, but—with some few exceptions, such as Karl Marx—we are harmless. Though I am not sure which aisle Marx preferred, I do know that he kept going to the same chair.

We are unobservant, too. Though I've been frequenting the Reading Room for thirty years, off and on, I recognize very few of the others, and few of them recognize me. We are too busy with our own books and thoughts to waste time frivolously summing up our neighbors. Only when a man has an *outré* beard or wears really odd clothing do I mark him in my mind and know him when I see him again. I mean, of course, when I see him in the Reading Room. Other contingencies do not arise. Though I do occasionally encounter in the Reading Room somebody from the world outside—my husband, or a friend from an out-of-town university—I have never

met genuine, dyed-in-the-wool readers in shops or at theatres or restaurants, or anywhere at all but at the Museum, where they belong. Once, I bumped into a Museum guard in an Underground station—the man who usually stands at the Reading Room door in a little sentry box. In the station, he was in mufti, and though he tipped his hat politely, I didn't recognize him at first without his blue coat and peaked cap. This was disconcerting. After all, *he* knows *me*, no matter what I'm wearing, and, what's more, he always lets me go in without asking to see my ticket, which I appreciate, life being enhanced by such small triumphs. Therefore, I was ashamed of myself for having even seemed to snub him, but that's the way we readers are—absent-minded.

There is only one regular reader whom I would recognize anywhere, even at Harrods or the Zoo—not that she would ever be in either place. For a long time, I didn't speculate about her. A less regular reader—that is to say, a less self-centered person—might sometime have wasted a few minutes wondering where she goes when the Reading Room closes for the night, what aerie furnishes her shelter. But I never had. It took me twenty years to learn that her name is Stuart, and I learned that only because one day I happened to hear an attendant address her.



Yet I saw Miss Stuart the first time I ever went to the Museum. I had stopped at the outer gate to ask where to go to apply for a reader's ticket. As I paused there, she rode past me on a bicycle, through the opening in the great iron railings, and on across the courtyard toward the steps that stretch imposingly

across the building's face. Idly, I watched her set up her bicycle in a rack at one side of them. She had a jaunty manner—a sort of certainty that impressed me, because I was brand-new in England and very timid—but there was more than manner to be noticed about Miss Stuart. On a cold, raw, dark day in January, in an era when women never wore bifurcated clothing for anything but the most drastic activities, she was attired in very short running shorts, a cotton sweater without sleeves, and socks. I gawked as I went after her, but by the time I had followed her to the top of the steps and into the

What a catch!
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth
for cocktails that purr.
Sweet for captivating Manhattans.
Extra Dry for prize Martinis.
Try it in your own cage.



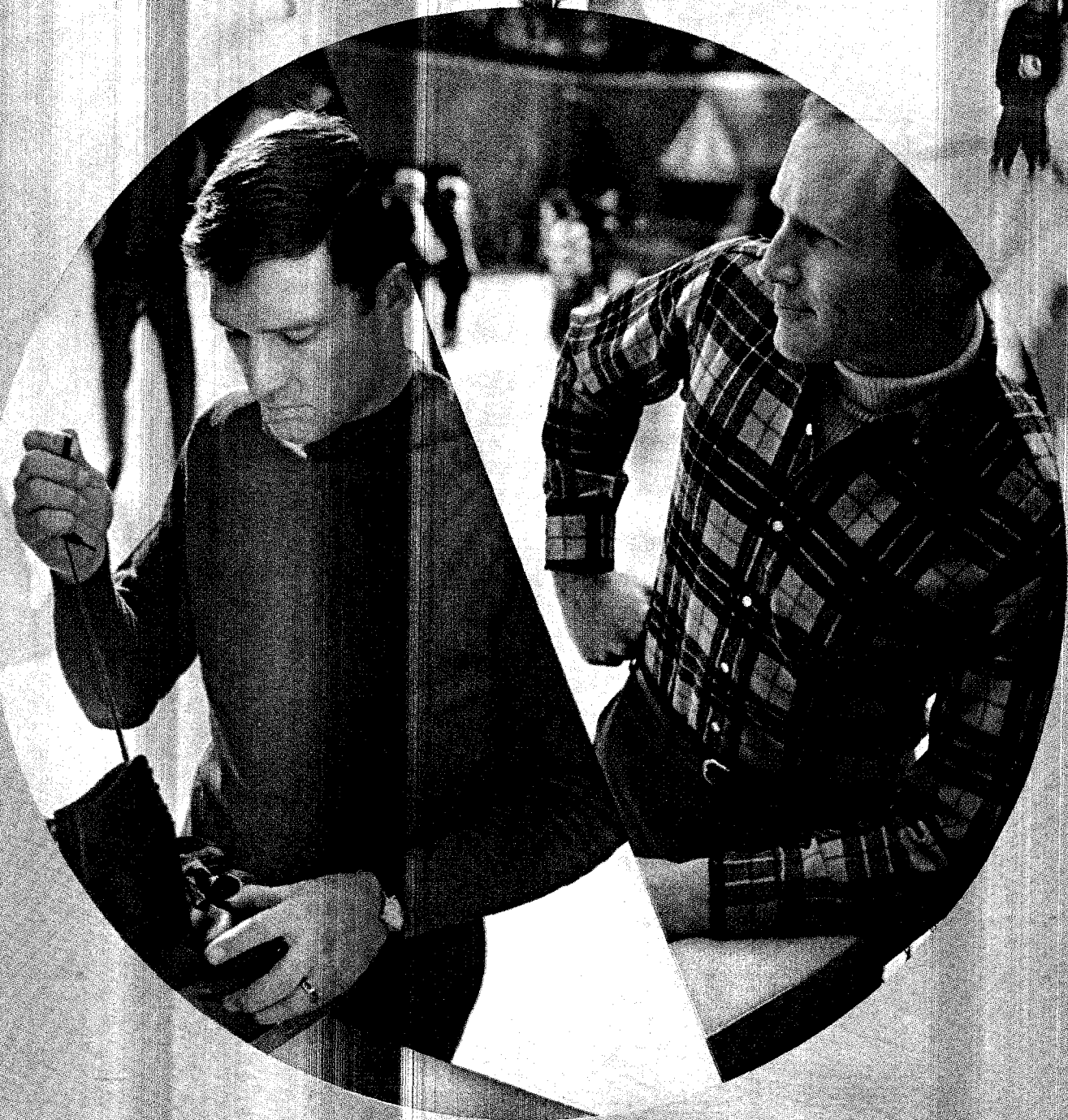
Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED **MARTINI** VERMOUTH



Wool is the fabric of the good life

Wear the mark of the world's best...

pure virgin wool

MCGREGOR Scotlana co-ordinates warm up the good life: Skaters go sporty in a brave plaid shirt, a warm zephyr-weight knit. Both are 100% virgin wool, 100% machine washable, machine dryable, both bear the wool mark. The wool mark appears only on quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . pure virgin wool. Only wool feels so rich, wears so rewardingly well. Woven shirt in regular or button-down collar styles, 12 plaid color combinations, \$14. London turtle-neck knit shirt comes in 17 solids, \$15. The Wool Bureau Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017



building she had vanished. I went into the office I had been directed to, and forgot all about her in the perplexity of filling in the required form. I learned that before I could get a ticket I must be vouched for by three individuals—a property owner, a bank manager, and a clergyman. It seemed too difficult to contemplate. I was near giving up the whole idea of England and retiring to New York in disgrace. It wasn't as if I had ever passionately wanted to be there, I reminded myself. Where I wanted to be was the Belgian Congo. Naturally, I had welcomed the chance of getting out of Depression America and having my first venture abroad, but now I regretted being so impulsive. I am a chilly type, whose hands and feet remain cold even in the tropics, and I was already half stupefied with the London wintertime damp, the cold, and the dark. It was impossible to feel the emotions I knew I should be experiencing. I saw no magic in London and possessed no mysterious conviction that I had been there before. The streets did not make me think of Dickens; they were just streets. The traffic reminded me more of Brooklyn than of anywhere else. People in dirty raincoats stumped along pavements that were apparently coated with machine oil, and I could not blame them for looking as bad-tempered as they did. Henry James, I decided, must have been out of his mind.

But a trouble that went deeper than chilblains or sniffles was that I was an American and thus an object of curiosity. It may sound strange nowadays, but the fact is that at that time a lot of Londoners had never seen an American or heard American speech until they saw and heard me. Though they didn't seem particularly pleased with the experience now that it was theirs, they were curious in a dour way, and whenever I spoke in a public place, on no matter how banal a subject—asking my way, buying a newspaper—people within hearing distance would fall silent and stare at me. They were familiar with other accents, such as German or French or Scandinavian, but American was something new, and they didn't hold with it. It was weak of me to mind, but I couldn't help it. I wasn't used to being abroad and I minded awfully. So it was actually an effort to leave my lodging house in the mornings and face the city.

I felt better, though, after I had cleared the hurdle of the application form and become a reader. I did so with the help of my landlady; a property owner herself, she was good

Big Cruise Choice

Cunard cruises can spirit you away for a few days or a few months of restful, zestful, far-flung adventure in the most intriguing places on the globe. And Cunard fills every memorable moment with freewheeling fun, fantastic food, and impeccable *British* service...all in the *bargain*. Stop dreaming. Start doing. Make your choice. Mail the coupon. Today!

Around the World Cruise from New York (or Florida)

Jan. 26, 1967 (Jan. 29, from Ft. Lauderdale) *Caronia*, 95 days, \$2,895 up.

Indian Summer Cruise from New York

Oct. 28, 1966 *Queen Elizabeth* (Bermuda, Southern Europe, Africa, West Indies) 25 days, \$780 up.

Mediterranean Cruises from New York

Sept. 29, 1966 *Caronia*, 61 days, \$1,175 up.

Feb. 21, 1967 *Queen Elizabeth*, 37 days, \$1,350 up.

May 5, 1967 *Caronia*, 41 days, \$1,175 up.

Nassau Cruises from New York

Dec. 22, 1966 *Queen Elizabeth*, 5 days, \$160 up. (Christmas Cruise)

Dec. 28, 1966 *Queen Elizabeth*, 5 days, \$160 up. (New Year's Cruise)

Feb. 17, 1967 *Queen Mary*, 5 days, \$150 up. (Washington's Birthday Cruise)

West Indies Cruises from New York

Dec. 23, 1966 *Franconia*, 10 days, \$275 up.

Jan. 4, 1967 *Queen Elizabeth*, 11 days, \$330 up.

Jan. 17, 1967 *Queen Elizabeth*, 15 days, \$490 up.

Feb. 3, 1967 *Queen Elizabeth*, 15 days, \$490 up.

West Indies Cruises from Florida (Ft. Lauderdale)

Dec. 22, 1966 *Carmania*, 11 days, \$315 up.

Jan. 3, 1967 *Carmania*, 6 days, \$140 up.

Jan. 7, 1967 *Franconia*, 9 days, \$200 up.

Jan. 10, 1967 *Carmania*, 12 days, \$310 up.

Jan. 18, 1967 *Franconia*, 11 days, \$275 up.

Jan. 24, 1967 *Carmania*, 12 days, \$310 up.

Jan. 30, 1967 *Franconia*, 13 days, \$340 up.

Feb. 7, 1967 *Carmania*, 17 days, \$485 up.

Feb. 13, 1967 *Franconia*, 15 days, \$430 up.

Feb. 25, 1967 *Carmania*, 15 days, \$430 up.

Mar. 2, 1967 *Franconia*, 14 days, \$400 up.

Mar. 14, 1967 *Carmania*, 12 days, \$310 up.

Mar. 28, 1967 *Carmania*, 10 days, \$260 up.

Apr. 8, 1967 *Carmania*, 8 days, \$195 up.

Apr. 17, 1967 *Carmania*, 8 days, \$195 up.

Cunard Cruises

All Cunard liners are of British Registry...you'll appreciate the difference.

See your travel agent or Cunard

Cunard Cruises, Dept. NYM, 25 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10004.

Please send free literature on the following Cunard Cruises:

Ship _____

Sailing date (s) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

My travel agent is _____

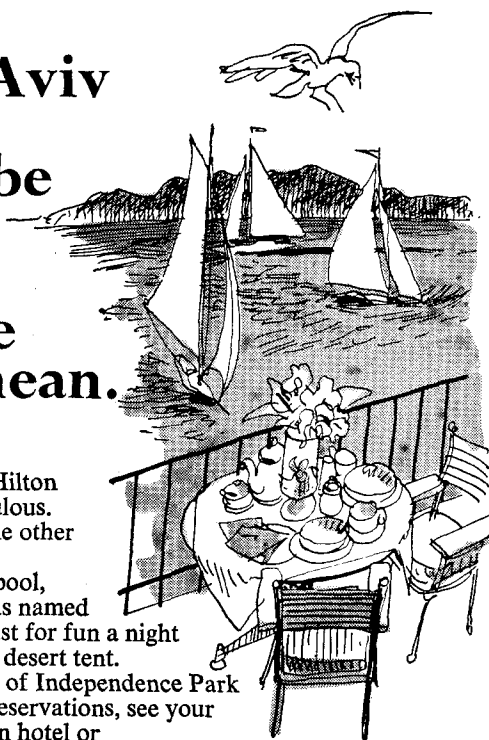
Minimum rates subject to space availability.

At the Tel Aviv Hilton — you won't be able to turn your back on the Mediterranean.

Every room at the Tel Aviv Hilton has a view of it. And it's fabulous. Manager Bob Grant has some other fabulous things for you too. Among them—a glamorous pool, a restaurant so splendid it was named after King Solomon...and just for fun a night club that looks like an exotic desert tent. And it's all set in the gardens of Independence Park in the heart of the city. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

TEL AVIV HILTON

Go international —
with all the comforts of Hilton



enough to supply her own bank manager and clergyman. After that, I was eager to get out of the house and into the Museum, for there, in the Reading Room, I had found peace. There all was for the most part silent, for, after all, it *was* a library. But even when circumstances did compel me to speak, nobody so much as raised an eyebrow. They were sophisticated at the British Museum. Almost every American professor or student who came to London—and there were such, even in those dark ages—went to the Reading Room. There, alone, my accent was nothing new. I suppose this relief marked the beginning of my lifelong fixation. I was the panting fox I have read about who takes refuge from the hounds in a badger's set and gets so emotionally attached to the place that he stays on, moving in on the badger for good. In the Reading Room, I found my set. It *belonged*.

LIFE had a regular pattern. The lodging house, in Torrington Square, was near the back of the Museum. Every morning, I dressed as fast as I could, because the room was cold, and ate breakfast from a tray, huddling close to the shilling-meter gas fire. Then I went out. I always walked fast in the morning, and the sidewalks were always wet. By the time I had rounded the Museum's flanks and reached the pillared portico, the backs of my legs were so splashed with black that they looked like a Dalmatian's. Breathlessly, I crossed the enormous entrance hall. (Everything about the Museum is outsize, as if the officials wanted always to be prepared for giants who might happen to drop in for tea.) Towered over by the roof, dwarfed and intimidated by huge stone gods, I was glad to reach the other side and the door to the Reading Room.

I felt that the Reading Room was cozy, though in general effect it is not unlike the old main hall of the Pennsylvania Station. Inside there was no further need to rush, for I was safe. The peace that descended on me, and still descends, had an even more magical effect. It convinced me that I was warm. This was an illusion. In the old days, everyone but Miss Stuart kept his coat on, and sometimes I was reduced to writing my notes wearing gloves. In those days, my feet were heavy, insentient lumps until I got home in the late afternoon and went to bed. Nevertheless, I felt warm in the Reading Room and was reluctant to go out to lunch, and as lunchtime came I envied the self-confident Miss Stuart, be-

"GOTHAM"

... a distinctive town coat

Natural shoulder. Hand tailored in imported oxford grey melton and worsted herringbones. Exclusive traditional styling for selective tastes. \$85—\$95 & up
Velvet collar available.

FEATURED AT

NEW YORK CITY
Rogers Peet Co. and branches
BOSTON & NEW ENGLAND;
ALBANY, NEW YORK, Kennedys
HARTFORD, G. Fox
ASBURY PARK, The Fair
ST. LOUIS, Boyd's
CLEVELAND, Harry Jacobson

Duncan Peet Co.

1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C.
15 Federal Ct., Boston, Mass.

*M*ade exclusively from the rare Pinot Chardonnay grape grown in California, then bottle-fermented in the traditional French "methode champenoise," this 1959 cuvée is America's most distinguished champagne

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California

There is a certain kind of woman who'd just as soon listen to a banjo as Bach. For this woman there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



A rich floral tapestry of rayon and acetate turns a daytime look toward evening. The A-line skirt is on a camisole. Blue with green, 5 to 15, 35.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

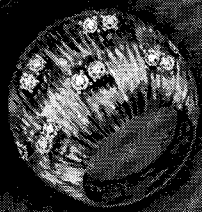
cause she had perfected her own method of saving the trouble of going out. She always brought a bottle of milk with her in the morning, and at noon she emptied it through a straw in the Ladies' Room. It was forbidden to eat or drink in the Ladies' Room, or anywhere else in the Museum, but Miss Stuart ignored the rule. She knew the attendant, and would chatter away with her customary air of owning the place and drink her milk unquestioned.

Fixation or no fixation, illusion of warmth or not, I never went so far as to sit tight when a loud bell told us, at the end of the afternoon, to turn in our books and get out. I was always ready to go by that time. I was tired and had stored up enough reassurance to carry me through until morning. On the way back to Torrington Square, I didn't rush. The world was dark—had been dark since before teatime—and I plodded by instinct through the badly lit streets, between enormous walls and billboards. I might have been that small, featureless figure sketched in an architect's plans to show the scale of the drawing.

ONE evening, I was surprised to realize that my road back was not as dim as usual. There could be no doubt about it—the sun had been late in setting. Until then, I had not grasped the fact that the seasons in England bring noticeable changes, but now that I was alerted I began to check up. Sure enough, in the morning the world was lighter when I set out on my hasty journey. After that, things improved rapidly. The weather remained wet most of the time and my stockings got as spattered as ever, but the added light made a great difference to my spirits. Besides, I knew people; somehow I had gathered acquaintances. Sometimes I went out to dinner. Sometimes I would invite a friend up to have a drink in my room, though I learned that this was not always a good thing, because people didn't seem to admire the lodging house. "You ought to live in a better place than this," said one man sharply, and I was puzzled. What did he mean by better? The room was all right, I told myself. It had a row of hooks on the wall, and a chair and a bed and a little table in the corner where I kept a bottle of Black and White and a bottle of seltzer. Who needed more than that? He laughed at my bottle of Black and White, too, and said, "You Americans!" When I demanded an explanation, he said that English girls didn't drink whiskey, or gin, either. Sherry was what they drank, he said. "And

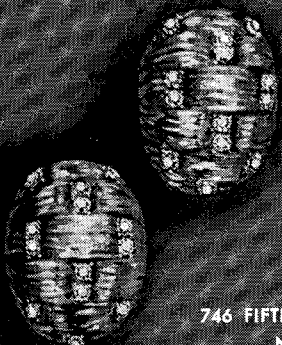
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS *"Paris Jewel Boutique"*

Bold and Beautiful



An exciting new look in this matched ensemble from our latest Boutique collection. Wide bands of smooth 18 kt. gold, ingeniously interwoven with rows of round diamonds. Dome ring, \$650. Matching earclips, \$1,200.

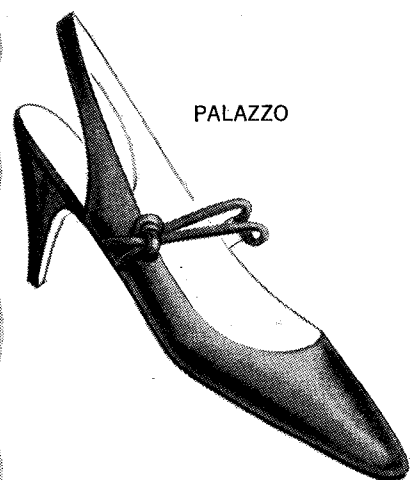
Designs © Actual size.



746 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

shoes create international trends

BALLY



PALAZZO

BALLY

New York: 673 Madison Ave.
Philadelphia: 1733 Walnut St.
Chicago: 909 No. Michigan Ave.
San Francisco: 255 Geary St.

BALLY

shoes create international trends

Somebody loves a loser

The Bell Telephone Hour has been on radio and television for 26 years. In its radio heyday, it had as many as 7 million listeners on some memorable Monday nights.

Since moving into television in 1959, it has been a shaky performer in Nielsen ratings. Last year, we averaged 12 million viewers per show—far below the 33 million average of the top ten network shows.

Despite our anemic ratings, we hang doggedly to the idea that the millions who seek fine music and musicianship on TV are splendid citizens who make a lot of telephone calls, and that The Telephone Hour is a good advertising buy for A.T.&T.

This season, we'll be back again—losing viewers to the Pow! Crunch! Zonk! shows—

with a new musical excursion. Usually, we'll set forth with mike and camera to involve TV viewers at firsthand in some of the excitement of the music world. Visiting places of musical renown. Filming intimate profiles of great artists at work. Documenting major musical events, here and abroad. Bringing back 15 hours of musical experiences. Perhaps not every show will be distinguished. But that's what we'll be trying for.

In the TV ratings race, we may be backing a loser. Whether you're a music buff or not, you may find some excitement in joining our exploration of the world of fine music. Tune in and give it a try.

Premiere program, Sunday, Sept. 25, 6:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC. In color.



Tonight after dinner put out the light



Bisquit Saint Martial the light Cognac

Aged in barrels of flawless oak and carefully blended for a lighter, gentler, more natural taste in Cognac. Savour it neat or with a dash of soda. Really quite a distinctive light taste in Cognac. Bisquit® Saint Martial Cognac.

80 PROOF. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

other wine as well," he added. "Wine's absolutely all right. Why don't you stick to that?"

Spring crept in. The grass in parks and squares, which had bothered me from the beginning by being green in a manner unseasonable, now grew greener and longer. The sunlight, though still watery and uncertain, was enough to plant a hint of restlessness in my winter heart. Suddenly I found my self-imposed hours in the Reading Room too long. I never became abandoned enough to stay away from the Museum in the morning, but sometimes I turned my books in early and went out into the sweet, thawing air. There was no errand to run, no meaning to it; it was only the fox putting his nose out, sniffing the wind, growing cocky.

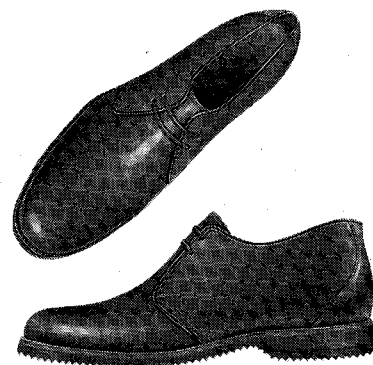
Outside, I just mooned around looking in bookshop windows most of the time, but about once a week I took a bus and went to my new friend, Julia's, photography studio, getting there in time for tea. At that hour, as I had learned, there were always several people at the studio, who came in every day and brought things to help out when they happened to have the money—biscuits, or sugar, or tea itself. I liked to go there because being an American was not a bad thing at Julia's. If anything, it was good. She and her friends had such a dread of being insular that they would have made me welcome even if they had disliked me personally. They didn't dislike me—they teased me, but they didn't dislike me. And so I had another place to relax in, as well as the Reading Room. I seldom missed a week at Julia's, and sometimes we indulged in little extra sprees that were inexpensive—a bus trip to see the gardens at Hampton Court when the tulips were in bloom, or a meal in Soho. I didn't really enjoy long jaunts, though. I felt guilty about neglecting the Reading Room.

When summer was an accomplished fact, a blow fell on me. I finished my job. It seemed unbelievable that this could have happened so quickly, and again and again I checked the list of what I was to have read and looked at the notebooks I had filled. But there was no doubt—I had read everything I was supposed to read, and some extra books as well. Logically, I should have been glad, for there was nothing now to keep me in England; I could pack and go and leave behind the things that had so distressed me—the black-smeared pavements, the foggy air, the unfriendly faces of strangers. Yet the more I thought about it, the less I liked the idea. It had been weeks since I'd

Alden

OF
NEW ENGLAND

*Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884*

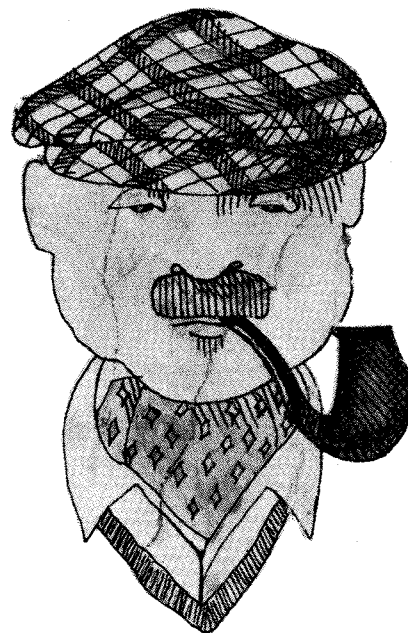


My Guild Choice

Our leisure "country boot" in the softest most luxurious feeling leather obtainable. Fully leather lined. Available at finest shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.

Brockton 64, Mass.



WE KNEW HE WAS A FAKE ENGLISH LORD WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Ankle length...\$1.50 per pair. Garter length...\$1.75 and over-the-calf length...\$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF  KAYSER-ROTH

A good party is tough on a raincoat.

... especially if you arrive early and your raincoat is on the bottom of a pile that's growing bigger by the guest.

Squashing, wrinkling and mashing isn't easy on an ordinary raincoat. But then a Gleneagles isn't ordinary.

When you put our pile-resistant, stain-resistant, mashed collar-resistant Gleneagles in a situation like this, it comes through looking smooth as ever. Since our 65% Dacron®, 35% cotton shell is protected against rain and stain with DuPont ZE PEL® fabric fluoridizer, our raincoats have a built-in ability to ignore parties.

In fact, as far as we know, a Gleneagles is the only party-proof raincoat around.



Gleneagles

At well-informed stores everywhere or write Gleneagles Inc.,
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y.



Dress shown: 71% Acele* acetate,
28% rayon, 1% Antron® nylon.

**Light of the party.
In Acele.®
By Eloise Curtis
for David Styne.**

Holiday radiance: the smashing smock shape with powie patch pockets. Vibrant in woven crepe because the locked-in luminescence of Acele* acetate is in the blend. Orange, gold, plum, green or black. 4-14. About \$55. At Bonwit Teller, New York; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fashions or fabrics;



Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry

noticed the pavements, and somehow people did not seem unfriendly anymore. I had evolved a life that included Miss Stuart and her milk bottle, Julia's tea hour, even the black chimney pots outside my window, and it suited me. I simply could not face leaving the Reading Room. For the first time, I felt sympathy for those permanent undergraduates who are to be found in American universities, taking degrees in one subject after another, frantically looking for new courses until they are tottering around the campus. Indeed, I resolved to behave like them, and look for a subject that would keep me busy a while longer at the British Museum, at least until I came to the end of my money. After considering various possibilities, I selected the Royal Society of London for Promoting Natural Knowledge, an august body that, since it had received its charter from Charles II soon after the Restoration, was sure to have plenty of history. I would have a lot of fun reading about the Royal Society, I told myself, and nobody need know—nobody would care—if I was doing it for a practical purpose or not. I started on it at once.

THERE it is. That's my life, or, at any rate, a large part of it. I can't claim to be the British Museum's most constant reader. I've gone away from time to time, and on occasion have remained absent for protracted periods, but I have always gone back. I decided, after a bit, that absences don't matter a lot in a place like that; the years make little or no difference. When I got back the first time, after two years in the Congo, I felt as if I'd never been away. The familiar benison fell gently on my head as I went into the Reading Room and took my old place in Aisle K. At lunchtime, there was Miss Stuart in the Ladies' Room, dressed in her shorts as always, and I reflected comfortably that the Museum had borrowed timelessness from its own Elgin marbles or from the Egyptian mummies upstairs.

But I had come to this conclusion too soon. A time arrived when I overdid things, and strained the patience of even as permanent a spirit as the Reading Room's, by staying away a full decade. It was 1946 when I returned that time, and I felt a nasty little shock as soon as I set foot in the entrance room. The Museum *had* changed. Dust was everywhere—underfoot and on the cases and in the air. Wooden supports held up the ceiling, and here and there were rough screens barring the public from certain rooms. The Museum had suffered a nearly direct hit from at



PERMA-CASE THE UMBRELLA WITH THE CASE THAT CAN'T GET LOST! WHEN OPENED, THE CASE ROLLS DOWN INTO A DAINTY "POUFF". WHEN CLOSING, YOU ROLL THE POUFF UP . . . AND THERE'S YOUR SLIM FASHION UMBRELLA.
PERMA-CASE/1 - 14 SOLID FASHION COLORS - STYLISH HANDLES
PERMA-CASE/2 - EXCLUSIVE PRINTS @ \$8.00.

at **LORD & TAYLOR**

New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Milburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Washington, Falls Church or write **SCHERTZ UMBRELLAS INC.**, 15 W. 36th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

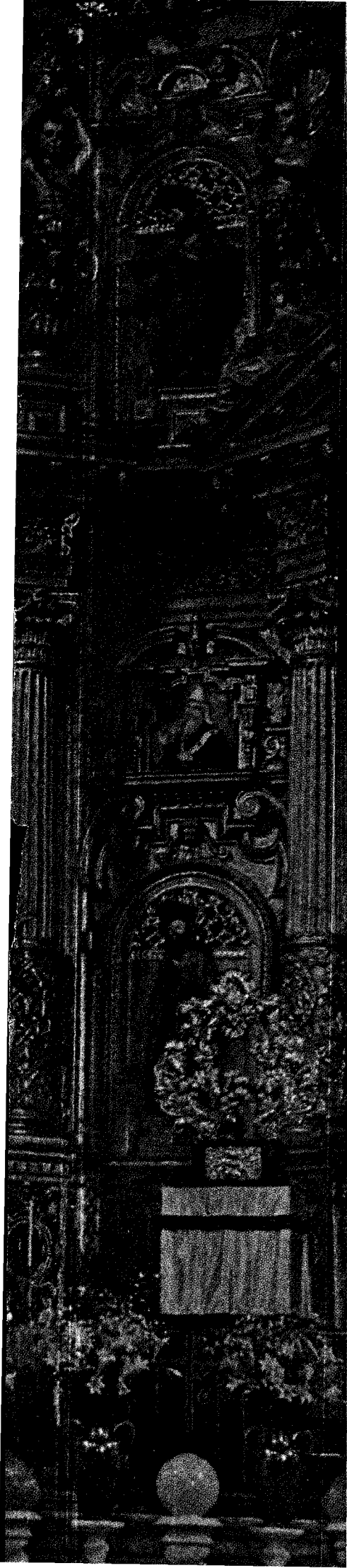


Only in Europa —

a beautiful hand-sewn shoe
by Eugenia of Florence.

Smooth and grainy calf
and patent leather contrast
in black or brown, 42.00

Europa shoe boutique
Lord & Taylor, New York



Latin gold

Whispers echo in the ancient church of San Francisco, Quito, Ecuador. Golden altars. Hand-carved pillars. 17th Century calm.

Latin bold

Brasília is the Western Hemisphere's first planned capital city since L'Enfant designed Washington, D.C.

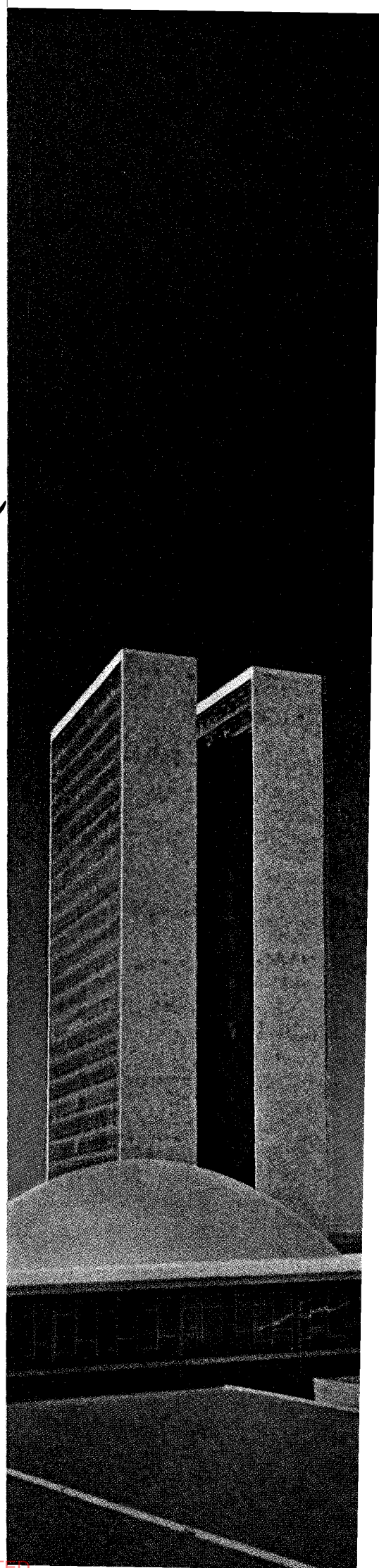
SOUTH AMERICA HAS TWO SIDES. AND WE CAN SHOW YOU BOTH.

The West Coast with Panagra: Treat yourself to yards of vicuña in Bolivia. Discover coolness on the equator. Find the lost kingdom of Machu Picchu. Lose yourself in the old-world air of Lima. Play games in the world's largest casino, in Viña del Mar.

The East Coast with Pan Am: Climb a mountain, right in Rio. Take on Uruguay and the smart beaches of Punta del Este. Wander poinciana-lined streets in Paramaribo. Go hunting for bargains in Guayanan gold. Or jaguars in Venezuelan hills.

A travel agent can help you plan. Both coasts are yours for the price of a 30-day excursion ticket to Buenos Aires. And that's just \$550 from New York.

PANAGRA • PAN AM
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS





Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wallace, with their children and friends, leave for an afternoon cruise.

This is the Wallaces' third fiberglass (Mr. Wallace likes the low maintenance —

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wallace of Pine Orchard, Conn., have just bought their *third* Hatteras—the new Hatteras 41' Twin Cabin.

Mr. Wallace tells why in his own words:

"My first 34' Hatteras Double Cabin was an experiment. Could I convince my family cruising was fun?

"My wife wanted comfort and convenience, my children speed for water skiing, room for friends; and I demanded the best marine engineering for seaworthiness and safety.

"We studied every available media and found almost all information pointed to Hatteras as the coming boat.

"Still not completely satisfied, we made a trip to the factory.

"We were shown how a Hatteras yacht is made, starting with the laying-up of the hull, superstructure and

component parts; then through the full production line to the finished yacht. All of our questions were answered fully.

"We were convinced that laminated fiberglass construction plus the features of the Hatteras made it a superior yacht and we wanted it.

"This type of construction with its seamless, jointless, one-piece molded hull provides greater strength, and completely dry compartments below, eliminating dampness and mildew.

"The lack of ribs allows for additional locker and storage space.

"As the result of the carefully planned layout, with its conveniences for housekeeping and cooking, my wife is a hostess instead of a galley-slave.

"I prefer to do all my own routine maintenance, which Hatteras fiberglass has cut to a minimum—allowing

me greater time on the water, rather than chipping, sanding and painting in the yard.

"In our extended trips, we ran into all kinds of weather and water conditions. The boat performed to my highest expectations at all times.

"The hull design reduced roll tendencies and minimized the yaw in following seas.

"My experiment was a success. My family joined me in a genuine love of cruising.

Buys second Hatteras

"However, we soon found that our boat was too small for the family and guests. Besides, we wanted diesel engines, so we bought our second Hatteras, a 41' Double Cabin.

"And again, thanks to Hatteras we spent wonderful summers on the water.



Hatteras —the new 41' Twin Cabin

Mrs. Wallace likes the spaciousness)

"The Wallace family has grown in knowledge and experience through these past years. Our respect for the nautical know-how of the Hatteras staff is unlimited.

"They improve models as needed, and we were highly pleased with the modifications on the 41' Twin Cabin. So we felt we must have one.

Buys third Hatteras

"Now—I am proud and privileged to be a *three time* Hatteras owner. It has more to offer than most custom built boats, and we believe it is the finest production boat available today."

Mr. Wallace's third Hatteras—the new 41' Twin Cabin—is an improved version of the very popular Double Cabin model. (Hatteras does *not* make yearly models; it *does* improve and replace.)

Redesigned superstructure has bet-

ter looks and better weather protection. Windshield has been improved, hard top extended. And there's a built-in seat forward for sun-lovers.

Mrs. Wallace likes the extra space. (This 41' Hatteras has more usable space than most 45 ft. wood boats.)

With a 16'10" by 10'6" main salon, a forward cabin, and a large aft stateroom, it sleeps six with complete privacy.

The spacious aft cabin is fitted with wall-to-wall carpeting, three hanging lockers, full-length mirror, 10-drawer dresser, Philippine mahogany paneling.

The aft stateroom has its own head (there is another head forward) with vitreous china lavatory, vanity, large stall shower with hot and cold pressure water, and large linen locker (optional).

The efficient, roomy galley has a 3-burner electric stove with oven and

exhaust blower over stove, a 10 cu. ft. refrigerator with freezer, hot and cold running water.

There is plenty of storage space in cabinets, drawers, dish lockers, and glass rack and there are four 110-volt outlets for appliances.

A natural entertainment center, the spacious main salon is equipped with wall-to-wall carpeting, sound-deadening vinyl overhead, a stereo sound record player, and (optional) bar and ice-maker.

The big aft deck is ideal for an outdoor party or snack.

How about you?

Isn't it time *you* started to catch up with the Wallaces? This year get a Hatteras. Then you'll only have *two* more to go. For name of your nearest dealer, write Dept. NY966, Hatteras Yacht Co., High Point, N.C.

©H.Y.C. 1966



**Ice cubes frozen from Coca-Cola?
Only for purists. Plain ice for
most of us. Served either way,
Coke has the taste you never
get tired of. Always refreshing.
That's why things go better
with Coke after Coke after Coke.**

TRADE-MARK ®

TRADE-MARK ®

TRADE-MARK ®



COPYRIGHT © 1999 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

least one bomb, I learned, and gossip had it that consultant architects were not quite happy about the state of the Reading Room's dome. Repairs and investigations accounted for the dust, but I felt that it had really been stirred up when the bomb fell and had not yet settled, though two years had elapsed.

Not unnaturally, I assumed that after such a long absence I would have to begin the routine all over again, from the ground up. Surely my permission to use the Reading Room would have lapsed, I thought, if only because the records had been scattered, so I went to the old office and asked for an application form. The attendant, when I explained the situation, was hurt and surprised. "But Madam," he said, "if you already hold a card, all you need do is hand it in and we'll issue you a new one."

I said, "Alas, I've lost it. I know it was careless of me, but I was in China, you see, and what with the war and one thing and another—"

"Oh, I quite understand," he said. His pleasantness did not relax one tittle. "In the circumstances, we'll give you a new card even though you can't turn in the old one. Now, let's see—what was the name?"

He picked up an ancient ledger, blew off some dust, and opened it at the right letter. There my name was, just where I'd written it years before. And as I took my card I forgot the thing that had disturbed me—the dust and the bomb and the sensation of being dis-jointed. I was back in the Reading Room, and all was well.

There I stayed until the warning bell rang. I was going out, sunk in the old familiar stupor, when a man addressed me by name just outside the door. He was a gray man—his suit was gray, and so was his hair, and his spectacled eyes must have been gray, too, but I could scarcely see them. His glasses seemed dusty, like his hair and shoulders. He said, "We used to read next to each other in Aisle K. I remember you."

I said, I am afraid untruly, that I remembered him as well, and we shook hands. "And what are you doing now?" I asked.

There was surprised reproach in his tone as he answered, "Why, still studying for my degree, of course."

I REALIZE now that though the Reading Room didn't really change during the years I spent away from it, changes have come while I've been right there. It occurred to me with another shock, a couple of years ago, that Miss Stuart, of all people, has altered. I



**the shirt you live in . . . when
you're really living . . .**



Pure Virgin Wool

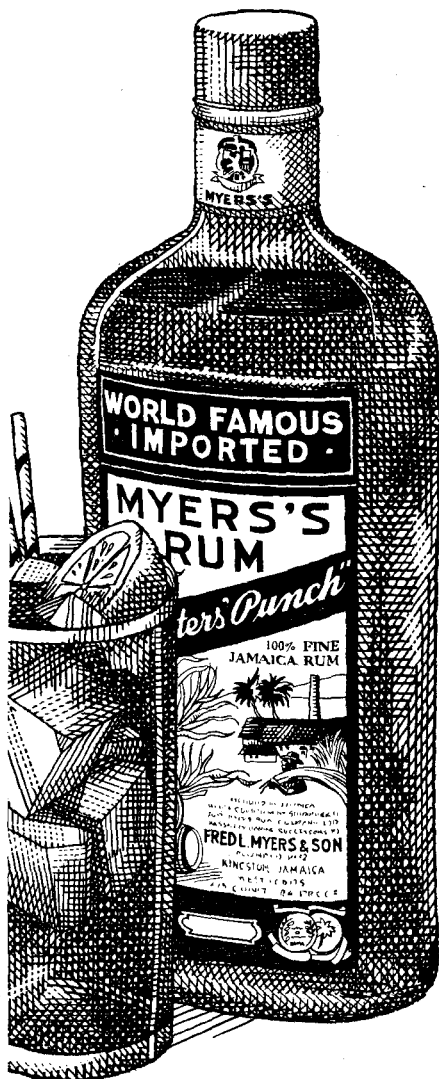
DONEGAL

Donegal gives you the greatest new look in men's fashion. The C.P.O. Shirt in pure virgin wool and machine washable! It bears the wool mark label, awarded by the Wool Bureau to quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . pure virgin wool. About \$13 at good stores everywhere.

Her costume by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier

THE M & D SIMON COMPANY • CLEVELAND, OHIO 44113

This is no ho hum rum.



This is a yo ho ho rum.

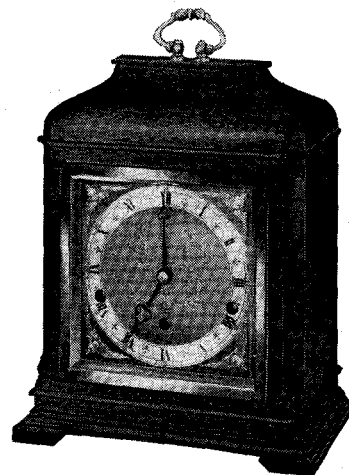
Myers puts the emphasis on flavor in a rum and cola. Real Jamaican Rum flavor. Mix yourself up one: pour 1½ oz. Myers Rum into an ice-filled highball glass, fill with cola, add slice of lemon or lime.

Myers—the true Jamaican Rum. 84°
FREE BOOKLET—Full of exciting food and drink recipes using Myers Rum. Write GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., Dept. Y917, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

noticed, God knows how belatedly, that it is impossible to tell whether or not she is still wearing shorts, because nowadays her costume is covered, winter and summer, by a frayed mackintosh. Winter or summer, rain or shine, Miss Stuart keeps that raincoat tightly belted and buckled around her, and she now wears a hat as well—a thing like a basket pulled down over her straying, pepper-and-salt hair.

I noticed this the year we readers all had to move for a couple of months into the North Library, customarily reserved for rare editions and pornography, so that the building authorities would be free to shore up the Reading Room dome. Otherwise, it was said, everything might well come crashing down on our heads. In the North Library, an oblong room, we had to work side by side at long refectory-type tables instead of at our customary sheltered, high-fronted desks, and for many this interruption of habit constituted a trauma. That was how I came to notice Miss Stuart standing in line to pick up her reserved books; I had been jolted, and was looking around as a result. Even without the new outfit, she would have seemed unfamiliar against that strange background. On her face was a fierce scowl. I suppose readers in general behaved even more peculiarly than usual during the Diaspora. One afternoon in the North Library, I was chatting sotto-voce with the Superintendent. I had turned in my chair so that I could see him, standing behind me. All seemed quiet when suddenly he looked over my head and across the room, his face showing an expression that, for him—he was a controlled man—signified extreme horror. He said, aloud and sharply, “No, no, Mr. Schmidt!” I followed his gaze. Two attendants were already hurrying toward a stocky man with bristling cropped hair who was standing at his chair, books piled on the table in front of him, arms outstretched. One hand held an unlit cigarette, in the other was a burning lighter. He was not trying to apply the lighter’s flame to the cigarette, but when he was sure he had got the room’s attention he said loudly, “I wish to protest. Why are we not allowed to use the Reading Room? I—” At that moment, the attendants got hold of him, one arm each, and, after extinguishing the lighter, hustled him with kindly efficiency toward the door. All the way, Mr. Schmidt kept repeating, “I protest! I protest!” until he had been ejected and the door was closed behind him. The Superintendent, taking up our conversation exactly

Elliott OF LONDON
Clocks designed by experts,
built by craftsmen
exclusively for Worcester

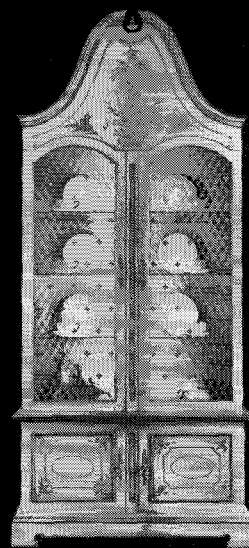


Style 5452. An authentic Queen Anne mantle clock in walnut or mahogany, with 8-day jeweled lever movement. Full quarter-hour Whittington/Westminster chimes. 12¾" high. \$325. Also available without chimes. 9" high, style 2825, in walnut or mahogany \$125, or red, black, or white lacquer, \$165. Complete illustrated folder at fine stores everywhere or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010
Available in Chicago: Marshall Field & Co.

Get to know
John Widdicomb furniture

See it at any
John Widdicomb showroom
through your dealer
or decorator



John Widdicomb
MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

NEW YORK, 205 EAST 58th ST.
PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST.
GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BLDG.
CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DENVER • HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

(Advertisement)



What goes on when you choose an airline?

Maybe you don't choose. Your secretary does.

And she says, "How do you want to fly, Mr. Murgatroyd?"

And you say, "Just get me a reservation. On Tuesday."

So she does.

But if your secretary hasn't gotten around to booking you on Air-India, you may not know what you're missing.

Air-India will take you to London or the Continent on a Boeing 707 jet, the kind of plane most major airlines fly.

The men who fly our planes have been flying for a long time. Our pilots meet the same international requirements

U.S. pilots must meet. You'll like our hostesses, Mr. Murgatroyd. They're brunettes. With big, brown eyes. In pretty saris. And our hostesses will like you.

Next time have your secretary call a travel agent first. Ask him about Air-India. He knows what's going on.

AIR-INDIA.

The airline that treats you like a maharajah.
Over 33 years of flying experience.

For reservations or information see your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; 34 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 543 So. Olive St., Los Angeles; 212 Stockton St., San Francisco.



Good Looking
CASUAL
COMFORT



Do your feet burn from flimsy flats; are they sore from lumpy loafers? Well, join the march to Clarks Original Desert® Boots for women. (Made in England). About \$13.00 in traditional sand suede with plantation crepe soles.

AND look at these **DEEP COUNTRY CASUALS**



Really look — they're different, aren't they? . . . Look at the toe — the absolute latest . . . Even the lace holes are square. Up-to-the-minute luxury for about \$12.00 in sand, blue or red suede.

You'll find Clarks casuals for women at your favorite wide-awake store.

Clarks
OF ENGLAND

333 BOSTON POST RD., NORWALK, CONN.

where it had dropped, carried it on as if nothing had happened. But he was again interrupted, by one of the attendants who had taken Mr. Schmidt away. Somewhat breathless, but in a calm manner, this man asked what was to be done about Mr. Schmidt's books, and the Superintendent lifted his eyebrows, indicating that it was a question that should not have been asked.

"Are they still there at his place?" he inquired coldly.

"Yes, sir."

The Superintendent gave an impatient flick of the fingers. "Well, put them on reserve, put them on reserve for Mr. Schmidt."

MARGINAL notes, especially when I come upon them in a library book, are apt to startle me. One day, after we were back in the Reading Room, I found a marginal note in a Reading Room copy of Otway. In the preface, the author had spoken of Queen Elizabeth, referring to her as "the Virgin Queen," and the marginal commentator evidently had taken this amiss. Purple ink double-underlined the word "Virgin." In the margin, in the same ink, were written the words "Ha! Ha! Of such is history!"

No doubt I am foolish, but the thing haunted me. Who had done it? It must have been some other regular reader, I reflected. I reminded myself that we are a peculiar lot, and wondered how long it would be before I, too, became certifiable. I turned in the Otway without reporting my discovery—why borrow trouble?—but I went on thinking about it, and talking about it, too. I talked about it to a girl I was introduced to in a nearby lunchroom—a girl who was just starting out on her career in the Museum. She said eagerly, "Oh, I know exactly what you mean. It's quite frightening. I've been sitting in Aisle G, next to that crazy old woman in the mackintosh—you know the one? Well, yesterday I saw that she had a big book and she was spitting on it."

"Spitting?"

"Yes, that's what I said. She would spit on a page, then turn it over and spit on the next. She was very careful not to miss a single page. Well, I wondered—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "What sort of book was it?" I was aware that I had never yet tried to find out what subject Miss Stuart had been working on all those years.

The girl said, "It was some Victorian tome—'Lives of the Popes.' I didn't quite know what to do. One hates to be a tattletale, doesn't one? Besides, it's



New!

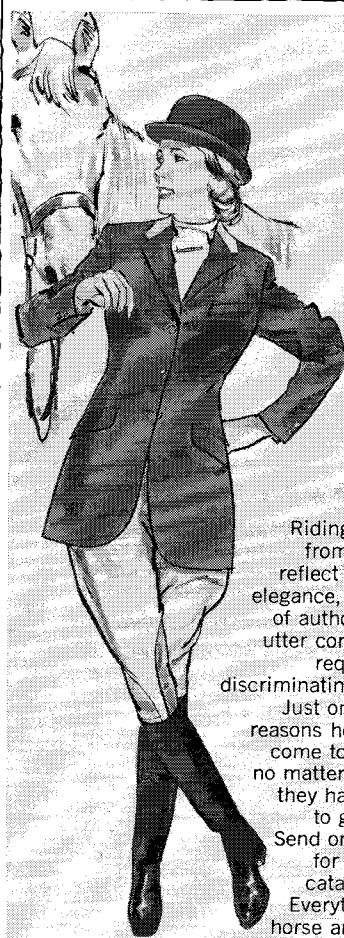
Step

Perfume Dispensers
give you more fragrance
from your perfume

New patented perfume and cologne dispenser from France sprays such fine mist that perfumes stay fresher, last longer. **Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed.** Beautiful styles for purse and vanity table. As shown, \$4.50.

Step
5 E 57 St., N.Y.

others from \$3.50-\$35.
At fine stores everywhere

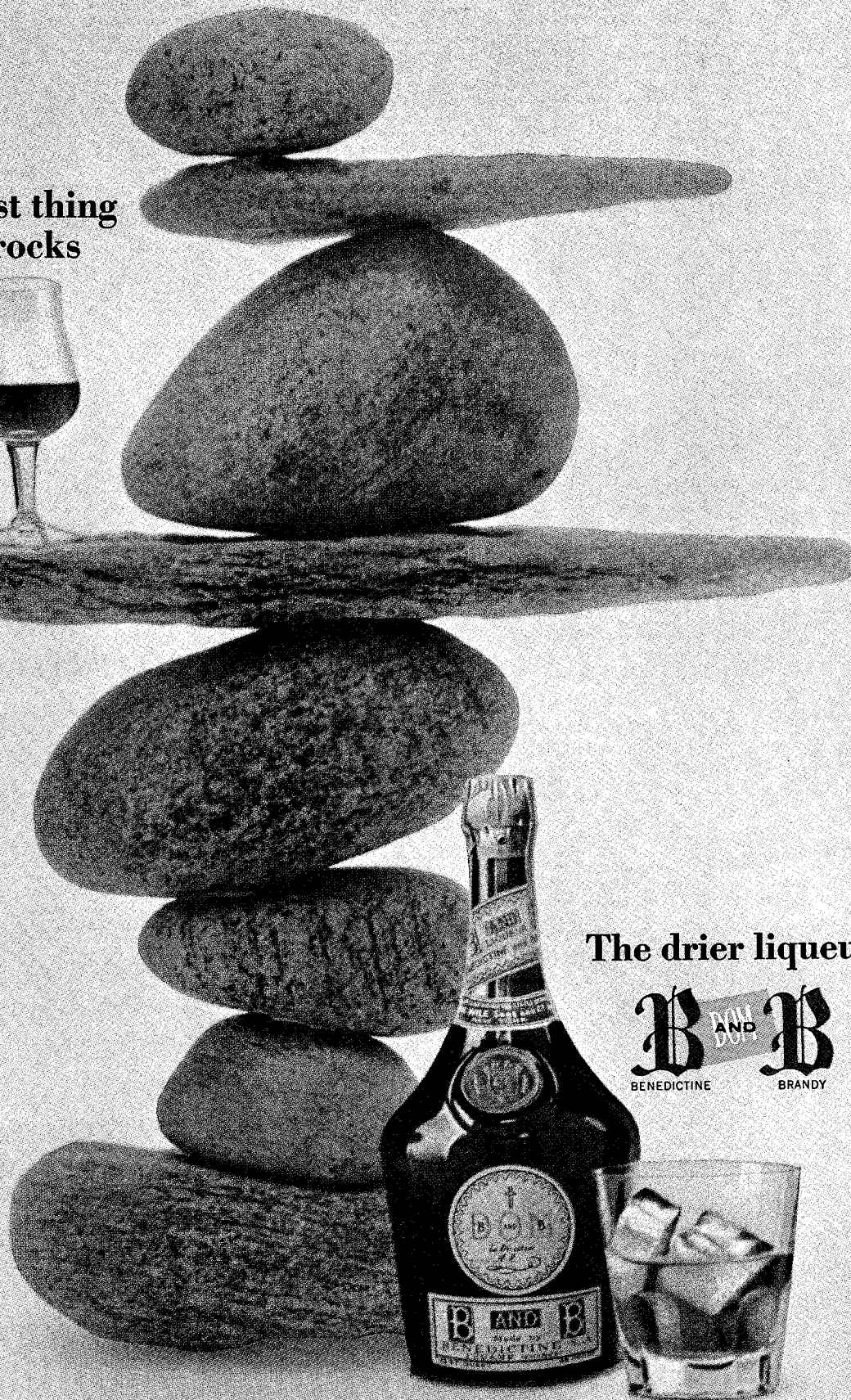


Riding clothes from Miller's reflect the easy elegance, the look of authority and utter correctness required by discriminating riders.

Just one of the reasons horsemen come to Miller's no matter how far they have to go to get here. Send one dollar for our new catalog 99—Everything for horse and rider.

MILLER'S 123 E. 24 St. N.Y. 10010

Smartest thing
on the rocks



The drier liqueur



B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious.

After coffee...enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.



86 PROOF



instant beauty! (just add wallpaper)

If your room wore nothing but wallpaper, it could be complete in its beauty. But go ahead—add furniture. Wallpaper helps you make the most of whatever you have. Walls account for the largest single area of any room. Decorate them effectively, yet inexpensively—the sure way...the *modern* wallpaper way. Only wallpaper gives you color, pattern, texture and design...all at once. It can help make a room seem whatever you, as the decorator, want. Wallpaper is instant beauty...the kind that lasts. Wear it well ■ Want to see more of the beauty of today's wallpapers? Send 25¢ for a copy of the colorful 24 page book, "How to Decorate with Wallpaper" to the **WALLPAPER COUNCIL**, Dept. NY96, 969 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

△ MEMBERS: ATLAS WALL PAPER MILLS, INC. ■ THE BAILEY WALL PAPER CO. ■ THE BIRGE CO., INC. ■ CANADIAN WALL PAPER MFRS. LTD. ■ COMMERCIAL WALL PAPER MILL, INC. ■ IMPERIAL WALL PAPER MILL, INC. ■ LENNON WALL PAPER CO. ■ RONKONKOMA WALL PAPER CORP. ■ STAMFORD WALL PAPER CO. ■ THOMAS STRAHAN CO. ■ YORK WALL PAPER CO.

borrowing trouble. But in the end my social conscience prevailed and I knew I had to report it. To keep her from realizing what I was doing, I made the most devious trip to the desk, consulting *Who's Who* in that case over by the main entrance and then looking up something in the O.E.D. Finally, I got to the desk and told my story to one of the men. I must say, he took it very calmly, and he was awfully nice when I asked him not to give me away. He told me to go back to my desk and not to worry. I did so, and he waited a full five minutes before he did anything—*ever* so nice he was. When he got there, she was still spitting away, and he said, 'Now, Miss Stuart, you know you aren't to do that. You've been told before.' He took the book away from her and carried it off—I suppose to be fumigated. The woman just sat there without moving for a minute, and I kept my eyes on my work. Then she leaned sideways toward me and hissed, under her breath, '*Papist spy!*'" The girl paused, pondering unhappily. "Tomorrow, perhaps I'd better move to Aisle F," she said at last, and sighed.

—EMILY HAHN

BATS

have no accidents. They loop
their incredible horseshoe
loops, dead-stop

on air brakes,
road-safe on
squeaks; racketeering

their SOS noise in a
jai-alai
bat-jam

of collapsed umbrellas, a
Chancery Lane
of avoided

collisions, all in a
cave without lights; then
hung

happy, a snore
of straphangers
undergrounding

without an *Evening*
Standard between them
to the common Waterloo

that awaits bats, like
all beasts; then
off now, zoom!,

Man, you can't even
hear them—bats,
are they?

—GEORGE MACBETH

Introducing...

MOISTURIZING BEAUTY LIFT

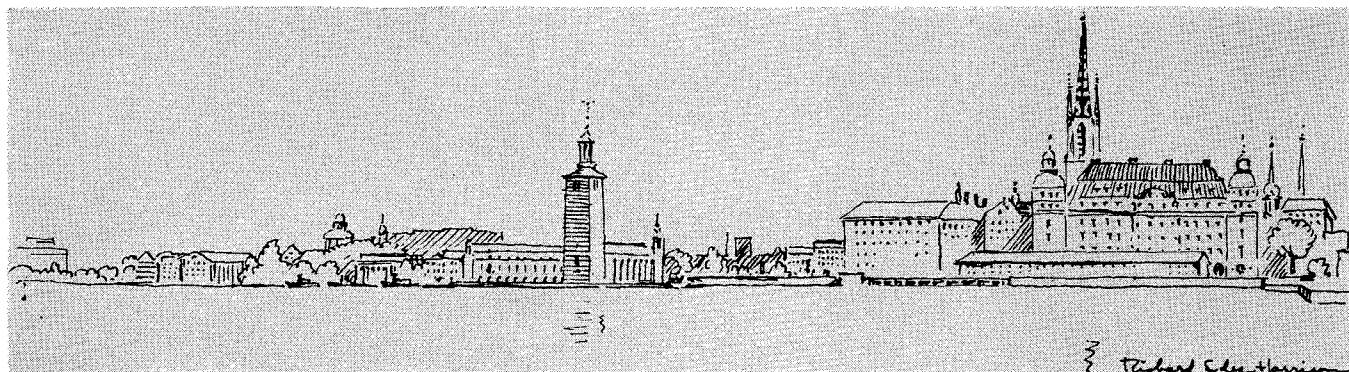
The new under-make-up lotion that takes your complexion in hand with quiet authority, gives it a gentle young-minded uplift even as it works a minor miracle tightening, firming and easing away the fretwork of tired little lines. All this and moisture, too. Another one of those precious jewels from the knowing hand of

Frances Denney



OUR FAR~FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE RETURN OF CHRISTINA



SO accustomed does one become here to the courteous facility with which Swedes speak English that it is no surprise to come upon Queen Christina herself doing so, in the guise of Greta Garbo. At present, the beautiful Garbo face and singsong Garbo voice can be enjoyed over Swedish subtitles several times a week in the theatre of the Nationalmuseum, as portions of the 1934 Hollywood film "Queen Christina" are shown in connection with a vast exhibition called "Christina, Queen of Sweden—a Personality of European Civilization." Needless to say, the film makes few concessions to historical fact. Indeed, its chief effect when seen in these circumstances is to demonstrate invincibly the greater dramatic possibilities of true biography over the fictionalized variety—unless the fictionalizer happens to be Shakespeare.

The exhibition is a triumphant reconstitution of one of the strangest personalities in history—the northern Protestant princess who became queen of her grim, frigid realm at the age of six, after her father, Gustavus Adolphus, fell on the battlefield of Lützen in 1632, during the 'Thirty Years' War; who abdicated the throne when she was twenty-eight, embraced Roman Catholicism, and lived the rest of her life in self-imposed, luxurious exile in Rome, entertaining scholars, artists, princes, cardinals, and the Pope himself, never abandoning her title or privileges as queen; and who amassed in her palace on the Tiber one of the most famous ensembles of paintings, drawings, sculptures, coins, medals, manuscripts, and books in the history of collecting. The success of the exhibition is due to the skillful choice and presentation of more than fifteen hundred documents, works of art, costumes, and other objects that either belonged to Christina or were associated with her life. The exhibition is divided into two sections—"Christina's Life" and "Christina's Collec-

tions"—and as one passes from room to room, her story unfolds and her personality grows evident, assuming grandeur as one reaches the halls containing those portions of her collections that have been reassembled for the exhibition. (During the centuries since her death, they have been widely dispersed; for example, Agostino Caracci's "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew" has been loaned by the Maharaja of Baroda.)

Christina's exotic taste as reflected in the exhibition causes a shock even in the sophisticated Stockholm of today. The Nationalmuseum stands on the bank of the Norrström, one of the city's many waterways, opposite the ferries for Finland and the other white shipping of this busy port, and backing onto a tree-lined estuary that shelters a multitude of small craft. The water is chilly even in summer, the air crisp, the northern light sharp and silvery. On glassed-in café terraces, one drinks *akvavit* and enjoys herring or crayfish garnished with the fresh dill that in Sweden is as customary as parsley in America. When one leaves these bracing surroundings for the museum rooms, everything changes. One enters a meridional world of sumptuous velvets, of unclad nymphs and languorous goddesses, of voluptuous scenes that radiate the golden light of Italy. There are canvases by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and Parmigianino; drawings by Michelangelo, Raphael, and Bernini (who was Christina's great friend); illuminated manuscripts and rich bindings and brilliant majolica.

In studying Christina, one seeks in vain some early influence that would satisfactorily explain the violent deflection from her northern environment. It is well known that, following her father's instructions, she was brought up to be as little womanly as possible, and with such success that when Louis XIV's cousin, the Grande Mademoiselle, first saw Christina in France at

the age of twenty-nine, she described her as resembling "a pretty little boy." Her childhood tutor in Stockholm, Johannes Matthiae, a tolerant theologian, was largely responsible for her considerable learning. He saw to it that she spoke French, German, Italian, and Dutch, as well as Latin, and later she acquired a smattering of Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. She was always passionately interested in literature and science. But her other tastes were more obscurely inspired. At the age of five, she wrote to her father, absent on his campaigns, "Please bring back something beautiful." It was not until she was in her twenties and governing her country that anything beautiful, in an artistic sense and in any quantity, found its way into the medieval fortress that Stockholm Castle was in those days. In 1648, the Swedes captured Prague, and included in the booty slowly sent north by pack train were almost a thousand paintings and sculptures from the collection that had been assembled by the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II. Some of these Renaissance masterpieces delighted the mannish young queen. One sees from a letter she wrote about them that her preferences in this direction had been formed even earlier: "Apart from some thirty or forty Italian originals [actually, a few were copies], I discount them all. There are works by Albrecht Dürer and other German masters whose names I do not know but who would arouse the profound admiration of anyone other than myself. But I do declare that I would exchange them all for two Raphaels, and I think that even this would be doing them too much honor." (Some years later, Christina acquired not two but several Raphaels—a Madonna, and five predellas from an altarpiece in Perugia. Today, the altarpiece hangs at the top of the great staircase in the Metropolitan Museum, and one of its missing predellas, once Christina's and now borrowed from its present owner, the Na-



lead a double life



GIULIA SUPER,
A FAMILY SPORTS CAR
FOR ONLY \$2995 POE.

One'll get you two in Alfa's exciting new Giulia Super—a deluxe family sedan for hauling the troops, and a high-performance charger ready to race. Tick off these features:

For your family. A four-door sedan carrying five in armchair comfort. Fully reclining bucket seats. Roomy trunk (16 cubic feet). Fade-free 4-wheel disk brakes, padded anti-glare dash, pop-out windshield, seat belt anchors and much more.

For you. A race-bred sports car with five forward speeds, fully synchronized. All-aluminum engine with twin overhead cams, two dual-throat carburetors, five main bearings. Top speed: over 110 mph. Sensational road-holding and cornering on premium radial-ply tires.

This camouflaged sports car with its functional aerodynamic body born in a wind tunnel, its spirited performance and superb handling, is a remarkable value at only \$2995 POE. Everyone rates a chance to drive an Alfa Romeo at least once.

What are you waiting for?

231 Johnson Ave., New-
ark, New Jersey 07108

1700 Daisy Ave., Long
Beach, California 90813



alfa romeo

racing since 1911

If you don't have a wife If you don't have a wife who worries about your hair Be good to yourself with the great Swiss Conditioner Hair Lotion de Pantene

This is the famous one from Europe that's catching on like crazy now that it's made in the U.S.A. A deep-conditioning lotion that works at once to give hair body, vitality, brilliance. Helps thin hair look thicker and healthier. An amazing do-gooder with a pro-vitamin that penetrates and conditions the hair shaft. Really does! All this as it holds the hair in place, makes it most manageable. In several types with or without oil. In about \$3.50 and \$5.50 sizes. At good stores including B. Altman & Co. Filene's Marshall Field & Company Rich's, Atlanta I. Magnin & Co.



The Pantene Company, 555 Madison Ave. New York 10022

tional Gallery in London, is in the exhibition in Stockholm. She gave away, to Philip IV of Spain, two magnificent panels by the disdained Dürer—the Adam and Eve that hang in the Prado.)

The arrival in austere Sweden of those Italian pictures—those glowing canvases, some of which are currently revisiting Stockholm in the exhibition—fanned the flame that had somehow been ignited in the breast of this strange young woman whose fame had already spread across Europe, who presided over councils, who informed her Ministers that she would never marry, who conversed with ambassadors in their own tongues, who observed dissections, who invited the philosopher Descartes to Stockholm (where he literally perished of cold), and who accepted from Pascal the gift of one of his famous calculating machines, ancestor of the computer. She nurtured within herself a love for warmth, for color, for the sun—a longing for the south, and, heretically, for Rome. Quite early, she began secret correspondence with the Vatican, hinting at the possibility of her conversion. (Later, she facetiously told the Lutheran court chaplain, a certain intolerant and intolerable Erik Gabrielson Emporagrius, that it was his person and his sermons that had driven her to Rome.) She had been deliberately brought up to be willful, her own master, and some historians see in this the germ of the appeal of Rome—the “free will” of Jesuit theology, as against the Lutheran and Calvinist predestination.

In the current exhibition, the room presenting the Stockholm court as it came to be under Christina's rule shows an immediate change from the earlier, often gauche exhibits. The faces of courtiers, now depicted by portraitists summoned from France, begin to look human, and even charming. For Christina's coronation, which took place when she was twenty-four, special embroideries and medals were imported. She dispatched agents to buy antiquities. In letters to Rome she asked endless questions about cultural life there. Then, at the age of twenty-five, she announced to the Privy Council that she had decided to abdicate. Faced with their dismay, she reconsidered, but three years later, on June 16, 1654, she irrevocably stepped down in favor of her cousin Charles X Gustavus. That same night, she left Sweden.

Her progress southward was a series of pageants. In Brussels, she secretly confessed to the Catholic faith. In Innsbruck, she was publicly converted to Catholicism in the castle chapel. The



This afternoon on the veranda at the Montego Beach Hotel they're serving a buffet of Jamaican Sardines, Lobster, Crabmeat and Shrimp. Beef and Kidney Pie, Suckling Pig, Turkey, Roast Ribs. Barbecued Chicken. Artichokes. Hearts of Palm. Beets. Onions. Salads. Coconut. Papaya. Pate. Caviar. Mango Ice. Pineapple Ice. Profiterole and Banana Daiquiri.

What are you having for lunch?

**The Montego Beach Hotel,
Montego Bay, Jamaica.**
For free brochure
see your travel agent or Ray Morrow.
51 E. 42 St., N. Y. 10017, OX 7-2340.
Hope he can get you in.



**OUR WING-TIP "BROGUE",
WITH BUCKLED
MONK-STRAP ACCENT, \$40**

Made of selected calfskin, our sturdy "brogue" with new—again broader toe and adjustable monk-strap—an easy slip-on via elasticized gores. In black or antique brown, 6 to 13 sizes. Men's Shoes.

**THE SAKS STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

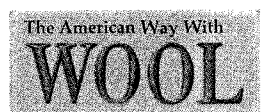


Jointly Advertised With The American Wool Council WJ 1466

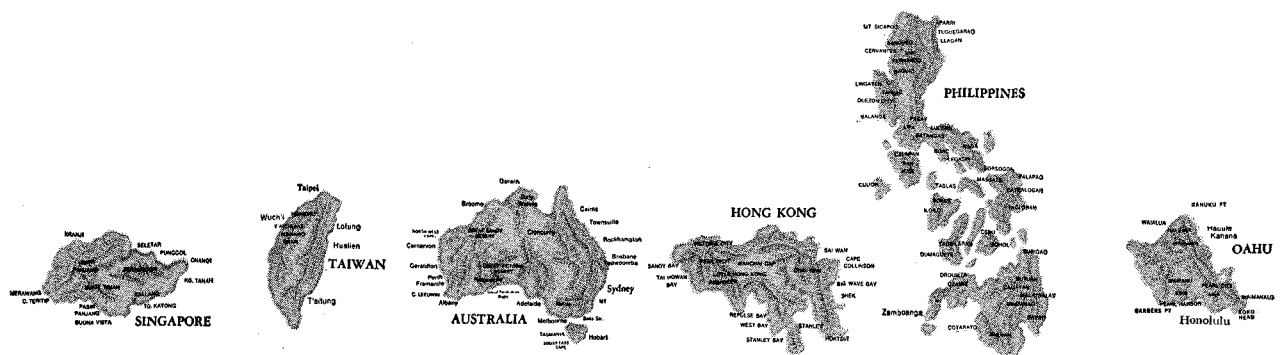
9 p.m. himalaya time

Snap off the T.V. Tell your bride to get her coat. Decide which movie. Put on your sweater. The Himalaya blazer cardigan. 100% wool doubleknit. Maroon and navy, gold and green, green and blue, coffee and blue, navy and green, green and wine, black and brown. About \$28. All better stores. Write to: Himalaya, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wool is the fabric of the good life

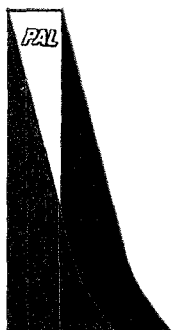


WE'RE ISLAND SPECIALISTS:



7,112 of them, to be exact. It keeps us pretty busy. Just as we're taking off in San Francisco, we're landing in Hong Kong, circling over Manila, approaching Zamboanga, serving cocktails above Singapore, fastening seat belts in Australia, and taxiing in to Taipei. Naturally, all this constant hopping around requires special kinds of planes. So we use luxurious DC-8 fan-jets—the longest-range jets in the air today. And just for the fun of it, we show first-run Inflight Motion Pictures to and from the Orient. Very entertaining. One more thing. Our service is special too. Personal. You'll know right away you're on a different plane.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES



PHILIPPINE AIR LINES, 178 Geary Street
San Francisco, California 94108.

- ☐ Please send me complete tour information.
☐ Also send your full-color guide to island-hopping, shopping,
and sightseeing in the Philippines.

name _____ phone _____

address _____

city _____ state _____

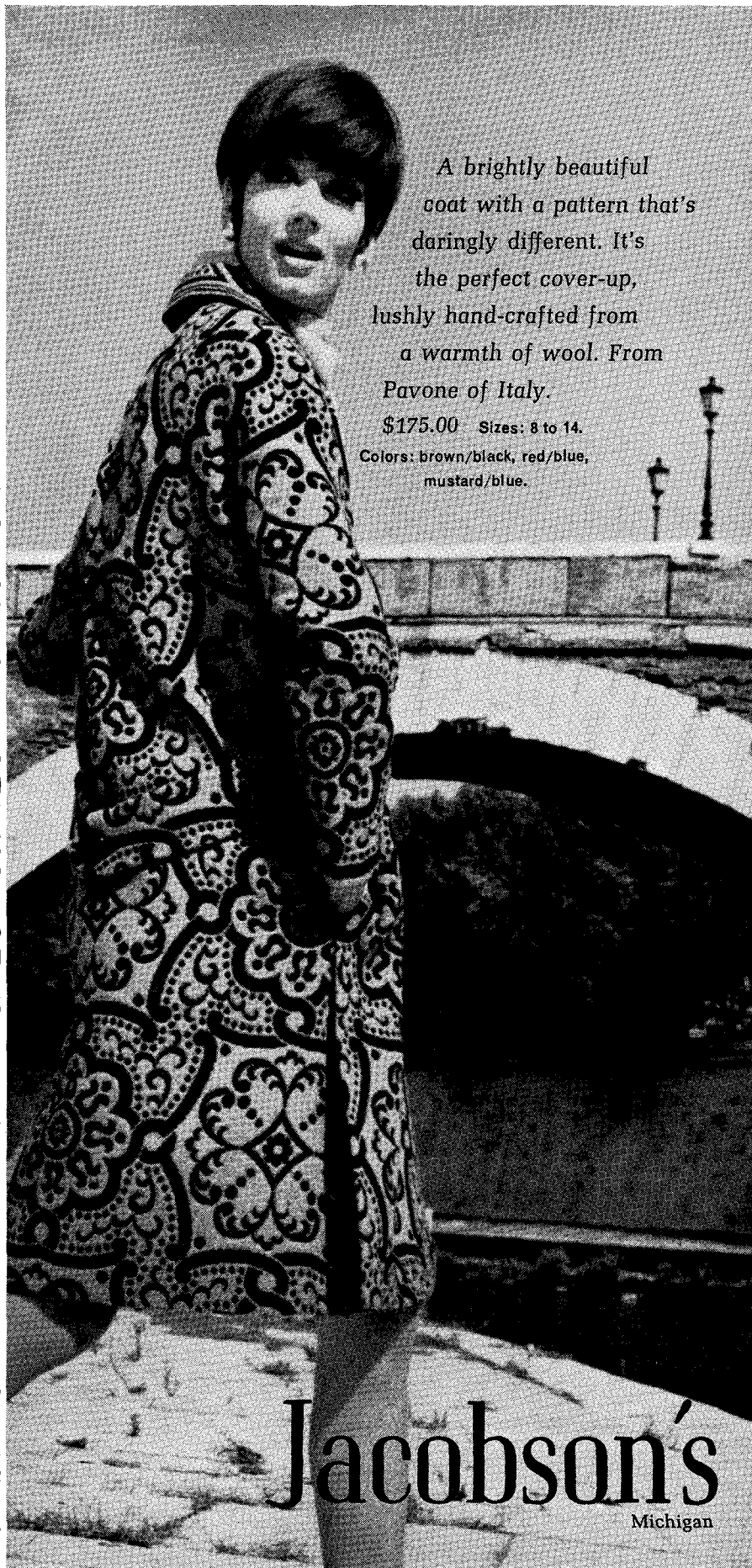
name of your travel agent _____

NY9-65

princes and cardinals of the Italian towns along her route vied in staging spectacles of welcome. In Rome, the receptions in honor of the illustrious convert were of almost hysterical magnificence (Bernini was commissioned to redesign the Porta del Popolo in her honor), and her first lodging was in the Vatican itself, where she was confirmed by Pope Alexander VII. After several temporary residences, she settled for the rest of her life in the Palazzo Riario, by the Vatican bank of the Tiber, in what is now called Trastevere. In the eighteenth century, the Palazzo Riario was largely reconstructed as the present Palazzo Corsini. At the rear, this palazzo looks upward to the pines of the Janiculum, and the scene is much as it was in Christina's day, when her casino stood approximately on the present site of Garibaldi's equestrian statue. The Palazzo Corsini now houses a national picture gallery. This contains few pictures relating to Christina, but it does incorporate, intact from the old Palazzo Riario, the room in which Christina died, on April 19, 1689, at the age of sixty-two. Orange marbled columns separate the room into two parts. (One part held Christina's bed.) Its windows look out on a typical Trastevere street of ochre stucco houses. And on its walls hang two of the gallery's greatest treasures—Caravaggio's "Narcissus" and his "St. John the Baptist." They never belonged to Christina, but they are worthy of her, and were painted by someone with a personality as bizarre as her own.

DURING the nearly forty years between her abdication and her death, Christina lived an ample life. She had been allowed to take with her from Stockholm many of the Italian pictures from the Prague spoils, and now she enlarged her collection. She organized and presided over "academies" of artists and scholars, she sponsored concerts and theatricals, she entertained visiting notables and cardinals by the score, she did much reading, and even a little writing. (Her favorite form of composition was the maxim, inspired by the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, also a great political nonconformist, whom she met on one of her visits to Paris.) However, hers was by no means a serene existence, nor would she have wished it to be. "I love the storm and fear a calm," she once wrote to Cardinal Mazarin, Louis XIV's Prime Minister. She was far from a model convert. Particularly at this moment of the Counter Reformation, she was, owing

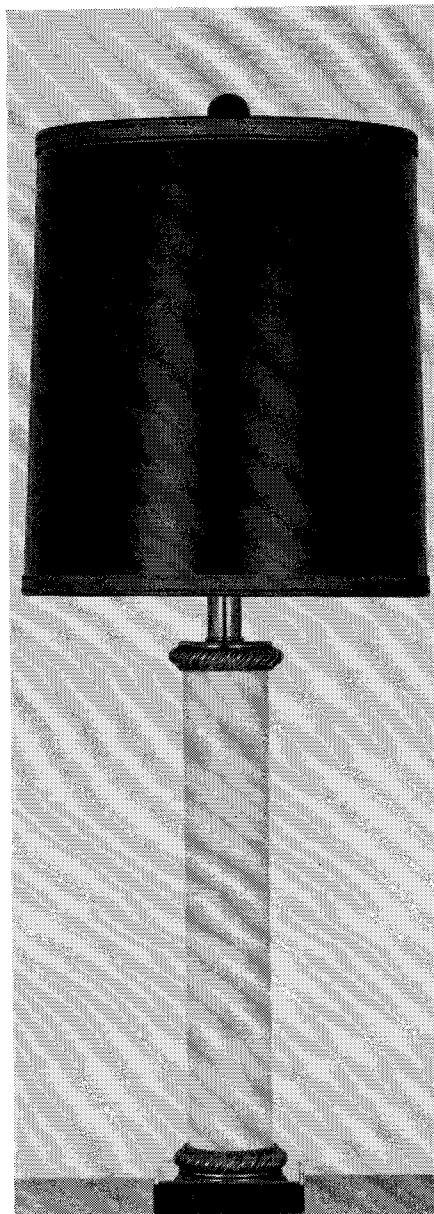
BELISSIMA!



A brightly beautiful coat with a pattern that's daringly different. It's the perfect cover-up, lushly hand-crafted from a warmth of wool. From Pavone of Italy.

\$175.00 Sizes: 8 to 14.
Colors: brown/black, red/blue, mustard/blue.

Jacobson's
Michigan



Opaline column, antique polished gold and black marble mountings. Height 42" \$69.50*

Available at fine stores everywhere.

Paul Hanson

15 East 26th Street
New York 10
611 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54

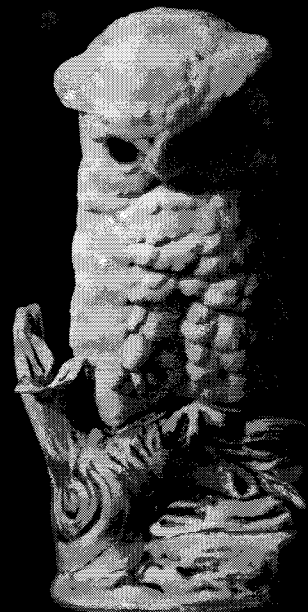
* Slightly higher in South and West

to her rank and fame, an acquisition highly valued by the Church. But Christina as a Catholic rather reminds one of Picasso as a Communist; too great a prize ever to be reprimanded, she proved an embarrassment nonetheless. Unpredictable and wholly *sui generis*, she constantly indulged in theological disputes. When Church dignitaries solemnly praised her as a glorious bulwark of orthodoxy, she was apt to retort that they were mistaken. "My religion is that of the philosophers," she said on one occasion. "I prefer this to all others."

There is one hideous episode in her life that stands apart from theological niceties and puts her forever beyond the moral pale. A plot was hatched by Mazarin to detach the kingdom of Naples from France's enemy, Spain, and set it up as an independent realm. Mazarin encouraged Christina to think of herself as the future Queen of Naples. She travelled to France to urge the matter on. Suddenly she discovered that her own equerry, the Italian Marchese Monaldeschi, had leaked the plot to Spain. She was at that time living, as the guest of the King of France, in the palace at Fontainebleau. She summoned Monaldeschi into her presence, together with a priest, her captain of arms, and several soldiers. Confronted with proof, Monaldeschi begged for pardon. Unmoved, Christina asked the priest to "prepare this man for death" and left the room. Monaldeschi made his confession and was slaughtered then and there—the execution was difficult, since he was found to be wearing a shirt of mail. Guides at Fontainebleau still show tourists a spot in the Galerie des Cerfs that they claim to be the stain of Monaldeschi's blood. Nothing more clearly reveals Christina's character than her reply to Mazarin's outraged protest over this assassination: "Personally, I find it far less difficult to strangle people than to be afraid of them. As for my treatment of Monaldeschi, all I can say is that if I had not done what I did I would most certainly not go to my bed tonight without doing it. I have no cause for regret, I have every reason to be pleased. Such is my opinion of this matter. If it gratifies you, I am glad; if not, I will nonetheless continue in it. For all my life I remain your very devoted friend, Christina." According to Swedish law, she had absolute rights over her own household, and Mazarin's remonstrances cloaked what was chiefly a concern that the supremacy of the King of France in his own land had been breached. Nevertheless, although Christina continued to be treated with out-

CYBIS

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue \$1.
Cybis Porcelains, NG, Trenton, N. J.



©Cybis Inc.

DANISH MARY

A Bloody Mary gone Danish...
made with Aalborg Akvavit
instead of vodka.
Deliciously different...
it's not only "in"
but out of this world!

HERE'S HOW:

1 jigger AALBORG AKVAVIT
3 oz. tomato juice
Juice of ½ lemon or lime
Dash celery salt
Stir (don't shake)
with plenty of ice
until chilled. Pour
into 6 oz. glass.



P.S. You'll enjoy Aalborg Akvavit straight and icy cold, too, especially with Smorgasbord.

AALBORG AKVAVIT

86 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS,
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N. Y.

Hear the soul of Spain itself in the glorious voice of Caballé



In a voice that "handles fiery moments with superbly controlled dynamics, beautifully appointed colors" (N.Y. Herald Tribune), Montserrat Caballé, in her latest recording, sings love songs and tonadillas by Enrique Granados—music that recalls the theater and mood of Goya's time. "Caballé lavishes on them the exquisite timbre of her voice and authenticity of her Spanish heritage." (N.Y. Times). In her previous album of Spanish music, Caballé sings zarzuela arias—songs from her country's traditional musical dramas. Both these outstanding Red Seal recordings by "a supreme operatic artist" belong in every collection along with her debut album, "Presenting Montserrat Caballé—Bellini and Donizetti Arias"—already a cherished disk.



RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound



Modeled by William Macdonald

Antartex Sheepskin No.21 \$95.

The warmest coat you can buy. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland. All sizes. 14 styles. 10 colors. Dry cleaning service. Catalogue on request.

Order from Antartex Warehouse, 1105 Lexington Ave., New York 10021, or visit:

Antartex Sheepskin Shops:

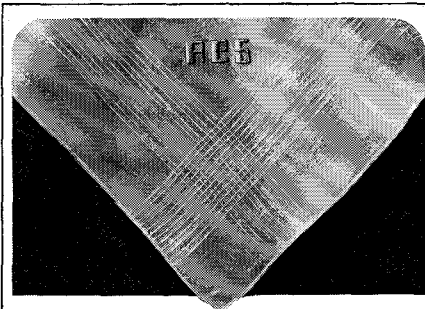
New York City, LE 5-9079,
139 E. 76th St. at Lex. 10021
Cambridge, Mass., 868-6083,
50a Boylston St., Harvard Yard 02138
Middleburg, Va., 687-6545,
U.S. 50 at Washington St. 22117
Miami, Fla., 444-0955,
3460 Main Highway, Coconut Grove 33133
Geneva, Ill., 232-4434,
200 South 3rd St. 60134
Minneapolis, Minn., 339-1276,
920 Nicollet Ave. 55402

ward respect by the French court, she soon returned to Rome. The Naples dream was over. By her barbaric act she had created around herself an air of dread that all her refinements of taste, so manifest today in this splendid exhibition in Stockholm, could not quite dispel.

Even so, Christina was the first foreign ruler to be buried in the nave of St. Peter's, with ceremonies that rivalled those that had welcomed her to the Eternal City. In 1965, her grave was opened, and a cast made from her silver death mask is displayed here in Stockholm. It confirms the evidence of the innumerable portraits—a heaviness of feature, protuberant eyes, large nose, and ironic mouth: no beauty, but a presence imposing, spirited, and highly intelligent.

THE exhibition was arranged by the Council of Europe, a non-political international organization with headquarters in Strasbourg, which last year sponsored an impressive display of the life and times of Charlemagne in Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), and which plans for 1968 a survey of Gothic art in a French museum as yet unspecified. Museums and exhibition committees these days compete with each other not only as to shows but as to catalogues. For historians and specialists, even the bare listings that served as collection catalogues in former times make fascinating reading, but the exhibition catalogue as a literary form is a comparative newcomer, a phenomenon of our day. The work of teams of scholars, with each item not only listed and described but assigned its historical significance, a modern exhibition catalogue is a compilation that can rival the most serious works of history. The Christina catalogue, with its more than six hundred meticulous pages—printed in two illustrated editions, Swedish and English—is one of the dividends of the undertaking. Another dividend comes in the form of the presentation of the opera "L'Honestà negli Amori," by Alessandro Scarlatti, at the exquisite Court Theatre at Drottningholm Palace, outside Stockholm. Scarlatti was Christina's master of music, and this work is dedicated to her. The palace itself, reached by a romantic ferry ride up Lake Mälaren at sunset, is an eighteenth-century gem.

All in all, an excellent excuse to visit Stockholm before October 16th, when the Christina exhibition closes and the treasures she gathered together will once again be dispersed throughout the world. —FRANCIS STEEGMULLER



MEN'S SHADED MONOGRAM IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

(Available only at Mosse's)

A Mosse special—full size, crisp, white Irish linen—handsomely corded—beautifully hand-rolled. Color choice for monogram shading: brown, tan, grey, royal, green, maroon or all white.

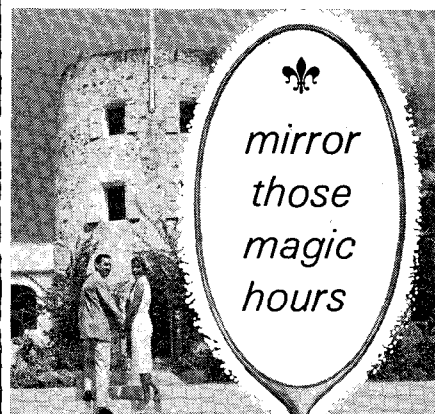
SPECIALLY PRICED FOR SEPTEMBER

BOX OF 6\$19.85
BOX OF 12 38.50
(per monogram)

Charge accounts invited. No C.O.D.'s.
Catalog upon request.

MOSSE
Linen

52 EAST 57 NEW YORK 22



**Bluebeard's
Castle**
AND BEACH HOTELS

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

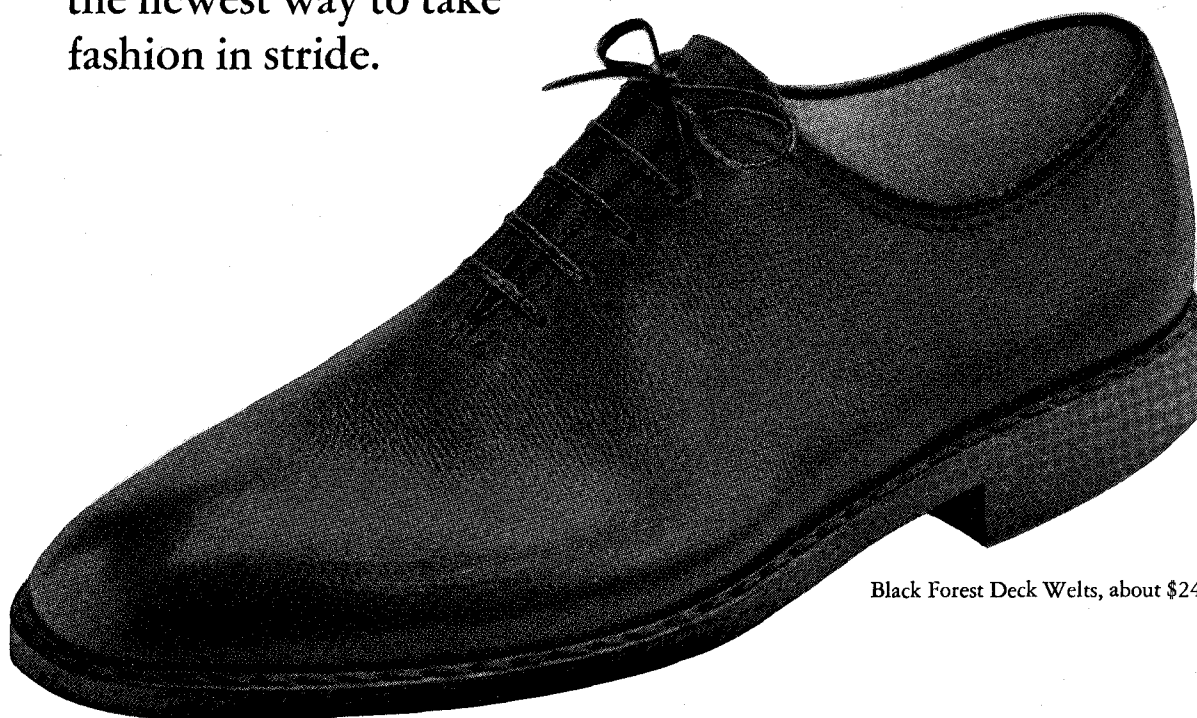
Your hilltop paradise plus swimming pool, tropical gardens, 300-year-old tower commanding Charlotte Amalie's sky-blue Harbor. 100 air conditioned rooms and Pirate's Parlour for dancing, calypso. New Dungeon Bar. Cuisine real American, specialties West Indian. Bluebeard's Beach Hotel with large air conditioned studio-rooms, dining, cocktail bar right on mile-long white sand shore. Be a V. I. Pirate!

Color folders from TRAVEL AGENTS or our representatives, **LEONARD HICKS, INC.**
532 Madison Ave., New York 10022 MU 8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Washington, D. C. • Canada



Black Olive Deck Welts, about \$24

Bates Deck Welts:
the newest way to take
fashion in stride.

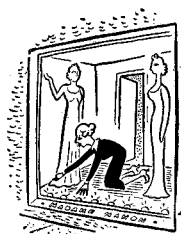


Black Forest Deck Welts, about \$24

 BATES SHOE COMPANY • WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE way custom milliners carry on, chirruping and cackling away in their own little isolation ward, you would think that the one important thing in the world was still hats; you would think, in fact, that it would be sacrilegious to go bareheaded during the playing of the national anthem. But inasmuch as this special breed of chirruping, cackling whooping crane may be on the road to extinction (bare heads are everywhere around us), let us be kind and listen to what the custom milliners have to tell us. One thing to be commended about their activities is that what they have to offer at this time is so sane, as well as becoming, that they may recover some of the ground (and a number of the heads) they have lost. Mr. Kenneth, go home!

For between seasons (now, that is), there are hats whose basis is Merry Widow, though without a plume and often without even a hat-band. They are broad-brimmed picture hats, really, curling up at one side and slashing low on the other. Sally Victor does them in felt or in her court favorite, glove leather; Lilly Daché, dubbing them Foreign Intrigue, does them in double-faced (you get the allusion) velours. Another such, for tailored suits, is more Merry Mayor than Merry Widow; in fact, its title is Jimmy Walker. I would call it a fedora. It's of white jersey with a band of black leather, and it is jauntily turned up on one flank. Emme *fecit*, with the help of her valiant Anello. For later on in the year, when the shelter of high collars is advisable, the hatmakers are ready with snug turbans of Carole Lombard bent. Victor has cunningly contrived many

of them, and in glove leather, which in one case is camel color, with matching jersey entwined in the folds. The team of Vincent-Harmik, which is now dwelling at 14 East 52nd Street, makes sidewise turbans, one of them of pleated gold lamé, coming down on the right cheek and ear, and one of them in lilac wool jersey, likewise sidling. Vincent-Harmik likes the snug cap-on-cap effect, the top layer tilted far off center. I noted one version in suède tinted chartreuse green and royal with an edging of dirty-green suède. To go with collars that are *not* constructed to shelter the ears, there are still jersey undercaps, looking like pared-down baby bonnets, upon which a hat can be superimposed. (The Incas are finally getting their revenge on Pizarro.) One of Emme's ventures is a bit of white

leather that resembles a motorcycle helmet, right down to the matching ear flaps and the resolute strap under the chin. These appurtenances can be folded inside, if you want to listen to what someone is saying. Mr. John, a great swather, has year after year produced hoods and scarf arrangements that really huddle. This season's Mr. John pranks have been christened Neckers and Chinnerers. One jersey-and-mohair beauty wears a finely stitched medium brim that is eminently wavy, and matching jersey mesh pops through holes alongside the crown and dips loosely under the jaw—a pet Mr. John stunt. The dressiest of his extra-deep tailored caps are sometimes adorned with fat ropes of rhinestones; on one of black felt the rope executes a horizontal figure 8 at the base in back,

and on another the rope goes across the front to end in a savage twist under an ear. Mr. John's hoods are still around. The most notable example is of gray mohair-and-jersey, very deep and narrow, with the ends crossing under the chin before they zoom backward. And huge stoles are hardy Mr. John perennials, in case hoods don't make you feel sheltered enough.

There are now more status symbols than there is status, and the fur hat has become one of them, particularly if it is done in mink or sable, but the best milliners no longer simply wrap the stuff around the head and let the fur speak for itself; instead, they employ the most intricate workmanship. Adolfo's bouts with fur can produce enormous berets, coming well down in back and widening there to a wing-spread of thirteen inches; Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman, does brimmed hats (these include mink *underbrims*, too) that do not smother the wearers as they dip over one eye in the course of using up four or five skins and



"Absorb the sales tax, and it's a deal."

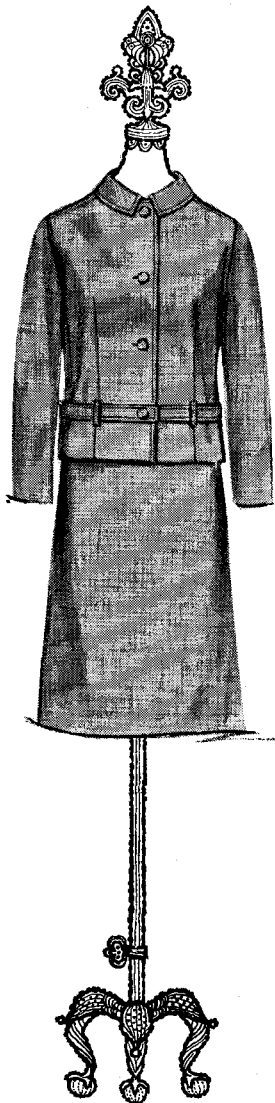


THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Lowdown

A lean, catlike, Twentyish suit, wickedly elegant of line. It is, being VILLAGER®, basically virtuous . . . but one can be virtuous without wanting it to leap immediately, so to speak, to the eye. Lightweight wool hopsacking, fully lined, in Foggy Blue, Persimmon, Indian Corn, Copper Penny, Pea Soup, Dirt Brown, Cactus Green, Elderberry. Sizes 6 to 16.

About forty dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York 10018

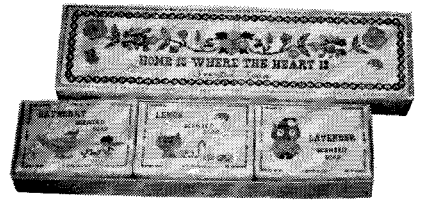
© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

\$550; Lilly Daché interlaces three mink skins and drapes them as easily as she does satin to effect superlative turbans; Emme's contribution is shaped like a paper bag, the open end of it moving smoothly along the hairline, and the top, a four-pointed square (like the *bottom* of a bag), drooping to one side or toward the rear; Harmik makes two minks or two sables go a long way in his experiments with fur, one of them an oval globe of two sable skins worked from front to back and united at the nape by a bow of brown satin. All these works of art can be done in other furs, naturally—Russian lynx, chinchilla, whatever. And there is bumpy white India lamb, too, for one of the most endearing young charms I have seen—an old-fashioned nightcap, by Victor, snug but tall, with the sharply turned-down point ending in a tassel.

Oddments: Silvery glitter and gleam are prominent in the current wardrobes, and Daché takes notice, using foil of synthetic silver that shines like a mirror and is stiff as a starched collar for such devices as a deep pillbox to be worn on the back of the head, with a big, square silver leather button bobbing on top. Silver mesh covers this pillbox, and four more silver buttons are placed along the sides. Silver turns up again on a pillbox of gray jersey, also buttoned on top, for there is a band of foil around its middle. Anything catches the fashion eye, including Doctor Zhivago, from the musical comedy of the same name, so Halston has put together a majestically towering turban of Russian sable, three horizontal tiers deep, and Harmik has erected a tilted Cossack fez of black leather with hand saddlestitching. And I won't even talk about the never-ending parade of kerchiefs and babushkas.

HOUSE CALLS: The first entry in this list is Victor (to whom belong many of the spoils this season) and all her turbans. A tricky tailored one may have modelled itself on the Guggenheim Museum. It's of black jersey, and the accordion tiers above the face are lined with white felt. Some turbans mingle black leather and chamois felt, and some—for affairs of state and fête—get to flaunt an iridescent lamé in copper and pink or in copper and green. What Victor calls her head-hugging halo, of stitched jersey, is what I could almost call a turban. On its smooth base is mounted a tiara, and trailers emerge from inside to tie under the chin. As I remarked in my foreword, sanity is present again, and

A Carolina Original



Cross-Stitch Sampler Scented Soap

As American as Yankee Doodle our old-fashioned package with old-fashioned fragrances has modern appeal. 3 cakes in gift box. Bayberry, Lemon, and Lavender. Order: SMP-S \$1.25 ea. 5 for \$6.00.



Carolina

At Gift Stores Everywhere

Jack and Jane Hicks

The Carolina Soap & Candle Makers

Southern Pines, North Carolina

Exquisite Accommodations in New York

AVAILABLE FOR
TRANSIENT OCCUPANCY

Single Rooms \$24-\$32

Double Rooms \$30-\$38

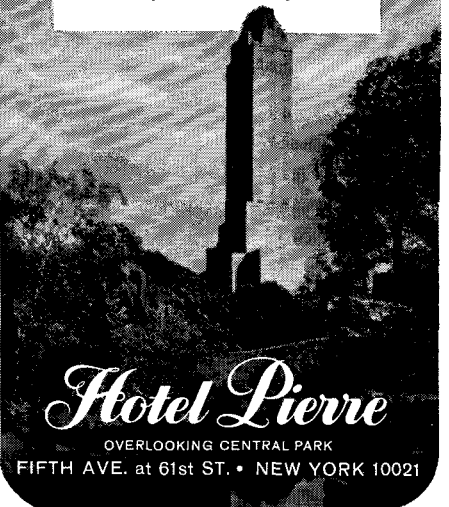
Two Room Suites from \$55

Adjacent to smart shops.

Convenient to theatres.

TELEPHONE (212) TE 8-8000

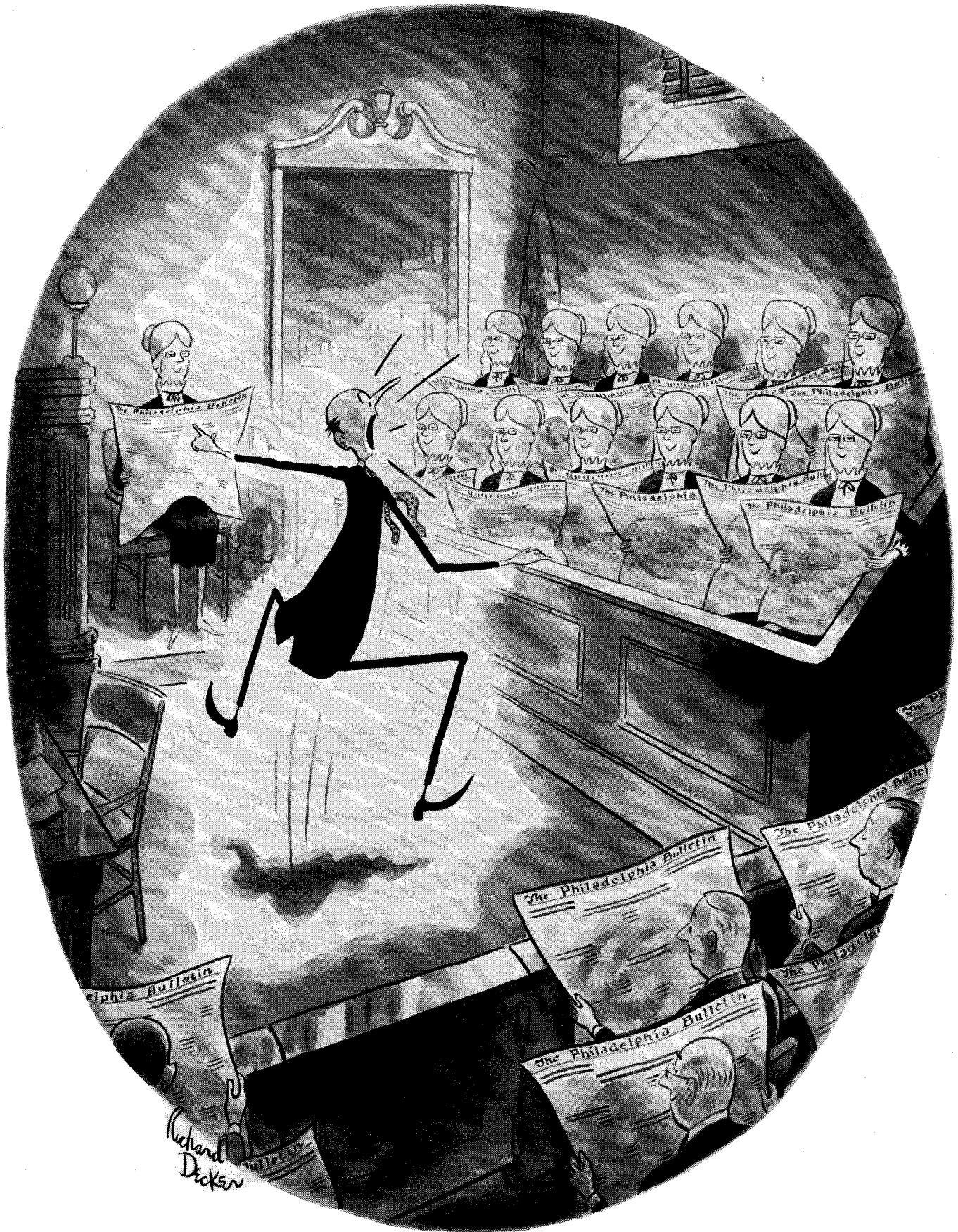
TWX 710-581-2764



Hotel Pierre

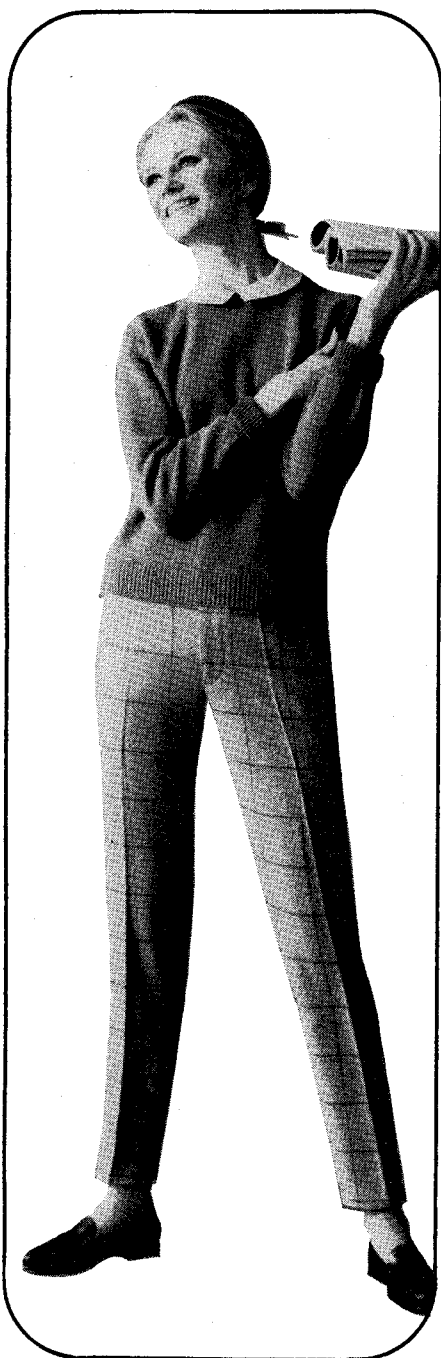
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK

FIFTH AVE. at 61st ST. • NEW YORK 10021



*In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads **THE BULLETIN***

(Advertisement)



100 issues from now

these Austin Hill man-tailored slacks will still be as timely as today's magazine. Tapered, fully-lined, zipper front. Assisting in the fresh, Austin Hill look is the coordinating lambs-wool crewneck sweater over an Ah! Eagle shirt. For nearest store, write: Austin Hill, Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. or 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Ah!

AUSTIN HILL LTD.

May we pin you? Our smart Ah! pin is yours on request. Ah, write Austin Hill now.

the simple tailored hats have never looked better. One of Mrs. V.'s efforts in the genre is a padre fedora of Spanish descent—of camel felt, with a separate cap of saffron jersey underneath as an option. Robin Hood would gladly be found dead in a small-brimmed bit of Sherwood Forest arrogance in felt—turned up briskly astern, brief and low on the forehead, a bright feather shooting straight up the deep crease in the crown. More imposing are the hats that go by the name of Swashbucklers; one, a wide bicornie of black leather, turns up so sharply to the rear that even a small woman can wear it, for it makes her neck look longer. Victor, by the way, shows that she is aware of that tendency toward silver glitter by using silver coq feathers for a face-framing hat.

REVERENCE is the due of Adolfo from all who like absolutely simple shapes in millinery. His "winter" panamas of velours are in essence deep-crowned fedoras with small brims that dip in front. The crowns of some have a crease fore to aft; others wear bands of striped French ribbon and a bow, six inches across, that is to be pinned to the hair in back below them. English sailor hats with medium straight brims are launched in velvet with grosgrain piping, in white velours with black grosgrain binding and streamers, and so forth. The brim of Adolfo's new cloche is turned back and arched high in front, and points come as far forward as the lower part of both cheeks. Along with all this calm, though, there is a trace of wildness—a brimmed hat (the brim vanishes in back) of stitched velvet completely covered by a sewn-together patchwork of varicolored pseudo diamonds, and a Chagall sort of thing that involves irregular bits of something studded with jewelry in stained-glass hues and welded together to make hoods whose ends cross under the chin, then go to the rear.

In a related enterprise, Adolfo at Saks Fifth Avenue, there is—among all else—further custom frippery, mostly manic evening headgear, such as ostrich feathers in Shocking, turquoise, green, and orange forming a giant pompon that is to be perched on top of the head and that is to trail a long comet tail.

THE household maintained by Emme and Anello is engaged in merriment with white calf upon which small oblongs in black are stencilled. The result I especially liked is a tilted-back beret mounted on a band of black

More comfort
than barefoot

Belgian Shoes

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



MIDINETTE
22 smart colors
Calf \$25
FOR HER



MR. CASUAL
Black or Brown Calf
Brown Calf, Trim Black
White Buckskin
Patent Leather
\$30

FOR HIM

Soft soled casuals known the world over.
Color brochures on request.

BELGIAN SHOES

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

The "Jewelers of the Caribbean" invite you to go sightseeing



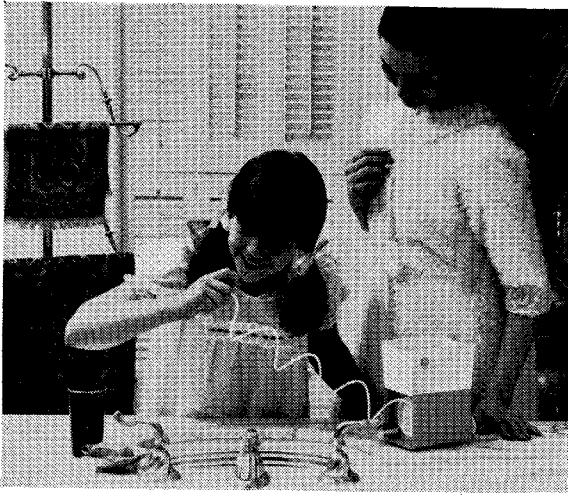
on 57th St. at 5th Ave.

Come see our extraordinary
New York Collection.

Continental jewelry.
Fine watches. Unusual clocks.

And the taste, integrity and
values that visitors to our stores
in the Caribbean can never forget.

SPIRITZER + FUHRMANN
"Jewelers of the Caribbean"
4th Floor, 5 E. 57 St., New York.
Curacao • Aruba • St. Maarten • Bonaire



New discovery recommended by thousands of dentists

Water Pik® cleans more effectively under gums, between teeth, where a toothbrush may never reach.

Water Pik Oral Hygiene Appliance—a completely new way to clean teeth and gums—is already setting a new standard of oral cleanliness for families all across America. Water Pik cleans with a vigorous, pulsating jet stream of water—to reach places you may have been neglecting all these years.

Why use a Water Pik?

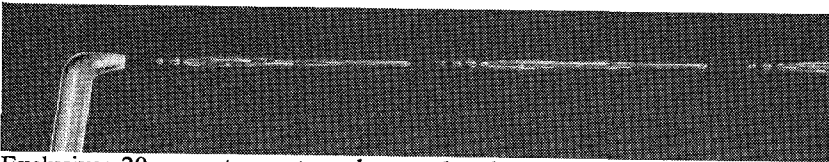
Thousands of dentists who recognize the relationship between dental health and oral cleanliness now recommend Water Pik. Anyone who cares enough to brush every day and seek regular professional care must seriously consider this important advance.

What does it do?

Water Pik pumps out a unique, pulsating stream of water—actually 20 separate spurts each second—to lift up the loose gum margin and sweep out bits of loose food trapped underneath, where your brush may never reach. Cleans effectively in crevices, pockets, between teeth—even under and around orthodontic appliances and fixed bridgework.

Easy, pleasant to use.

Water Pik cleans in just 90 seconds—leaves the mouth truly clean and fresh, gums feeling alive and tingling. This amazing new Water Pik appliance is small, light, attractive—includes individual jet tips for family use. See it now at drug and department stores.



Exclusive: 20 separate spurts each second make Water Pik uniquely effective.

Ask your dentist about Water Pik®

Oral Hygiene Appliance, Product of Aqua Tec Corporation, Denver, Colorado.



“ This is my very first 35mm picture ”



Mrs. M. Price, N. Y. C.

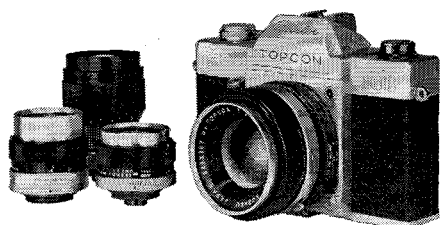
The picture is exactly as you want it. The expression on the child's face is 'just right' because you see the subject thru the same lens that takes the picture.

Your exposure is perfect because the built-in computer also sees the subject thru the same lens as you and the film.

AUTO-100 pictures are always perfect, from the first to the last shot on every roll. As you gain experience you can create all kinds of 'special-effect' pictures.

Best of all, the BESELER TOPCON AUTO-100 offers 4 completely interchangeable lenses to make your subject appear larger, smaller, nearer, farther away. You merely click the shutter for perfect results from the very first picture, with any lens, any film, day or night, indoors or out.

It's a remarkable camera; its features are exclusive. Under \$160.00.



Send us your very first AUTO-100 picture; it may be considered for publication.

Beseler Topcon Auto-100

At better photo stores or write: Beseler, Dept. R8,
East Orange, N.J. 07018. Beseler/since 1869

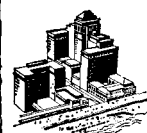
kid; with it can go a checkered wind-breaker with black jersey making the dolman sleeves and the back. Snakes were the real originators of the paper dress; if you have ever seen a snakeskin after it has been shed, you know that it weighs almost as much as tissue paper. The Emme-Anello team is using cobra skins—dyed topaz brown, or azalea, or red, or grape purple—for all sorts of things, such as a Breton so thoroughly turned up that it nearly becomes a cuff; above it is a draped, back-of-the-head dome. Furs much less humble than anything like cobra or calf—i.e., sable and mink—are shirred upward to end in a button at the top of slanting-back berets, and a kerchief of ranch mink, to be tied front or back, carries a slight bump at its top. Moreover, that knobby India lamb appears (first) in a small fedora with a high, creased crown and a tiny brim that curls up at one side, and (second) in an off-the-face helmet cap that comes down on the ears and has a hint of pixie point toward the back, and (third) in a Zhivago fez (the crown is fez, anyway), also with a curling-up brim. In the third case, the color is mocha, and the thing is to be worn low in front, unlike most Emme offerings, which reveal plenty of hair.

DACHÉ's understanding of the turban is complete. "Explosion of color" is her hue (sorry about that) and cry for this season, and this explains why I could add up to thirteen in analyzing the spectrum of a velvet hat before I lost count. The hat is a tower that topples toward its draped back and is guilelessly arched in front. Other turbans prove her fondness for spiral effects, accomplished with fat bands of feather that have a leopardy or a snaky look. One of these speckled ropes is combined with gold sheer wool; some of them whip around the deep crown of a big-brimmed hat done in tan felt. As for halo hats, a really-truly one is of mink—off the hairline in front, down on the ears, and oval and bonnety in back. Daché thinks her latest beret is new, but it dates back to Lady Brett. Anyway, it's worth repeating—black velvet with tiny buttons of black satin all over it and a pig's tail of the satin waving from the top. This is worn so far over one ear that the center part (if you have one) in the hair shows. Peter Pan is the architect of some numbers with deep, creased crowns and with brims that turn up abruptly in back and down in front. And then we come to those turbans of hers in thick furs—black and dyed-brown Persian writhing together in a masterpiece with

Saks Fifth Avenue

OUR BOBBY SUIT OF BANLON® NYLON

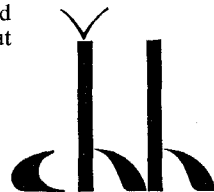
One-piece, back-tabbed knit in blue or burgundy with white stitching and buttons, 3 to 6 sizes, 11.50. Its turtle-neck polo shirt in white cotton knit, 4 to 7 sizes, 2.50. Children's Collection. Mail and phone orders filled.



GHOSTS

Like the castle in England we're named

for, we have one. But no chain-clanking hobgoblin is our ghost. He's the cheerful, friendly spirit that pervades every floor.



Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
For reservations: Call collect 609-344-5131



FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926

THE LITTLE TEASER STATUETTE IN LEAD

from the World's most extensive and distinguished collections of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone, displayed at Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms. THE LITTLE TEASER, in lead, child sitting on rock with frog on his foot spraying water on him, piped, 24" high, base 8" x 10 1/2" \$175.00 F. O. B. N. Y. C. (Express collect) 25¢ for catalogue 66 in coin or postage.

After 20 years, is television a good guy or a bad guy?



A good guy with a lot of the bad guy in him. That's the opinion of opinion-molders like Toynbee, Schlesinger and Mayer.

In a TV Guide series on television's impact on our society, they've had carte blanche in our pages, and they haven't pulled any punches. Candid commentary, as well as news, features and profiles, has measurable impact on our readers. Editorial readership scores are exceptionally high.

The impact for our advertisers is measurable, too. They get more readership for their dollars here than in any other mass magazine. We consider them the smart guys.



Source: Starch Adnorms, 1966.

CHRISTMAS CARDS



The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—paintings by Fra Angelico, El Greco, Breugel, and Goya, goldsmiths' work in enamel, crystal, and jewels, Renaissance angels, medieval sculpture and stained glass in precious colors, tapestries in wool and silk, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Japan, Tibet, Persia, Greece, and Sweden. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of
Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N16

Name _____

Address _____

ZIP _____

a wide headband and a beret top, or white mink in a real Hindu deal, crossing upward in front and swirling in back.

MR. JOHN has called himself the Mad Hatter from time to time, but it is possible to have tea with practically anyone in his new productions. One adult, campus-type (am I contradicting myself?) sports thing is a very small beret in Hudson's Bay Company blanket material and unsubtle colors. It sits on an extremely narrow leather headband. Mr. J., come to think of it, showed this to me in collusion with matching slacks and chaps of long-haired goat, so perhaps he is the Mad Hatter after all. Because he will never get over his liking for the scarf idea, he has confected Lasso, a hat of beige beaver with a tan-black-and-white scarf headband that shoots—his favorite way of Making an Entrance—through the brim to knot well under the chin, and he has confected (for evenings when the wearer is feeling dramatic) a triangular scarf of black jersey edged with mirrored paillettes and some pearls (*soi-disant* pearls, I presume); the ends of the scarf slip through a gilt ring beside the jawbone. There is more glitter aboard his black felt cap that comes down in points almost to the shoulders, for there is a jewelled medalion both inside and outside at the tips.

A QUANTITY of the best hats in Paris should be in stock at Bergdorf Goodman by now, but so far what I have seen there is the dreamy work of the native Halston. He still believes in kerchiefs, and the most effective one is all blond and white strips of mink knotted beneath your chinny-chin and floating free in a V point to the rear. As for trickery, I give you his white mink turban with a deep cuff (attached in back by the inevitable kerchief knot) that can be lowered to make a collar. And there is his kerchief cap of black satin—an off-the-face job that is folded and flat on top and goes outward well down on the sides. This, too, has that fall-away V in back. The inventors of hats cannot stay away from Morocco, I find, and to prove it Halston is getting into half-inch black and white stripes once again. In jersey, they make an outward Sphinx fold that drops astern a fair distance below the shoulders, like a super-snoody; the bib under the chin can be raised so that all the onlookers behold is your smoldering Arab eyes. In silk, these stripes make a deep, irregularly contoured pill-box. A big streamer descends from the



Her Majesty®

Checked charm, in a full length robe of quilted cotton flannel, warmed with 100% Kodel® polyester fiberfill. Cluny lace trim. Machine washable. Pink or blue checks on white. Sizes 4 to 6X, \$8. Sizes 8 to 14, \$10. Matching curler cap, \$1.00. Bedtime boots, \$2.00. At Hudson's, Detroit; and other fine stores. Her Majesty®, 130 West 34th St., New York.



FURNITURE FOR
GRACIOUS LIVING

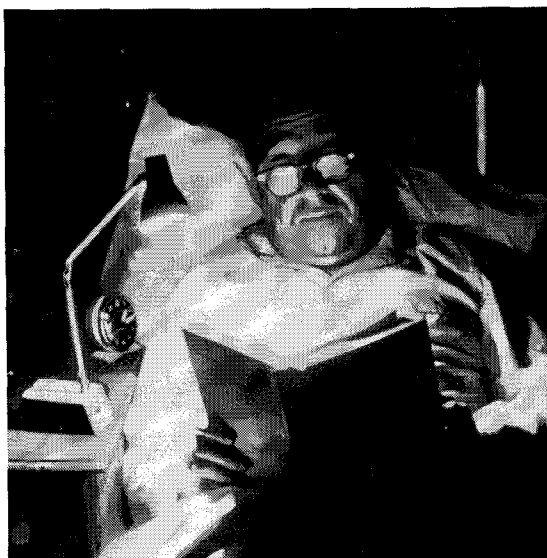
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

CHANDLER'S 49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

"I already have a house full of lamps. What do I need another lamp for?"



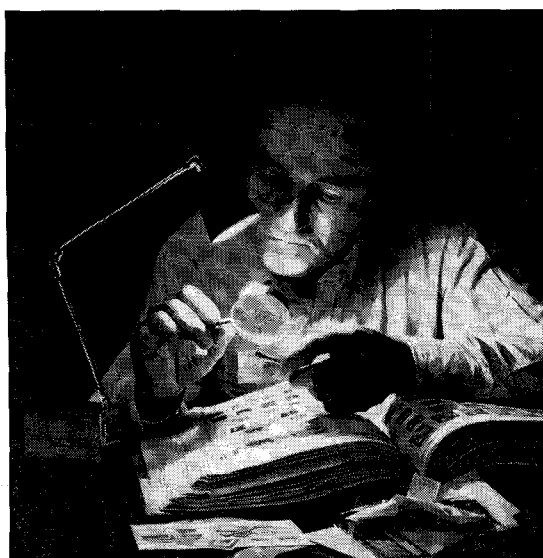
Insomnia? A Tensor® lamp won't disturb the wife.

Because a Tensor lamp concentrates its high-intensity light right where you point it, you can read while your spouse is out in the dark snoozing. And because Tensor light etches the words clean and sharp on the page, you won't be bothered with reader squint or eyestrain. Pictured: Anvil™ model. Lifetime guarantee.* \$12.95.



Work? A Tensor lamp concentrates on the job.

Tensor's clean white light is the equivalent of a 100-200 watt conventional light. Yet it's anything but conventional. It gets in for close work without getting in your way. And it's so compact you can carry it in the palm of your hand, or fold it up and stick it in a drawer. Pictured: Princess®. One year guarantee.* \$9.95.



Hobbies? A Tensor lamp gets in close.

A Tensor high-intensity lamp is powerful enough to light the entire working area of a desk. Yet so flexible and functional, you can use its concentrated bright light to concentrate on the minutest subjects. Like the watermark on a stamp. Or that new fishing fly you're tying. Pictured: Classic™ model. Lifetime guarantee.* \$17.50.



Read? A Tensor lamp helps you see better.

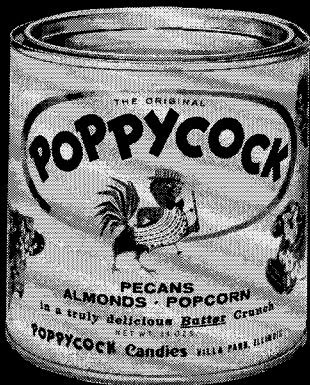
An ordinary house lamp gives you a pale yellow light. But a Tensor high-intensity lamp gives you the closest thing to white natural daylight you can buy. And through evolution, it's in the clear natural light of day that the human eye sees best. Pictured: Diab by Tensor. Model #3600. Suggested retail price \$6.95.

Tensor lamps are available in 7 models at department, gift, stationery and hardware stores. Diab by Tensor lamps are also sold in discount and variety stores.

tensor
It helps you see better™

*If any part, except bulb and finish, wears out or fails to function because of defects in material or workmanship, we'll fix or replace it free. Just take the lamp or mail it postage paid, to one of the 90 nationwide Tensor Service Centers. The one year guarantee is good for one year from date of purchase, the lifetime guarantee is good for the life of the owner. © 1966 Tensor Corporation.

**Hardly anyone
bothered with the
caviar at Pearle's
last party.**



Pearle's people discovered a new divertissement. Poppycock. They ate it before dinner. After dinner. Probably would have eaten it instead of dinner but Pearle balked. (What would she do with the squabs?) Poppycock is irresistible. A melange of whole toasted almonds and pecans and puffy white pieces of popcorn. All gathered up in a caramelized crunch made with butter. Butter, my dear. And more butter. In some circles this gorgeous, golden stuff is known as the millionaire's popcorn. And we must admit that it does help to have a buck or two in the bank to afford it. You'll find Poppycock, priced at \$2 a can, mostly in fancy food shops and in better department stores.



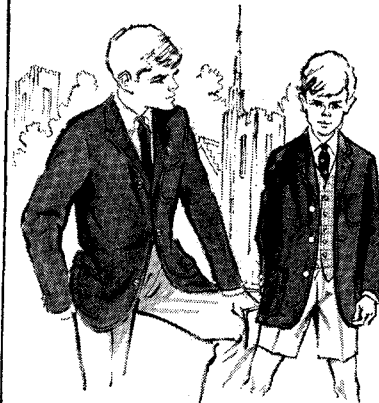
POPPEYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

top to be thrown across the throat and back over one shoulder.

ONLY two of the four hands in the partnership of Vincent-Harmik work on a given hat, but even so the end product is often impossibly intricate. For what is known as surface interest, they take feather pads that have been sewn (not just pasted) on various shapes and give them a marbled look with trailing fronds of contrasting ostrich held down by tulle. One lovely instance of this concerns pads in a deep, cloudy rose with white-and-royal marbling. Other things the hands take are wooden beads not much larger than a pinhead. These they sew into patterns in a range of colors to ornament basically simple pillboxes or French-sailor berets. A lot of antique Paisley wool is on deck, and this is converted into, for one, a tiara Breton, the brim rolled back higher than the tiara in front and pleated flat down the back. Water snake dyed the color of brandy is used for towering crisscrossed turbans and for small back-of-the-head ones with minaret peaks. Visors are in favor here, one of them a Dutch Boy sort, of red leather, with white honeycomb wool bulging out at the top. Another is straight, of black capeskin, with a white dome of crochet surmounting it. And the fisherman hat, a perpetual dweller in this shop, is long and low in back and turned up in front. It's to be worn at a slight tilt.

ARCHIE EASON is a new name for me, though not, I discover, new to the dress designers who go to him when they want a hat to finish off a costume for a showing. He is in residence at 45 West 57th Street, in case you hadn't heard, either. He, too, leans to the fisherman hat, but what I liked best in the current display was more Admiral Nelson—a white turnback of felt in front, padded to make it bulge above the brows. In back, though, this hat goes codfishing, for it abruptly descends there, fisherman fashion. Making it, I guess, really only a half Nelson. The piping of this is black velvet, black-and-white combinations being an Eason favorite. Black velvet ribbon is arrayed over the brows on one of his scarf hats, and a double spill of white felt makes the rear of it quite emphatic. The double hat is another Eason delight. Big holes are cut in the top hat to show the contrasting color underneath—sapphire over emerald, white over red. The shapes are classic—cloches or small rollers. But if eccentricity is called for, Mr. E. can match almost anyone. I

**Traditional Blazers
in handsome DACRON®**



For Boys—Juniors—University

Year round blazers in that fine wrinkle resistant blend of 55% Dacron® polyester and 45% wool...instill a feeling of being well dressed...a must in every young man's wardrobe.

the epitome in clothing

by Glanzrock

DePinna, New York

Boyd's, St. Louis
Robertson's, Lake Forest

at the fine stores listed or write:
B. Glanzrock, Inc., 126 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

*DuPont Reg. T.M.

B First Family of
Photographers
achrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

COIN BLAZER BUTTONS



Thousands more
to choose from.



Perfect for
the man who
has everything.

BRITISH LION & CROWN—sterling silver 13/16" —\$6.00 each, 9/16" —\$5.00 each.

RUSSIAN EAGLE SILVER COIN BUTTONS 3/4" —\$6.00 each, 3/4" —\$5.00 each, 5/8" or 9/16" —\$4.00 each.

FRENCH COIN (FLEUR-DE-LIS) Available sterling frames or gold plated with enamel center (Black, Royal Blue, or White) 11/16" —\$8.50 each, 9/16" —\$7.00 each.

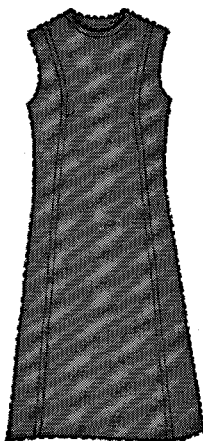
Old Buttons, Inc.

510 Madison Ave. Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N.Y.C.
or Zula Fricks, 404 Chartres St., New Orleans, La. 70016

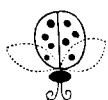
THE CHRONICLE MEANS THE WEST



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

**very**

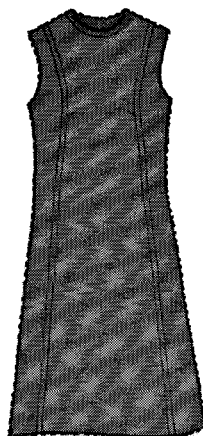
LADYBUG makes it look so easy. As if it were simply second nature to look so completely right and smooth and shapely and neat and well-bred and pretty and intelligent and spirited. Nothing to it. Nothing but LADYBUG®. Like this. Write for your nearest LADYBUG shopkeeper. 5 to 15. About \$23.



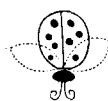
Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© 1966, LADYBUG

**simple**

A fleeting quick skim of shape, marked off by firm seams. Emphatically simple, with neither sleeves nor collar . . . all presence and impact. Wool jersey, backed by acetate tricot, in the uncompromising colors of Fall . . . Navy, Elderberry, Sandringham, Glen Green. At nicer stores. 5 to 15. About \$23.



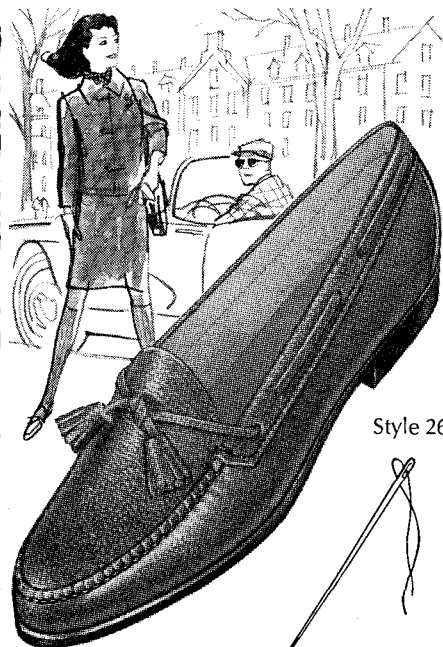
Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

greatly admired (through my laughter) a hat with a wide band of black velvet that serves as a springboard for a ceremonial Indian headdress—four and twenty French pheasant feathers (black-barred pale gray) arching over the head and dropping down in back nearly to the waist. Anyone who likes the harem look should stock up on some of the Eason top-of-the-head plaques of massed jet beads, these equipped with looped strands of smaller beads descending onto the chest. Sixty-five yards of beading go into the making of this bit of exotica.

AND anyone whose idea of the exotic carries her back to the great old days of Maxim's (there's the Merry Widow again) should call on Maria Pia, now in residence at 24 East 56th Street. She works, mainly in black, with tulle and point d'esprit and veiling and ostrich feathers and glycerined peacock and white biot feathers, very thin and spiky, which she knots into star shapes to be dotted across black ostrich, say. One of her most impressive productions is a wig of white coq feathers with strands of white ostrich peering between the pads. This arches above the forehead and then ascends into a tower, but to the rear it drops way, way down.

I AND my acolytes have been working a few tests on ourselves—tests that have nothing to do with hats but that should enhance the well-being of those who do (or don't) wear them. Herewith the report: Yves St. Laurent's Y is now not only a sprightly perfume but a toilet water, and the perfume itself is appearing in a new measure—a quarter-ounce bottle, at \$10. . . . Estée Lauder has got around to adding nail polish in forty-three hues to her long-lived collection of cosmetics. . . . Frances Denney has dished up a face washer, Super Quick Foam, which leaves the skin clean and properly refreshed after a hard day in this city of ours. . . . A hair spray called A Coif of Arpège, produced, naturally, by Arpège, has the virtue of *not* smelling of lacquer but of definitely smelling like the famous scent it is named for. And because it is not sticky, it is just fine applied on the skin. . . . The Patou foundry, celebrated for perfumes of the softest kind (Moment Suprême and Joy, if I must name names), is prepared to stir up womankind with one that is entitled Câlène—not to be confused with the new French liquid detergent called Mister Câlène. It is warm and female,



Style 26

NEW LOOK ON CAMPUS

the tasseled casual of rich pebble grain leather. Genuine moccasin construction with hand-sewn forepart. Most styles from \$14.95. Slightly higher Denver west.



Cole-Haan, Dept. C-55, Freeport, Maine



*A continental restaurant
of unusual charm
where superb food takes
precedence over all.*

**PIERRE
GRILL**

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
EVERY DAY INCLUDING SUNDAY
TELEPHONE: (212) TE 8-8000

Hotel Pierre

Fifth Avenue at 61st St.

SUNDAY BONNET FOR
MOPPET OR MISS



Suede cloth or corduroy. Deep blue, loden, cranberry or camel. Sizes: Small and Medium. \$5.00 at fine stores or write

hurlburt/hingham

Hingham, Mass. 02043



Hey, don't kid that poor city slicker. You know what a Uniroyal is.

Your boots are Uniroyals. The raincoat under your seat is a Uniroyal. Your tractor tires are Uniroyals. Not to mention the tires on your pick-up truck, your threshing machine, your hay baler, your...wait a minute. Maybe you really don't know what a Uniroyal is.

Uniroyal is the new international trademark of the U.S. Rubber Company which we're now using in the 150 countries in which we do such business as manufacturing, research, buying and selling.

A moment ago you said you had a spray for everything. These sprays are Uniroyals—every one. Such as Alanap®—the smart weed

killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers. Or Aramite®, the mightier miticide.

Well, we hope all this enlightens you a little. Now, will you enlighten us? Which really did come first, the chicken or the egg?

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

COME TO SPAIN

(And the Rest of Europe)
Fall, Winter 1966-1967

1. From \$371, Olé Tour, 15 days.
3 unforgettable days in Lisbon. Then a short flight to Seville for 3 more magical days. Again, by air, for 6 days in Madrid. Price includes air transportation, hotel accommodations and breakfast.

2. From \$406, Canary Wonderland Tour, 15 days.

Fly via Madrid to the enchanting tropical island of Gran Canaria. Sandy white beaches, 18 hole golf course, fine restaurants and night clubs. Price includes all transportation, hotels and breakfast. (Alternate 2 week tour of both Gran Canaria and Tenerife from \$436.)

3. From \$472, "Enjoy Spain" Holiday Tours, 15 days.

Choose the Andalusian guided tour by air-conditioned motorcoach. See Madrid, Granada, Torremolinos, Seville, Cordoba and other points en route. Or take the Palma tour for \$22 extra. 5 days of Mediterranean sun on the island of Mallorca with more wonderful days in Madrid and Barcelona. Prices include all air travel, first class and deluxe hotels, most meals.

4. From \$535, "Spain, James" 15-day Guided Tour.

Travel by private car with English-speaking chauffeur. See Madrid, Toledo, Merida, Seville, Ronda, Fuengirola, Granada, Cordoba and all the fabulous sights on the way. First class hotels and paradises. Price includes transportation, hotels and breakfast.

5. "Spain/Israel Times Four" Tours—\$999—3 weeks.

4 fabulous itineraries . . . with leisurely visits to your choice of Europe's most fascinating cities including Madrid, Venice, Athens, Paris and a comprehensive tour of Israel. Other highlights: a dream cruise on the Mediterranean and motor-trips to the world's most beautiful and historic sights. Price includes deluxe and first class hotels, sightseeing, most meals and all air travel.

Extensions available on most tours.

Check tour number you are interested in on coupon and send for free brochure or see your Travel Agent.

IBERIA AIR LINES OF SPAIN	
NYG	
518 Fifth Avenue	New York 36, N. Y.
1. ☐	2. ☐ 3. ☐ 4. ☐ 5. ☐
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____ State _____	
My Travel Agent is _____	
*Prices are based on round trip jet economy fare from New York and vary in accordance with date of departure. Air fares subject to government approval. Double room occupancy.	

with a hint of the Orient, which means that you may have to go around with an armed guard. It is to be found in the armories of Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, and Bonwit Teller. If none of all *this* goes to your head, either, you may be much more stolid than I think.

—LOIS LONG

It would be very good if the issuance of Government bonds served as a stimulant helping our economy to recover from the recession as a result. We cannot help but think of the danger that a mistake could lead to inflation. In the rough seas of recession, the sail of Government bonds was raised resolutely, but the ship called prices policies is an undependable dilapidated hulk which has not been cared for regularly.

Aboard this ship is the general public. Pilot Takeo Fukuda (Finance Minister) says that the wind will be caught by the sail and the ship will be able to negotiate the rough seas of recession.

He vows he knows how to handle the tiller, taking into consideration the strength of the wind and the height of the waves. Pilot Fukuda seems very confident, saying: "Leave everything to me!"

Previously, we had a very confident captain named Hayato Ikeda. Saying that if we went to a certain place we could earn twice as much, he started out without considering how frail our ship was. To those who worried that such a trip would be dangerous, he thumped his chest and said, "Leave everything to me!"

The ship ran at a terrific speed, but the load of facilities investment became too heavy. On the other hand, the flooding of the ship (high prices) was serious. Having entered the rough seas of recession, the ship can't move any further. Thereupon, pilot Fukuda brought out the big sail of Government bonds.

He aims for the sheltered place behind island of stabilized growth, but those aboard the ship look worried and wonder if it's safe with the excessively large sail.

The big defect of this ship is that the bridge on which the officers are standing has been made very strong and tall so that the officers cannot hear the anguished shouts of those in the ship's hold who are up to their necks in the water flooding below decks.

The people are not acting as if they are mere passengers. They are frantically rowing. Listen, pilot Fukuda, ship carpenter Aiichiro Fujiyama (Director-General of the Economic Planning Agency) and captain Sato (Prime Minister)! Hold our ship on a steady course!—*Asahi (Japan) Evening News*.

And keep the metaphor afloat at all costs.

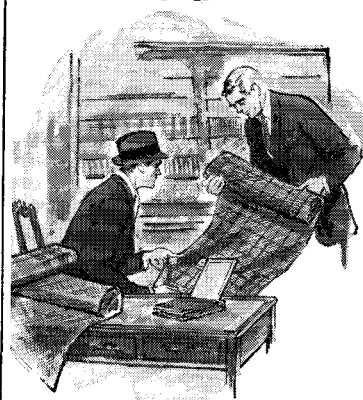
A STATISTICAL THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Providence Evening Bulletin]

"During the first half of every American's life he is more likely to die in an auto accident than from any other cause," he [Senator Michaelson] said.



Clothiers Furnishers



TAILORED CLOTHING

Specialists in good taste, skilled Chipp hands continue to tailor patterns and colors woven expressly for us in imported English worsteds, Irish tweeds, Scottish shetlands and cashmeres for discriminating men seeking an ideal medium for self expression.

COAT AND TROUSERS

Custom made . . . from \$265.
Special order . . . from 190.

ODD JACKETS

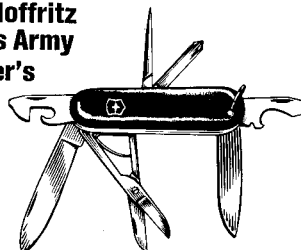
Custom made . . . from \$180.
Special order . . . from 140

Traveling itinerary on request

14 E. 44th Street

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

The Hoffritz Swiss Army Officer's Knife

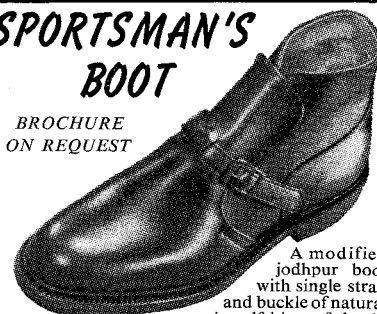


A complete "tool kit" in one amazing 3 1/2" knife. Contains: large and small cutting blades, scissors, can opener, screw driver, awl, cap lifter, and Phillips screwdriver. Handsome red enamel case with silver crest. \$10.95 plus 35¢ postage. All credit cards honored. (Within N. Y. C., add 5% sales tax; N. Y. State other than N. Y. C., add 2% sales tax.) Hoffritz, 551 5th Ave., Dept. G-13, N. Y. C. 10016, or come into any Hoffritz store.

Barrie Ltd. OF NEW HAVEN.

SPORTSMAN'S BOOT

BROCHURE ON REQUEST



A modified jodhpur boot with single strap and buckle of natural grain calfskin, soft leather-lined forepart, complete storm welts, double leather soles, and leather heels with v-plates. In hand-antiqued Brown ☐ or Black Calf ☐ \$24.95 postpaid. ORDER BY MAIL—State Shoe Size. DEPT. N. BARRIE LTD. 260 YORK ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ONE OUT OF EVERY TWO FAMILIES IN WESTCHESTER READS THE POSH NEWS.

While Tommy Armour plays "Better Golf" and Kay Thomas cables the most "in" dresses in Paris cost \$20, there's a middle income squeeze, a possible milk black market, Vietnicks are ejected from Congress, interest rates are up and the Market is down.

That's why 6,884,000 people read The News. From Bedford Village to Greenwich Village.

Over 1 million News readers are in families with incomes between \$10,000 and \$20,000.

And one in every 5 has a profession. Or owns his own business. Or manages someone else's.

Last year, six out of every 10 adults who read The News bought liquor for their homes.

Proof that you don't have to be staid to be rich.

News readers like life. Which is why they buy The News. And buy from The News.

If you have a big ticket item to sell, shouldn't it be seen by millions of outgoing people with the money to buy it? In The News, of course. The paper enjoyed by half the New Yorkers with family incomes of \$20,000. Or more.



THE NEWS IS WHAT'S HAPPENING.

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,965,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,499,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,884,000 READERS. THIS INCLUDES 52.2% OF ALL ADULTS IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

LETTER FROM CAMBODIA

SEPTEMBER 7

THE visitor who makes the half-hour plane trip from Saigon to the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh these days invariably experiences a sensation of having momentarily escaped the turbulence of the Southeast Asian hurricane for its calm eye. The differences between the two cities are manifest the moment the plane sets down at the Phnom Penh Airport, where it is likely to stand by itself instead of being surrounded by scores of fighters, bombers, transports, and helicopters, as it was in Saigon. The ride into town is swift and smooth, along broad avenues relatively free of traffic and of the smell of exhaust fumes. The stucco houses of residential Phnom Penh, painted serene pastel colors, stand far apart amid lush, well-tended lawns and impart an air of comfortable, unhurried living. The food and wines in the French restaurants are still good, and the Viet-

namese-run dance halls and cafés, although their operators have acquired some of the money-grubbing habits of their Saigon counterparts, have retained much of the old French atmosphere of *joie de vivre*. Such manifestations of contentment, however, cannot conceal the fact that the storm is close by, and to watch Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Chief of State, perform his extraordinary feat of navigating above it is an often breathtaking experience. Sihanouk, the forty-three-year-old former king who stepped down from the throne eleven years ago in order to take over the controls of his flimsy state, continues to meet with astonishing *élan* and vitality the challenge of staying politically aloft. His own survival, while it is important to him as a royal figure with at least a normal share of ego, remains secondary in his mind to the survival of Cambodia as a nation. In his present course, his principal ef-

fort is to maintain what he insists is a position of neutrality (not neutralism) amid the contending forces about him.

Though it frequently seems that Sihanouk's form of neutrality is one that favors Communist China, North Vietnam, and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam over the Western nations and their Asian allies, it is apparent from various statements that he has made that he probably fears nothing so much as finding himself confronted by a completely Communist-dominated Vietnam—an eventuality he believes is likely to be hastened rather than averted by America's escalation of the Vietnamese war. A fear of being taken over by either the Vietnamese, on one side, or the Thais, on the other, forms the historical basis of Sihanouk's foreign policy. He regards himself as fighting a rear-guard action to save what is left of the once great Khmer kingdom, which between the ninth and thirteenth centuries conquered much of Southeast Asia, including what is now Vietnam and Thailand, and which had ten million subjects at a time when England had about five million. Thereafter, beginning in the fourteenth century, the Thais and the Vietnamese, yellow mainland people—the Khmers are darker-skinned and are related to the Polynesians and the Indonesians—moved in, and would have destroyed the kingdom altogether if it had not been for the arrival, in 1863, of the French, who thus, in a sense, became the saviors as well as the colonial rulers of Cambodia. Sihanouk has often accorded public credit for his country's survival to the French, who, largely as a result of his efforts, granted Cambodia its independence in 1953, and he regards President Charles de Gaulle—who, like him, urges the neutrality of all the former Indo-Chinese states—as one of the great men of history. He says that Cambodia is the most “unabashedly Gaullist” and sincerely Francophile nation in the world outside of France. At the beginning of this month, the Prince expressed the “gratitude and admiration” he feels toward de Gaulle by honoring the French President and his wife in every way he could think of during their three-day state visit to Cambodia. Sihanouk, who, among other things, is a master showman, personally supervised the program down to the last detail, which included the purchase of special kitchen equipment in Hong Kong and the importation of a chef and a maid from the Hotel Crillon in Paris. A spectacular feature of the visit was a trip to Angkor



“Oh, Dr. Sedgwick! Not you, too!”



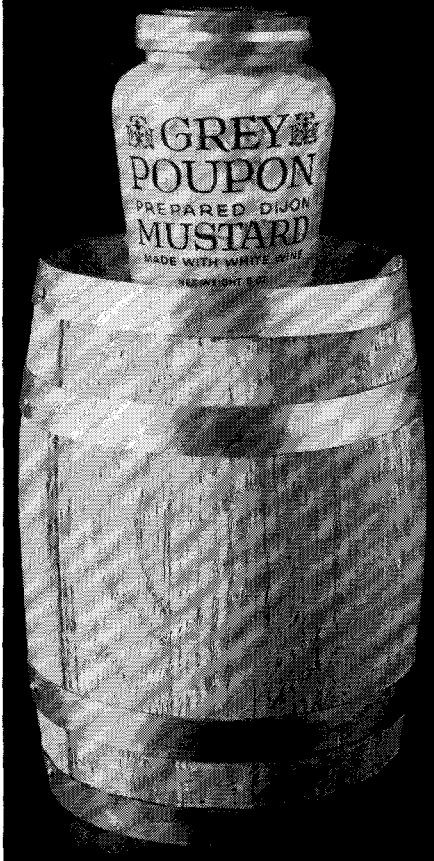
MIGHTY-WHAT?



MIGHTY-MAC PLUS MIGHTY DACRON*...THAT'S WHAT! Famous Dunka-Cloth† is the key. Resiliency, wearability and an unsurpassed comfort. Lined with luxurious, quilted satin. Interlined with Dacron* fiberfill. It's the "Blake-Man". \$55 (you'll wonder why it isn't \$100). It's a **MIGHTY-MAC®**

MIGHTY-MAC, is the registered trademark of CAPE ANN MANUFACTURING CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS., U.S.A. † MIGHTY-MAC DUNKA-CLOTH IS 65% DACRON* POLYESTER, 35% VISCOSE. * DU PONT'S REG. T.M. FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.

Why
do we
age
Grey Poupon
Mustard
in wood?



It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

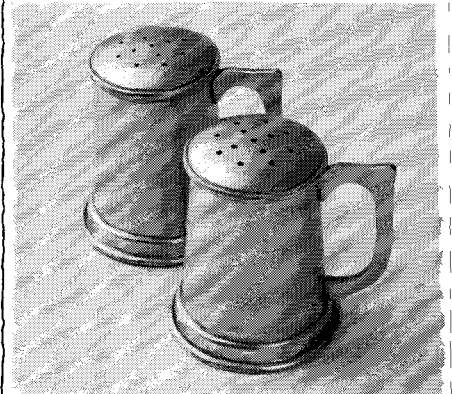
**GREY
POUPON**
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Wat, the symbolic ruins of the Khmer kingdom, where a stunning floodlit historical pageant was presented beneath the stars. The high point came when, after a hundred thousand Cambodians had shouted "Vive de Gaulle!" in Phnom Penh's sports stadium, the General arose to insist that there could be no peaceful solution in South Vietnam until the United States had guaranteed to remove its military forces there. Prior to this, he had conferred at length with Ho Chi Minh's representative, Nguyen Thuong. At the conclusion of the General's visit, he and Sihanouk issued a joint communiqué calling for the neutralization of the Indo-Chinese area.

ANOTHER important visitor, President Johnson's roving ambassador, Averell Harriman, was supposed to come here, far more quietly, a week later, to discuss ways of improving relations between Cambodia and the United States, with which Sihanouk formally broke all ties in May, 1965. Even though Harriman is an old friend of Sihanouk's, his visit had to be postponed, because of an embarrassing series of awkward events. In mid-August, less than a month after the trip had been arranged, the Prince told the Ambassador not to come, because Sihanouk objected to the contents and tone of a statement of apology he had received from the United States after an air attack on the Cambodian village of Thlok Trach, about a thousand yards from the Vietnamese border, on July 31st, and two similar incidents that occurred nearby on August 2nd, when some foreign diplomats were inspecting the area. The American statement expressed regret over the loss of several villagers' lives in the first attack, but it also noted that American maps had shown the village to be part of South Vietnam and not of Cambodia. This touched Sihanouk on the raw, and he angrily declared that there was no sense in holding any talks, because "the United States must first recognize that Cambodia is a country that has frontiers." Most members of the Western diplomatic community in Phnom Penh felt that Washington might more sensibly have just apologized, without bringing up the question of what was on whose map. It has, of course, been maintained for some time by quite a few Vietnamese and Americans that the Cambodians are knowingly giving refuge to Vietcong forces and are smuggling supplies to them through Cambodian territory. There were neutral observers who suggested the possibility that Sihanouk had

COLONIAL TANKARD IN LIFETIME PEWTER

Salt & Pepper



Miniature colonial tankards in gleaming pewter bring 18th century charm to your table. Authentically scaled from original colonial design, and made from the same lead-free pewter formula brought to America by the early settlers. \$10.00 a pair. At authorized Stieff dealers. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

Stieff

Wyman Park Driveway/Baltimore, Maryland 21211



VIRTUE NON VERBIS

**Internationally Famous
Restaurant**

with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL

Shelburne

BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY

**NEW YORK PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450
or Atlantic City 344-8131**

Your
choice of
today's
foremost
portrait
painters
and
sculptors



PORTRAITS, INC.

136 EAST 57th STREET

NEW YORK



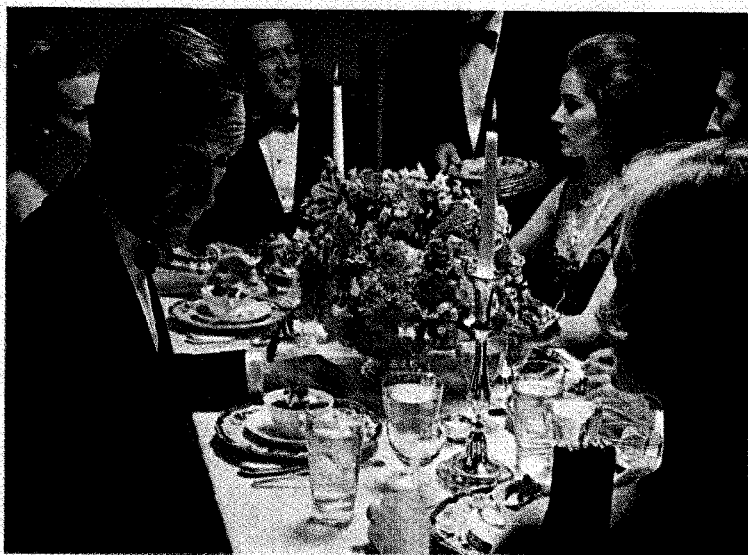
Some of our daisies are doozies.

Red daisies for example. Who ever heard of that? Or green tulips, purple apples or blue geraniums? Yes, Schumacher has them. We know when you find a fabric, wallpaper or carpet that's exactly what you're looking for . . . but not in the right color you need . . . it's downright frustrating. That hardly happens at Schumacher's because our range of color se-

Schumacher's

FABRICS | CARPETS | WALLPAPERS

lections in every pattern runs the full gamut, not just one or two variations. We go all the way, in every way, to please. "Daisy Chain" on 50" Dacron sheer available with companion wallpaper. Available through decorators and decorating departments of fine stores. F. Schumacher & Co., 58 W. 40th St., N.Y. Showrooms: 939 Third Ave., N.Y. (56th St.).



You're a little bit richer when you switch
to the Smooth Canadian.

Now that you can afford to think of great whisky first,
price later, drink this in: Seagram's V.O. does
what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once
and for all. Light? Of course. Lucky you.

Known by the company it keeps
Seagram's
Canadian

V.O.



36 & 46 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
LICENSED TO UNE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

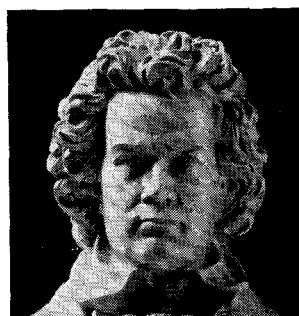
not been wrong in charging that the American pilots knew perfectly well what they were doing when they attacked Thlok Trach, because they had done so under orders and for the specific purpose of subverting the Harri-man visit and maintaining a threat of military reprisals against the Cambodians. A week before the incidents took place, some well-informed Vietnamese in Saigon were privately predicting just such an attack. At any rate, after Sihanouk had received a second note of apology from Washington, he quieted down, and it is hoped that the Harri-man visit will take place later this year.

The whole question of Cambodia's borders—especially that with Vietnam, but also those with Thailand and Laos—troubles Sihanouk deeply. (Uncertainty as to the exact boundaries in some places leads to differing estimates of Cambodia's area, but it is believed to be about seventy thousand square miles—approximately the size of Oklahoma.) He vehemently denies that he is in any way conspiring with the Communists to let Cambodia be used as a haven, and he insists that his borders, as he defines them, be respected by everyone, including the Americans and the Communists. When, recently, I interviewed Sihanouk in Phnom Penh, he declared emphatically that only when the United States recognized his "existing borders" and put an end to "military action against our country" could reconciliation become possible. He pointed out that the U.S.S.R. had officially recognized Cambodia's independence, neutrality, and territorial integrity, and asked why the United States could not do likewise. Actually, Secretary of State Dean Rusk not long ago told a press conference, "We support fully both the neutrality and the territorial integrity of Cambodia." The United States, moreover, has offered to underwrite an increase in the personnel and equipment of the International Control Commission, which was set up under the Geneva agreements of 1954 to safeguard Cambodian neutrality and consists of representatives of Canada, Poland, and India. Primarily, the strengthening of the I.C.C., as endorsed by both the State Department and Sihanouk, would involve the use of helicopters to patrol Cambodia's six-hundred-mile border with Vietnam. Sihanouk first proposed such an increase last December, and has since repeated the proposal several times, but the Russians, who are co-sponsors with the British of the Geneva accords, have refused to go along with the idea. The Cambodians, who resent the fact

Who would you put in the box?



"Dizzy"?



Beethoven?



Uncle Louie singing
"Danny Boy"?



Build a world of your own on Scotch® Magnetic Tape

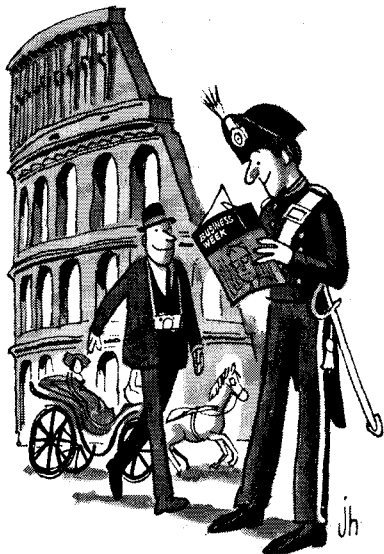
Whatever your listening preference . . . "Scotch" Brand "Dynarange" Tape helps you create a new world of sound. Delivers true, clear, faithful reproduction across the entire sound range. Makes all music come clearer . . . cuts background noise . . . gives you fidelity you didn't know your recorder had.

Best of all, "Dynarange" is so sensitive it gives you the same full fidelity at a slow $3\frac{3}{4}$ speed that you ordinarily expect only at $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. Lets you record twice the music per foot! The result? You use less tape . . . save 25% or more in costs! Lifetime silicone lubrication protects against head wear. Ask your dealer for a demonstration. **Magnetic Products Division** **3M COMPANY**

"SCOTCH" AND THE PLAID DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE 3M COMPANY

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Friends, Romans, Business Week.

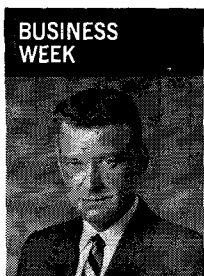
Lately, BUSINESS WEEK has been making plenty of friends in Rome, Milan, and other places in Italy. Because now the famous BUSINESS WEEK Index (a familiar sight in some 80 U.S. newspapers) is published weekly in Rome and Milan, and may soon be seen in other Italian journals. In fact, BW's authoritative chart of the curves of the American business economy promises to become an international favorite—like Sophia Loren.

We're not too surprised, because BUSINESS WEEK itself is becoming increasingly popular abroad. Even though it's printed in only one language (business English), thousands of management men from Venice to Venezuela cherish their BUSINESS WEEK subscriptions. No other magazine offers them a better barometer of trends, moods, and opportunities all over the business world. Since last year, foreign subscriptions to BUSINESS WEEK have risen an astonishing 53%—in Italy, the increase is over 100%. So the next time you're in Rome, do as the Romans do. Read BUSINESS WEEK.

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK

when you want
to inform
management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



that they are constantly being called upon to prove their innocence in the matter of helping the Communists, argue that the Geneva accords provide sufficient legal ground for proceeding with the expansion of the patrols. The trouble is that the Poles and the Indians—particularly the former—are loath to take any action that the Russians have not approved, and the Russians, naturally, are not at all eager to interfere with any activities of the North Vietnamese or the Vietcong along the border. Besides, even if some agreement were to be reached, and perhaps twenty special helicopter-borne I.C.C. teams put in the field, their efforts, it is thought, would be pretty much hamstrung by juridical and procedural arguments among the three commission members.

On the basis of the best evidence turned up by Western military attachés in Phnom Penh and by several correspondents (myself included) whom Sihanouk invited to inspect some northeastern border areas, it seems probable that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese may sneak over into that part of Cambodia from time to time in small contingents, possibly up to battalion size, but it is unlikely that they ever stay more than a few days—first, because food is scarce almost everywhere in the area; second, because the tribal groups that inhabit the region are generally hostile to *any* Vietnamese; and, third, because there are ten thousand Cambodian soldiers along the Vietnamese border, backed up by about twice as many provincial guards and armed civilians, and they all have orders from Sihanouk to fire on any invaders. Some of the border incidents in the last few months have involved exchanges of ground fire, but most of the attacks that Sihanouk has protested have been aerial bombings. The Western military attachés and other observers readily concede, however, that the wild northern border provinces, largely mountainous jungle, are so difficult to patrol, or even to keep watch on from the air, that no one is able to say for sure that Communists cannot and do not regularly move back and forth. (Sihanouk himself has estimated that four-fifths of the Vietnamese border area facing Cambodia "is occupied, either permanently or occasionally, by National Liberation Front troops.")

Western attachés—notably the Australian, the British, and the French—have undertaken several difficult treks through the northern provinces, where there are few roads, to search for signs

Navy Blue Blazer

IN PAUL STUART'S OWN DOUBLE BREASTED NATURAL SHOULDER MODEL. SLIGHT SUPPRESSION AT WAIST, SIDE VENTS. THE FABRIC, A BEEFY ALL WOOL FLANNEL IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND. BRASS BUTTONS. \$95. TAILORED BY SOUTHWICK



at
Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Make history a part of your next trip to Houston...

Stay on the very spot where Sam Houston and the other lusty men carved a republic out of the Southwest.

Make your reservations at The Rice, Houston's traditional host, which stands on the site of the first capitol of the Republic of Texas.

Enjoy a memorable meal in The Flag Room, with its flags that have flown over Texas. And receive the traditional hospitality The Rice shows to all its guests.

Singles from \$8.00; doubles from \$11.50

THE RICE HOTEL

In New York City
call SPring 7-5080
or see your travel agent

FAMILY ARMS

Direct from England

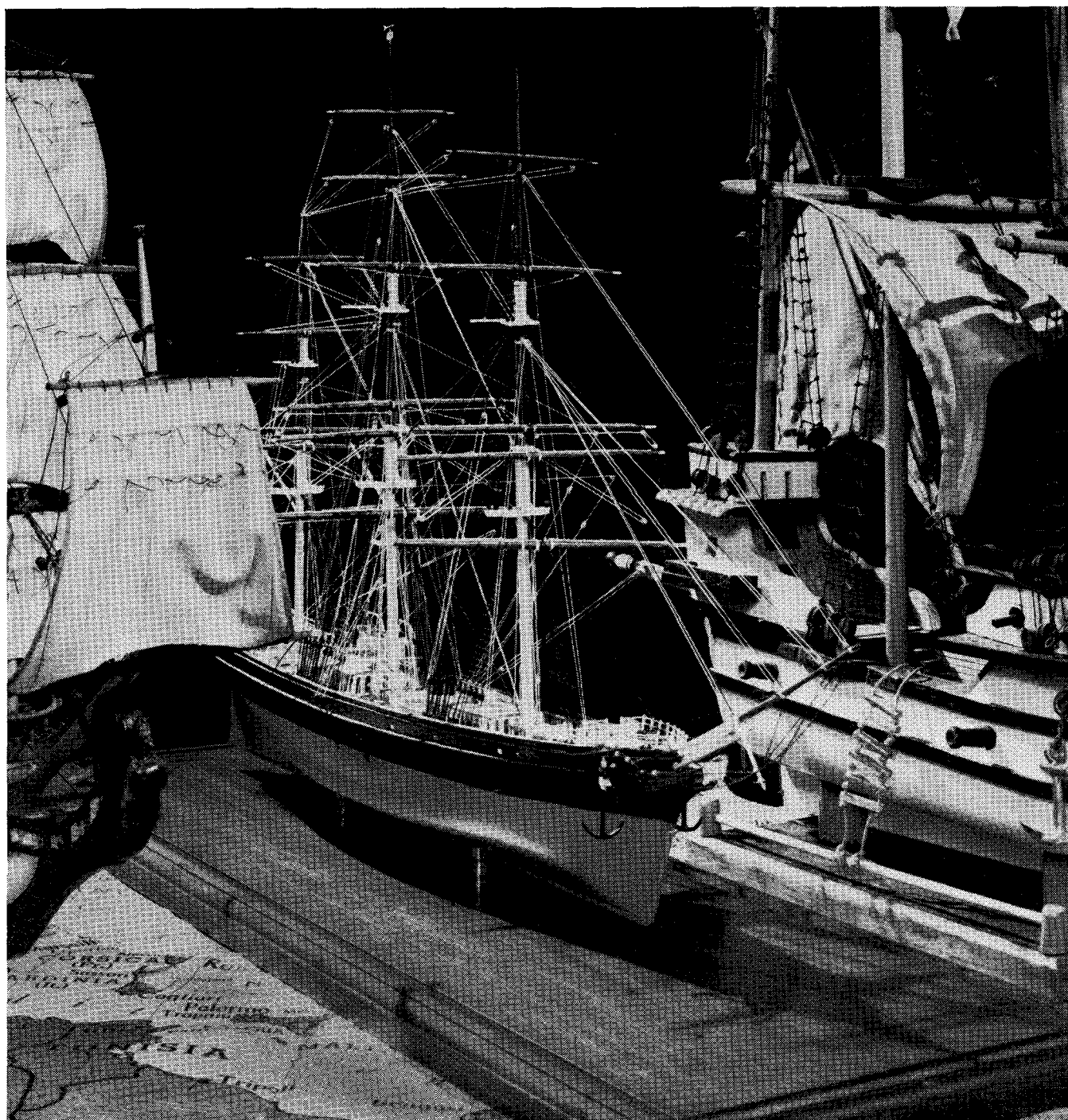
genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

7" x 6".....\$ 9.00	14" x 12".....\$25.00
12" x 10".....\$20.00	22" x 18".....\$40.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND





How much are they worth if the house burns down?

A more or less unselfish message from The St. Paul Insurance Companies.

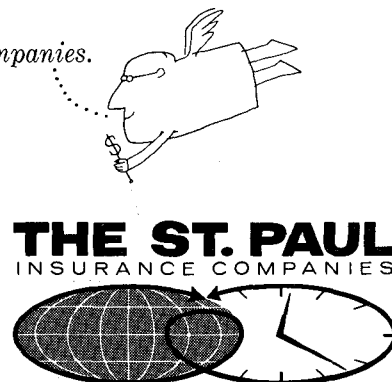
Any regular homeowner's policy takes a severely statistical view of the contents of your house. Covers them as if they were average. (40% of house value.) But a collection like this could boost "contents" value way above average.

If what's in *your* house is more than average, if it includes the old and rare: heirlooms, paintings, antiques . . . call a good insurance man. See the Yellow Pages for an

independent Agent or an insurance broker. . .

. . . and with any luck at all you'll end up with your above-average possessions insured by kindly old us: The St. Paul Insurance Companies.

Then you're not only covered, but blessed with our quiet service, notable stability, and the kind of solvency you like to see in people who may owe you money some day.



Serving you around the world... around the clock
 St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company
 St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
 Western Life Insurance Company
 St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

SUPERior 8mm color movies now easier than snapshots...

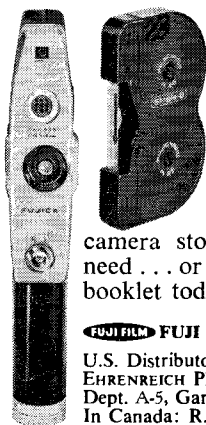
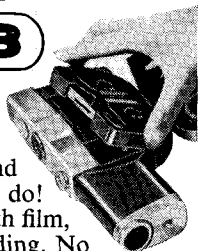


with the only
instant load movie
camera that fits
into your pocket.

FUJICA
INSTANT LOAD
Single-8

You slip it out of your pocket. Drop in the cartridge...aim and shoot. Nothing else to do! No more fumbling with film, no threading, no winding. No settings to make. Push button electric power takes care of everything... and the electric eye sets the right exposure all by itself.

That's not all. Only Fujica, among the new instant load movie cameras has an exclusive feature that gives the professional touch to your movies. A built-in pressure plate that keeps the film perfectly flat against the lens. You have nothing to do with it...but it automatically gives you the sharpest, brightest show you've ever seen on the new



Single-8 or Super 8 projectors.

Prices for the Fujica Instant Load Single-8 Movie Cameras start at less than \$80 and a five minute demonstration at your camera store is all you'll ever need...or send for FREE color booklet today.

FUJICA FILM FUJI PHOTO FILM U.S.A., INC.
U.S. Distributor:
EHRENREICH Photo-Optical Ind., Inc.
Dept. A-5, Garden City, New York 11533
In Canada: R. & H. Products, Ltd.

that Vietnamese Communists have made extensive use of any Cambodian territory for rest and resupply. Among other things, they have kept an eye out for hacked-down trees and bushes, indicating that trails have been recently used; evidence of camps and of depletion of local food supplies; and—perhaps the most significant sign—nervousness among the native tribal people. While they have found no trace of these things on the trips they have made so far (they were particularly impressed by the fact that the roads the French built in colonial days had been allowed to dwindle into overgrown timber trails or scarcely usable foot trails or simply to disappear into the jungle before they reached the border), they stress the fact that they have only scratched the surface—especially in the two northeast provinces of Stung Treng and Ratanakiri, and in Mondulakiri, just to the south. Neither any foreigners nor any Cambodian government representatives have carefully explored the remote area where Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam meet. It is suspected that a branch of the so-called Ho Chi Minh trail runs through there, cutting across Cambodia between Laos and Vietnam. The Communists are said to be using this branch as a two-way street for traffic in both arms and men, in behalf of the Vietcong and also of the Pathet Lao, the Communists who are fighting in Laos.

But if there is a real possibility that such a Cambodian branch of the Ho Chi Minh trail exists, the Western attachés and the investigating correspondents are pretty sure that the so-called Sihanouk trail, the existence of which has been suggested by some Western military men and journalists, is a myth. The alleged route purportedly runs from the city of Stung Treng partway up a road toward the Laos border, then cuts eastward to a town named Siem Pang, on the Se Kong, a tributary of the Mekong, and from there moves northeast along the Se Kong into Laos, where it is supposed to link up with a vehicular road leading to the main part of the Ho Chi Minh trail. Last June, the attachés examined this supposed Sihanouk trail by walking along the banks of the Se Kong north of Siem Pang. They found nothing but a path overgrown in some places by three feet of grass. It was obvious that no jeep or other vehicle had been along there for several months, and they tended to agree with what Sihanouk has maintained all along—that the route is used only in the dry season to supply Cambodian

The **Talbots**

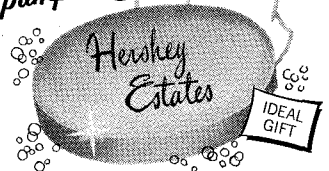


Simply Dreamy. Our cotton flannel nightie, made by famous Lanz, is prettily printed in blue and green on white. Ankle length and trimmed with eyelet ruffles at neck, yoke and cuffs. Singly or in mother-daughter sets. Children's sizes 4 and 6, \$6.00; 8, 10, 12, \$7.00. Women's sizes S, M, L, \$10.00 Postpaid.

Send for free catalog

THE TALBOTS • HINGHAM 106, MASS.

**RESCUES
DRY SKIN...**
pampers your complexion



THE ONLY COCOA BUTTER SOAP

Only Hershey Estates soap is made of highly-refined cocoa butter, a nearly perfect skin conditioner. Excellent for dry skin because it conditions as it cleanses... leaves skin soft and refreshed. All-vegetable oil soap makes rich, velvety lather in any type of water. Delicately perfumed. **GIFT BOXED.** 3 cakes of personal size or 2 cakes of bath size or 10 cakes of guest size for \$1.75, postpaid.

SPECIAL: 6 boxes (your selection) \$10.00, 12 boxes for price of 11, \$19.25, ppd. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

HERSHEY ESTATES, DEPT. 30, HERSHEY, PA.

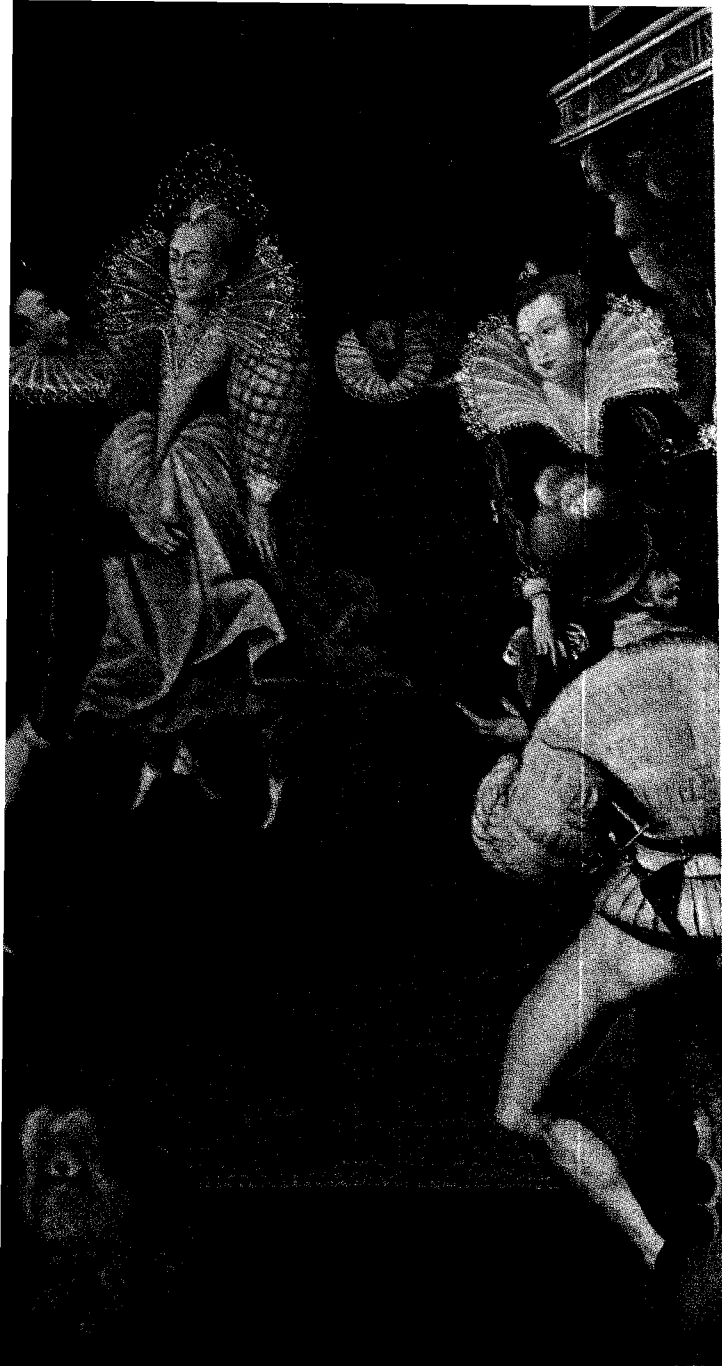
**INBOARD
CRUISERS**

**26'
SEABREEZE
EXPRESS CRUISER**

Send for free color literature describing the spectacular 1967 Trojans. All popular sizes from 24' to 42'.

TROJAN BOAT COMPANY

DEPT. BE36 LANCASTER, PA. 17604



See where Elizabeth I had a ball...



and where the new Elizabethans do.

Come to Britain—ancient & mod

The second Elizabethan Age is a good match for the first. It's gussy and gay, splashed with the colors of a new time of adventure.

London's night life may well be the best in the world today. Come swing through it with us!

If discothèques aren't your style, come anyway. You'll surely find something that is your cup of tea.

A cup of tea, for example.

Sip it in the quiet of a changeless Elizabethan inn, where the shade of ancient English oaks stripes the green of a lawn planted four hundred years ago.

Or sample boar's head or syllabub served by Tom Jones-style wenches in a rollicking mock-Elizabethan London restaurant.

It's all here, as it always was: the past, the present and the promise of tomorrow. Shouldn't you be here, too?

Get started now by seeing your travel agent or by mailing the coupon below.

This is a mailing label. Please type or use block letters.

British Travel, Box 923, New York, N. Y. 10019

TO:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

313

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue; Chicago—39 So. LaSalle Street; Los Angeles—612 So. Flower Street; Also Offices in Canada.

This is l'après ski Wilroy.[®]

How avant minded can you get.



A jumpsuit a jump or two ahead of the rest. Quietly simple. The way all Wilroys are. Until you start to move in it. Then quite suddenly, it happens. The way all Wilroys do. Wilroy makes imaginations work harder. That's what Wilroy is all about. Very subtle strategy for a woman.

This Wilroy jumpsuit is made of textured double knit **FORTREL[®]** polyester. In winter white, teal or fuchsia. Sizes 6 to 16. About \$50.** At B. Altman & Co., New York; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Bullock's, Pasadena; Neustetter's, Denver.

WILROY, INC., 498 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 10018.

*Celanese[®] Fortrel[®] is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

**Prices slightly higher in the West.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outposts on the Laotian border. The river is probably navigable for part of the year, but not by any sizable craft. In sum, the attachés concluded that there was no such thing as a Sihanouk trail used by the Vietcong. They also have decided that the further charge that arms were being smuggled all the way from the port of Sihanoukville, on the Gulf of Siam, in the far south, up the Mekong and its tributaries, or by canals or roads into the supposed Sihanouk trail, was another myth. Nor is there anything to substantiate still another charge—that sizable shipments of Chinese and Russian arms being imported through Sihanoukville for the Cambodian Army have reached the Vietcong, though some stray weapons may have. On the other hand, the attachés do not deny the likelihood that there is considerable smuggling along various interior trails and waterways, for such smuggling has always taken place, nor do they doubt that a number of the smugglers, who deal mostly in rice, but also possibly in medicines, arms, and ammunition, are reaping special profits from the war in Vietnam. This past spring, according to officials of the International Control Commission, substantial amounts of dried fish and rice were probably smuggled to the Vietcong. Officially, Sihanouk has sold the Vietcong small consignments of dried fish and medicines. Sales of rice to North Vietnam were scheduled but have been curtailed because crops have been poor in the last two years; nevertheless, the Cambodians remain willing to sell rice both to the Vietcong and to Hanoi if they are paid in hard currency.

A good deal of contraband trade between Cambodia and South Vietnam goes on openly and is tacitly condoned. I observed some of this during a two-day visit to the southern border province of Svay Rieng, where, in the village of Bavet, right on the border and only two hundred yards away from a military headquarters at the edge of the highway that runs between Phnom Penh and Saigon, there was a bustling open-air market. Standing on the roof of the headquarters building, I saw scores of South Vietnamese traders crossing the border to deal with Cambodians. The Vietnamese sell or barter fruit and vegetables, potatoes, beer, cigarettes, meat, fish, and such other items as plastic toys, in return for different fruit and vegetables, sugar, noodles, chickens, dried fish, and other products. The market is open every day from dawn until noon, and the police

If we could only pour this J&B ad instead of writing it

The reason for our lament is that a flavour (like a fragrance) defies description. Words are inadequate. Simply, you must pour J&B for yourself to appreciate the special flavour which sets it apart. This quite special flavour which has moved J&B into a top position among all scotch whiskies in recent years.

Historical note: J&B is shipped to this country by the venerable house of Justerini & Brooks, founded 1749. That they guard its unique quality with fierce British determination is hardly surprising. That they have numbered such greats as Charles Dickens among their patrons is hardly less surprising.



PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

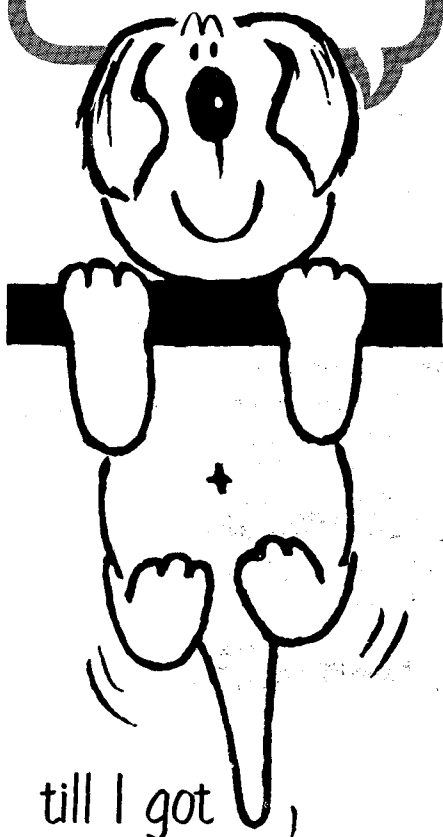
**The others are not
J&B rare scotch**



SEND FOR 3-VOLUME SET OF DICKENS' CLASSICS—only \$1.00
Handsome, hard-cover library editions. Titles: *A Christmas Carol*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *David Copperfield*. All 3, only \$1 postpaid. Write J&B Dickens Library, P.O. Box 180, Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010. Dept. Y. (Offer limited to Continental U.S. where legal.)

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, New York 20, N.Y.

"I couldn't even
chin myself once



Vionate
FOR PETS!"

"I just wasn't getting enough vitamins and minerals to help keep me healthy and strong. Then the Boss got me Vionate®, containing 21 vitamins and minerals all dogs and other pets need to help them develop vigor and vitality, strong muscles and bones, fine coat and all 'round good health."

TABLETS OR POWDER—2 forms for your convenience. Tablets are easy to feed by hand (and how dogs love the liver flavor!), powder is just right for mixing with food. Either form, the Guaranteed Analysis on the label is your proof of potency. See your pharmacist or pet supply dealer, today!

GOT A HORSE? Give him scientifically balanced nutrition with VIONATE-L, made especially for horses. 18 vitamins and minerals help build vitality, stamina, good bone structure and muscle tone. Pelletized for easy use, "Palatized"® for better taste.

FREE BOOKLETS about scientific nutrition of pets and horses. Specify which, write SQUIBB, Veterinary Dept., 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022



SQUIBB

"The Priceless Ingredient" of every product
is the honor and integrity of its maker.

keep a careful eye on it to make sure that no war matériel changes hands. During my trip to Svay Rieng, I made a tour of the province with Governor Ou Tong Hao, a generous host who loves good food and likes to entertain his guests at native dances. We visited another military headquarters, at Kompong Rau, where I saw a listing on a blackboard, for public consumption, of details of the damage done by South Vietnamese and American air attacks on the immediate zone over the last two years. In about a dozen raids, no people had been killed, but a number of animals had, and a number of houses had been destroyed. Farther south, in the village of Chantrea, the peasants were still talking about an attack that had taken place in March, 1964, when twelve South Vietnamese armored cars, ostensibly in pursuit of some Vietcong, moved three miles across the border and, as a result of what the Vietnamese, who were accompanied by two American advisers, said was an error of navigation, killed sixteen of the villagers and wounded fifteen, and also killed twenty-eight animals and destroyed eight houses. The Vietnamese had offered to pay compensation, and a settlement was later made, with Phnom Penh, but the villagers told me that they had so far received nothing.

In contrast to the poor and sparsely settled northern provinces, southern Cambodia is rich in rice and vegetables, and it seems possible for the Vietcong to obtain food by slipping in and out of the delta area. Furthermore, part of the population here is Vietnamese, so there is a manpower pool for the Vietcong to draw on. Here there are plenty of small canals where sampans can move back and forth clandestinely, and, in addition, the fields are easily traversed at night. On the other hand, the southern borders, while they are no more carefully defined than those in the north, can be more readily recognized, owing to distinctive local features, such as sugar-palm trees in Cambodia (there are none in Vietnam) and houses built on stilts, which the Cambodians favor and the Vietnamese generally don't. Elsewhere, waterways form the border, as at the town of Peammetrei, where, on the Cambodian side of a river, we visited one of forty provincial border posts. Young people belonging to a local guard unit were dug in in spider holes, their guns, of mixed origin and vintage, pointed toward the Vietnamese bank. There are only some two hundred and fifty such posts along the six hundred miles of Cambodian-Vietnamese border—an inadequate defense indeed.



Chester County, Pa. has more
fox hounds than all of England

—That's because of all our Open Country!

and the world's only

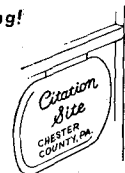
Citation Sites for industry

—That's because they've met this Council's
standards of excellence and compatibility
with executive living!

Want to know more? Contact
A. Theodore Liebert
Executive Director

**Chester County
Development Council**

750 Pottstown Pike
Exton, Pennsylvania • Phone (215) 363-6110



**HUNK
of
CRYSTAL**



... a large piece of Val St. Lambert crystal from Belgium has been polished to shine like a diamond, and has a hand etched 2 or 3 letter monogram. Each piece is signed. No two quite alike in facets or size. Approximately 4" across. The most fascinating paper weight we have ever seen. Allow 3 weeks delivery. \$12.95 includes mailing.



Edith Chapman

Route 303 • Dept. 24
Rockland County, Blauvelt, N. Y.

Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Dine in our beautiful
Year-around Garden or
Continental Dining Rooms.
Also facilities for private
parties. Parking at Delaware
entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

CHICAGO

The need for the increased surveillance that mobile I.C.C. teams could provide is only too obvious.

MOST of Sihanouk's railings against the United States have been based on a conviction that the Americans are not only supporting his two traditional enemies, Vietnam and Thailand, but encouraging them in plots against him. His accusations to this effect have centered particularly on what he has alleged to be American as well as Thai and Vietnamese support of the Khmer Serei, an opposition organization that was formed just after the Second World War by an exiled former Cambodian Prime Minister named Son Ngoc Thanh. The Khmer Serei, which used to operate along the Vietnamese border, now has its headquarters in Thailand. Though it has claimed a strength of ten thousand men, Western military observers—and even Sihanouk himself, privately—estimate its effective armed force at no more than six or seven hundred. Nevertheless, Sihanouk has made its existence a pretext for maintaining almost two-thirds of his Army, or about twenty thousand men, along the Thai border. He accuses the Thais of using the Khmer Serei as a screen for launching attacks of their own against Cambodia; it is true that they held three of its provinces during the Second World War, and he claims they still covet them. The Thais continue to probe into Cambodian territory, and last May they attacked Preah Vihear, which is an especially venerated Khmer temple, and which they had been forced to give back to Cambodia by a decision of the World Court in 1962. The Cambodians repelled the attack there sharply and effectively.

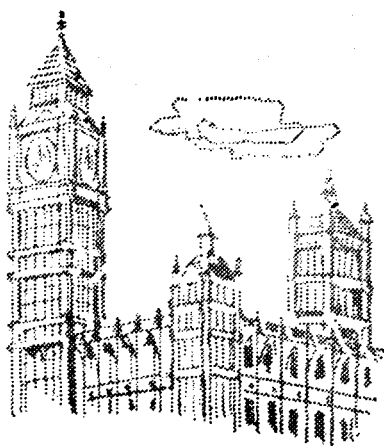
The United States has been seeking to restrain the Thais from engaging in such provocative actions, and the United Nations is sending a representative to the border area in an effort to reduce the number of incidents there, but Sihanouk is still deeply disturbed by the possibility of a large-scale Thai attack that could catch him in a pincers movement in the event of a simultaneous invasion by the Vietnamese from the east. Deploring what he describes as "de-Asianized Asians," he has berated the United States for aiding such "imperialist renegades" in Thailand and South Vietnam. In a recent editorial in the official monthly magazine *Kambuja*, Sihanouk wrote, "The warmongers wage war in Vietnam in the name of 'anti-Communism.' While they contribute more than the best agents of



If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

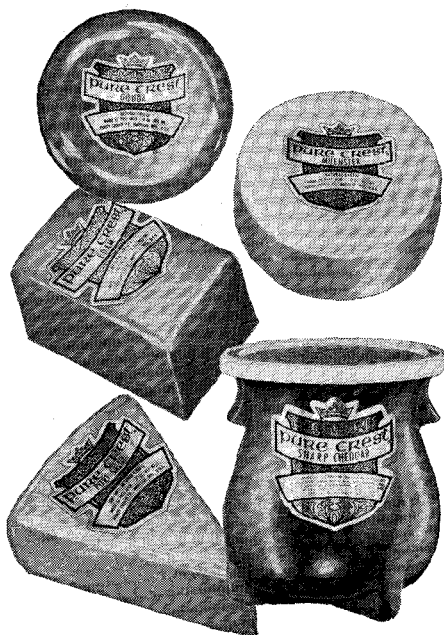
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF. DISTILLED, BOTTLED & SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR J. M. McCUNN & CO., INC., N. Y.



Adventure Is Just Around The Corner!

Why travel the world over when you'll never find any better cheese than PureCrest — featured just around the corner at your fine food shop. These natural cheeses are masterpieces of curing, each one a treasure of superb texture and flavor.

For those who desire the finest, the exciting gourmet and specialty cheeses by PureCrest are an adventure in themselves.



For Your Nearest Fine Food Store Write
PURITY CHEESE COMPANY
Mayville, Wisconsin 53050

Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh to hasten the Communization of South Vietnam, the interventionists have the nerve—or the ignorance—to consider themselves a 'solid wall' against the Communization of our continent, and they are angry with us because we do not display our gratitude. . . . The reason for our attitude is simple. First, we hold them responsible for the arrival at our doors, too soon for our liking, of Communism. . . . The United States attracts Communism as sugar attracts ants." At another point in this editorial, Sihanouk spoke out in defense of the South Vietnamese people, declaring that "the Americans and their mercenaries of various nationalities occupy [Vietnam] as Hitler and his henchmen formerly occupied the Balkan states. They have imposed a reign of terror, and in order to get at one doubtful Vietcong they kill ten or a hundred times as many noncombatant Vietnamese, whose only desire is to live peacefully in their country."

These are harsh, exaggerated statements. Unfortunately, many Americans, including officials in Washington, take them too seriously, even as they take a great deal that Sihanouk says, even in impromptu speeches before rural audiences, at its face value. Sihanouk, for his part, is inordinately sensitive to what Americans, and especially American journalists, say about him; as a journalist himself, and one who supervises the editing of both *Kambuja* and the weekly magazine *Réalités Cambodgiennes*, he finds it hard to believe that what appears in American newspapers and magazines does not reflect official or semi-official opinion. He also deeply resents personal attacks on him, for he considers himself the embodiment of the Khmer spirit. He once explained in an article, "For me to die in battle would be nothing, but for me to be insulted and slandered before all my fellow-Cambodians is absolutely intolerable. Through me, the entire Khmer people feels lessened in its honor and its dignity. . . . To insult me, to hurt me, or to humiliate me is to do the same to the Cambodian nation."

To understand Sihanouk's current attitude, one must go back to the defeat of France in 1954 and her departure from Indo-China. Sihanouk then felt certain that Cambodia's security hinged on the friendship and support of the United States, whose policies the Prince then considered sincerely anti-colonialist. When the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization was created, in September of that year, he

Easy to follow directions on how to get lost in the land of the sky



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZIP CODE _____

STATE _____

Mail to Asheville Information Center, Dept. N1,
P. O. Box 1011, Asheville, N. C. 28802

Just clip this coupon:

Our free guidebook describes one-day excursions in that hauntingly beautiful region of Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains surrounding Asheville, North Carolina. It ignores the commonplace, concentrates on the fresh and unspoiled in the land of the sky. Use it as a detailed itinerary or for basic information.

ASHEVILLE

ASHEVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, INC.

Continental
Cuisine

the **Windsor**

SEVENTH at CATALINA
LOS ANGELES

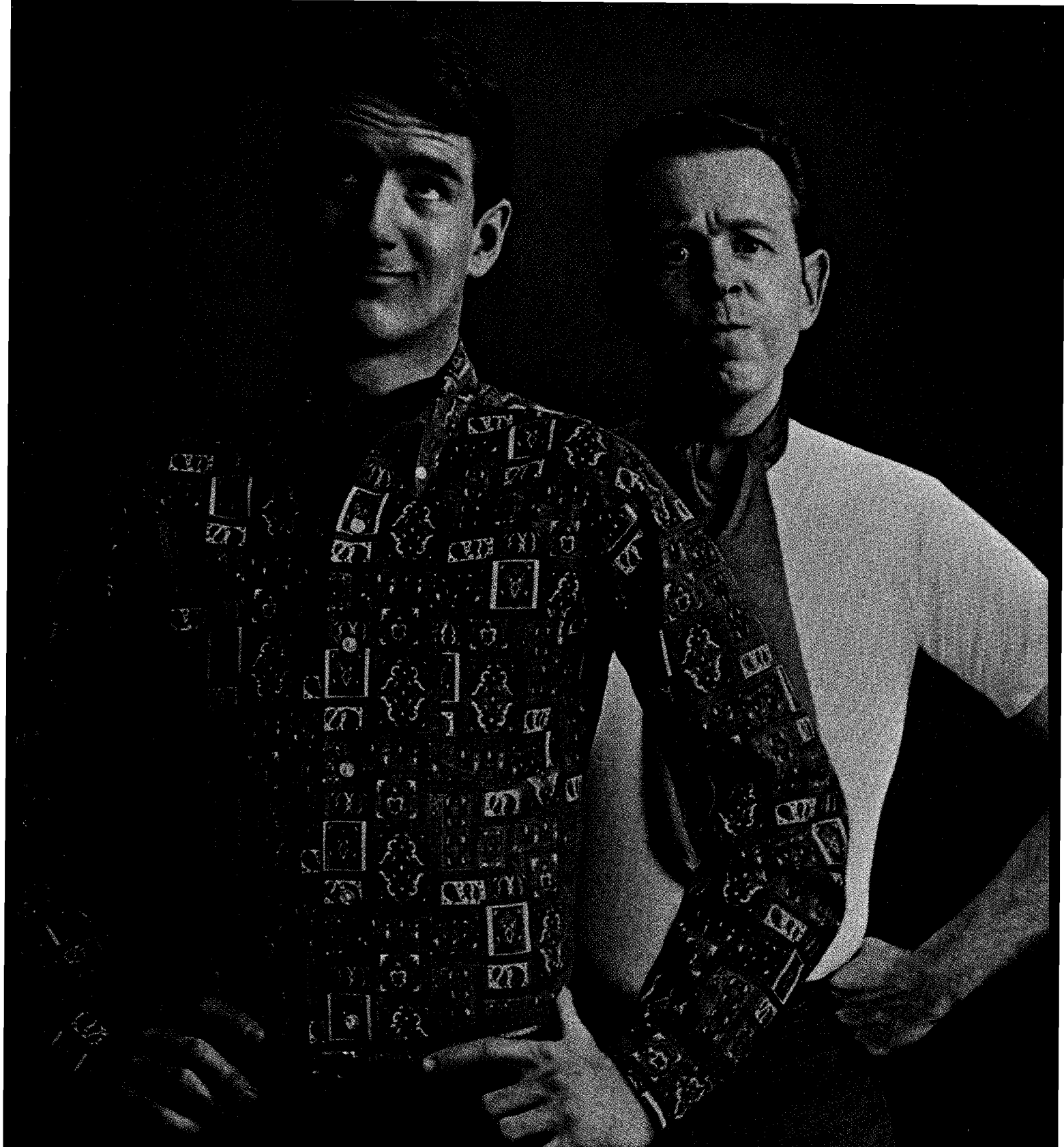
Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

The New York Times rates Bruno's Pen and Pencil "Superior quality" . . . one of the pleasantest of New York's steak houses.

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno





Don't lend your roommate an Excello.[®]

(You could lose your Now shirt.)

Share the rent, the beer, the frozen TV dinners. But an Excello from the Now[™] Collection? You might as well share your girl. Because once he gets hold of such great tailoring, taper, and today-kind-of-fabric all rolled into one fantastic shirt—guess whose Excello it'll be.

Tell your buddy to get his own new "Hogarth Print" Now shirt. All-cotton hopsacking in a trim geometric paisley print. Traditional button-down collar, with pleat, locker loop and collar button in back. Maroon, blue or green. About \$8.

Prices slightly higher in the West.

Excello, 390 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018. Another fine product of  Kayser-Roth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just a taste is all we ask...
it's all we've ever needed.



WHY?

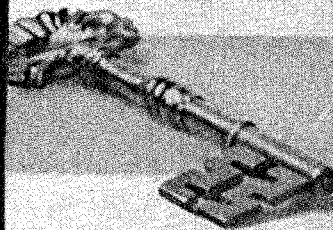
Because this is the
most expensively made*
Bourbon in Kentucky...
and probably in the world.

We offer the rare mellowness of our new
86.8 proof Old FITZGERALD Prime Straight or
the famous character of our original Bottled in Bond. All we ask is that one taste.
(Wouldn't you if your Bourbon was
the most expensively made?)



86.8 Proof
Prime Straight

Original
Bottled in Bond



Your Key to Hospitality

*Source: Kentucky Distilling Records

STITZEL-WELLER, America's Oldest Family Distillery • Estab. Louisville, Kentucky, 1849 • 86.8 & 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whiskey

welcomed what he called its "umbrella of protection" for Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam. The following year, Cambodia accepted American economic aid. Sihanouk's fear of Communist encroachment kept him close to the United States, though Prime Minister Nehru of India warned him that he was being unwisely pro-Western. Then came the Asian-African Conference in Bandung, Indonesia, in April of 1955, and Sihanouk fell under the influence of Chou En-lai, of China, who dominated the conference. Both Chou and Pham Van Dong, the Foreign Minister of North Vietnam, assured the Prince that they would respect the territorial integrity of Cambodia if he followed a neutral course. After Bandung, Sihanouk decided that Cambodia's internal unity, which had been weakened by his pro-Western feelings, depended on his maintaining neutrality in his relations with both the Communist and the Western worlds. At this point, many observers feel, the United States made a mistake in pressuring Sihanouk too strongly to join SEATO and to respond with positive expressions of friendship to offers of economic and military aid. Whether or not there were ever any formal strings attached to our aid, Sihanouk felt that he was being blackmailed. Primarily for this reason, in February, 1956, he made his first pilgrimage to Peking. The Chinese proved splendid hosts, and Sihanouk was impressed by what he saw in China. He was even more impressed by Chinese promises of economic assistance, which gave him a lever to use against the Americans. During the following year, Sihanouk cemented his relations not only with China but also with the Soviet Union, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Late in 1956, Chou En-lai returned Sihanouk's visit, and not long thereafter Cambodia's new policy of complete neutrality was formally written into its Constitution.

Sihanouk's leftward-looking neutrality was strengthened by a growing conviction that the United States would always favor South Vietnam and Thailand over Cambodia. He felt that this was proved indisputably in June, 1958, when three thousand South Vietnamese troops invaded Stung Treng Province and established themselves in fortified positions at a point several kilometres inside the Cambodian border. The United States refused to condemn the invasion as "aggression," and, in addition, our representatives pointed out to Sihanouk that the arms we had given him were meant for use only against Communists. The following month,

Virginia's in love again.... with the Hotel Gotham

Even a perfectly sensible girl like Virginia can lose her heart to the romantic elegance of New York's Hotel Gotham.

First, we turn her head with luxury—a richly-appointed, high-ceilinged room with its own cozy fireplace. And there's merciful breakfast in bed (her real weakness!). Then, she'll dress leisurely and stop by Denis' desk in the lobby for impossible tickets to a must-see matinee. Later, a stroll up Fifth Avenue, browsing at Bendel's, treasure hunting at Parke-Bernet.

Cocktails (with you-know-who) at the Gotham Gate, dinner for two in the Restaurant and dancing into the wee hours at intimate L'Interdit. Then, she'll tip-toe sleepily to her room and slip into the softest bed this side of Nod.

In a world where the sweet life of Continental pampering is all but forgotten, it's not surprising people are falling in love with the Hotel Gotham (is it, Virginia?).

Single from \$15, Double from \$23, Suites from \$37.
Complimentary Garage

See your travel agent or call: New York, Circle 7-2200; Chicago, MOhawk 4-5100; Washington, D.C., FEderal 8-6481. Boston and Philadelphia, dial operator, ask for ENterprise 6340. Toronto, Empire 3-1648.



Give up
sweets?
Never.

\$5



Ship'n Shore®

ROYALL LYME

IMPORTED
TOILET
LOTION
SUPREME



EQUELLING

Centuries-old Technique Creates

...this invigorating lotion. Sweet oils hand-pressed from plump West Indian limes are blended with rare essences to a secret formula. The fragrance is delicate, the tang is invigorating...freshener for women, cologne and after shave for men. Bottled and hand-wrapped in the Islands. Companion soap, hard-milled in England. Hand and man's size available separately or in gift sets. Sold in selected department stores and men's specialty shops. **Caution:** Only one genuine... beware of imitations.

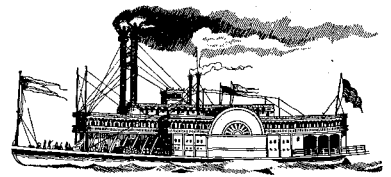
ROYALL LYME LTD.

232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

Sihanouk gave *de-jure* recognition to China, and in August, after he had again visited Peking, the two countries established full diplomatic relations. In September, Sihanouk journeyed to the United Nations and was also received in Washington by President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. The Prince tried, without much success, to explain to them that his policy of counterbalance was necessary if Cambodia was to survive pressures from both the right and the left. Sihanouk's suspicion of American motives deepened in 1959, when he accused the Central Intelligence Agency of being behind Khmer Serei and South Vietnamese plots to overthrow him, and he has used the C.I.A. as a whipping boy ever since for everything he dislikes about American policy in Southeast Asia. In 1960, he suggested that both Laos and Cambodia be neutralized and their neutrality guaranteed by the Western and the Communist powers and also by North Vietnam, South Vietnam, and Thailand. The Communists and the French supported this idea, but the United States refused to go along with it, feeling that it would favor the Communists, and Washington also rejected a plan that Sihanouk submitted in 1961 for the neutralization of Laos alone. When Laos finally was neutralized, in 1962, it was too late, just as Sihanouk had feared, and the guarantees that were given did not work. From this point on, relations between Sihanouk and the United States deteriorated inexorably, until the final rupture in 1965. In the meantime, Cambodia had moved steadily closer to its former colonial parent, France, which increased its economic as well as its military and cultural stake in the country.

In March, 1965, Sihanouk summoned a Conference of the People of Indo-China, in Phnom Penh, at which he planned to make a speech proposing that, in keeping with the Geneva agreements of 1954, there should be a simultaneous withdrawal of combatant forces from Vietnam and that the International Control Commission be given sufficient powers to guarantee a condition of total neutrality pending a satisfactory political solution. At the time, however, the North Vietnamese and their Communist associates were in no mood to compromise; they were insisting on prior American withdrawal, and they threatened to walk out of the conference if Sihanouk delivered his speech. The Prince did not deliver it, and the conference turned into a Communist-dominated anti-American

All the flavor of New Orleans



in a cup...



French Market COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (café au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.



Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by
American Coffee Company, Inc.
Box 52018, New Orleans, La.

Mandarin Slip-On
How to be dressed
without "getting" dressed
S-M-L \$6.95

Red	lilac
Natural	aqua
Orange	gold
lime	turquoise
Black	
avocado	
powder pink	
shocking pink	
sapphire blue	

Imported! Fine cotton.

Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Send for catalog showing the East

For Sale

In the hills of Weston, Conn.

Contemporary 5 room house

On picturesque country road in one of Connecticut's loveliest towns, 51 mi. from New York. Ideal commuting, 2 mi. from shopping center. Architect designed on one level for minimum of maintenance and easy housekeeping. Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, fully equipped kitchen, large screened terrace with bar. This house, with beautifully landscaped acre-plus, has charm, privacy, a peaceful view from each room, and all conveniences for enjoyable year-round living including central air conditioning.

Price: \$45,000.

Call Lucille Hiltbeitel, Agent, Area Code 203, 227-7231
8 Myrtle Avenue, Westport, Conn.

Chateau Madrid
Presents

LOS CHAVALS de ESPANA

Shows 9 & 12

3 Shows Sat. 9-12-2 A.M.

42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

propaganda forum. Sihanouk was confronted with a worse dilemma than ever. While he still excoriated American imperialism, he also felt, as he told a Cambodian audience that same month, that "if the United States leaves South Vietnam, we will be face to face with Communism, and worse, with the Vietnamese Communists, which are for us the worst kind of Communists." Equally distrustful of the Vietnamese Communists and of United States policy, Sihanouk now turned more decisively than ever to China. He felt that China alone could protect him from all his enemies, including the Cambodian Communist movement, which he had managed to keep in check but which remained a threat because of Vietnamese rather than Chinese support. He went as far as to say that "if our region is one day to be overrun by Communism, let us very much hope that it will be China, and no other Socialist power, that takes over the reins in our country, for we know that she understands us and will preserve our territorial integrity under any circumstances." Sihanouk became more fulsome in his praise of China. In addition to his other talents, he is a prolific songwriter, and he entitled one of his compositions, which regularly appear in *Kambuja*, "Nostalgia for China." A literal translation of some of the lyrics goes:

O beloved China!
Steadfast is my heart,
Deeply it yearns for thee!
O affectionate friends!
You have set Khmer fears at rest
By your decision to give us
Firm and brotherly support.
Great Power, great among thy
peers!
Thou mightst have draped thyself,
As others do, in egoism and pride.
But "great" and "small" are both
alike to thee.
O People's Republic of China!
The Khmers ever thy friends will
be!

Despite such lush encomiums, it is doubtful whether any Cambodian, including Sihanouk, really believes his assertion that "China is our best friend." One diplomat in Phnom Penh has said, "It would be a total misreading of Sihanouk to think he is convinced that China will win out. Chinese hospitality mesmerized him at first, but he never really felt at home in Peking. His Sino-philis is primarily a sign of his exasperation with the United States, which is what caused him to turn to Peking in the first place. American actions, not Chinese pressure, will determine the future; in fact, since Sihanouk is not the man to be anyone's puppet or satel-

Grandfather Milo wasn't about to let trouble get him down. That's how we started making Jones Sausage.

If it hadn't been for Grandfather Milo's rheumatism, chances are Jones Sausage wouldn't be known much beyond Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. Even though he was an invalid, Milo Jones was bound and determined to support his family. For years he sought ways to supplement the farm's modest income. And then, one October day in 1889 he hit upon the idea of selling sausage made from his mother's special recipe.

The entire family pitched in to help. They gathered in the kitchen to grind the meat and spices. His wife sewed the little cloth bags in which the sausage was originally sold. The first batch was quickly bought by the neighbors. These neighbors told their neighbors and pretty soon, Grandfather Milo started getting orders from the big cities like Milwaukee, Chicago, and even New York.

Today, five generations later (six, if you count the youngsters), we Joneses are still making sausage on the same Wisconsin farm in the same honest way from the very same recipe.

Many people are surprised to learn that we use choice cuts from tender, lean, young porkers. Cuts



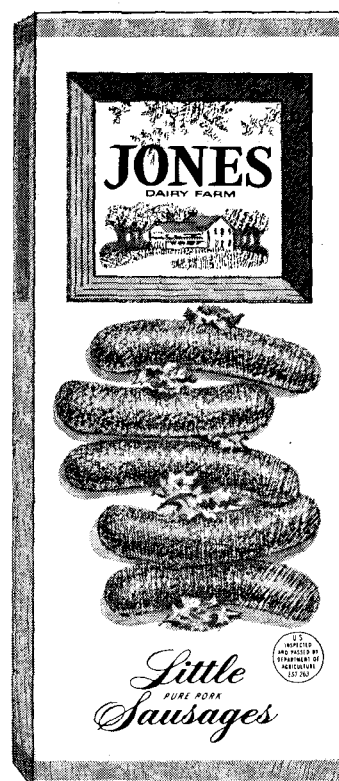
that are usually meant to be sold as the main part of a meal. Like hams. And shoulders. And loin roasts. But, to our way of thinking, these choice cuts are one of the reasons why Jones Sausage is different and, we think, better than other kinds.

Another reason Jones Sausage tastes so good is the pure, natural spices and seasonings we use.

You'll find Jones Sausage in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case. So try it for breakfast soon. And when you're enjoying it, remember our Grandfather Milo. He made the whole thing possible.



The original Jones Farmhouse
Jones Dairy Farm • Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin



Real farm sausage
from a real Wisconsin farm



a
good
LOOK

OP-tical embroidery on imported cotton velour.. modern elegance with a hint of the exotic East in its styling. By Radel in berry, olive, or gold with contrasting embroidery, S/M/L, 26.50 postpaid from Casual Corner 1330 Main St. Springfield, Mass. or at Casual Corner stores in major cities.



CASUAL CORNER



CHARLES COTTET

Three Generations
22"x27 1/2"

Schweitzer

Turn of the Century Americans & Europeans
958 MADISON AVE. (75-76 St.)

lite, any pressure on him will inevitably induce a negative response." Sihanouk realizes that the Chinese are bound to be in Asia a lot longer than the Americans, but he has unquestionably resented Peking's increased pressure on him since he has shown willingness to start a new dialogue with the Americans. Furthermore, the Prince was not happy over the refusal in 1964 of the Chinese to support another Geneva conference on Vietnam, and he was even less happy last year when Peking rejected a new British suggestion for a Geneva meeting, this one specifically on the question of Cambodian neutrality. He is nevertheless aware of the danger of antagonizing China; among other things, this could prompt Peking to promote subversion in Cambodia among the approximately three hundred thousand Chinese there as well as among the half-million or so Vietnamese.

WHEN I talked to Sihanouk at his palace in Phnom Penh last month, he seemed every bit the royal personage—*Samdech* (Prince) or Monseigneur, as he likes to be called—and it was hard to imagine him throwing his arms around China's roughhewn leaders, as pictures show him to have done during his excursions to Peking. It was just as hard to picture him sitting, in effect, at Mao Tse-tung's feet during his trip to China last year, or to take at face value his descriptions of Mao, in *Kambuja*, as "the great Chinese sage, who observes and assesses the evolution of Asia with admirable lucidity," and "whose wisdom enables him to dominate from a very lofty plane the history of this century." As Sihanouk reported his conversation with Mao in *Kambuja*, most of it had a synthetic ring; the two men did not sound as if they had been really close to each other. During my talk with the Prince, he said, spontaneously and quite revealingly, "I am a nationalist, not a Communist, and I am still a monarchist. I have been useful to Peking. I appreciate the nationalism of others, and I seek respect for mine, and for myself as a human being, but I realize that you cannot change the nature either of men or of states."

Sihanouk clearly operates on the theory that no policy, including his own, is ever irreversible; while Cambodian policy over the past several years has been more consistent than that of many countries, in that Sihanouk has never deviated from his primary aim of seeking protection for his nation, his tactics have shifted from time to time,

If you've never
had a reason to
travel between
Chicago St. Paul
 Minneapolis
Spokane Seattle
and Portland,
now you
have one —
Great Northern's
incomparable

Empire Builder:
the train people take
when they're in a
hurry...
to enjoy
themselves.



Easy?

It takes just moments to be a "pro" with the 3 1/4 oz. Minox Camera.

At fine camera stores.

minox corporation
P. O. Box 1060
Woodside, N.Y. 11377

A Berkey Photo Company

NOON TO 2:30 • 6:30 TO 11:00

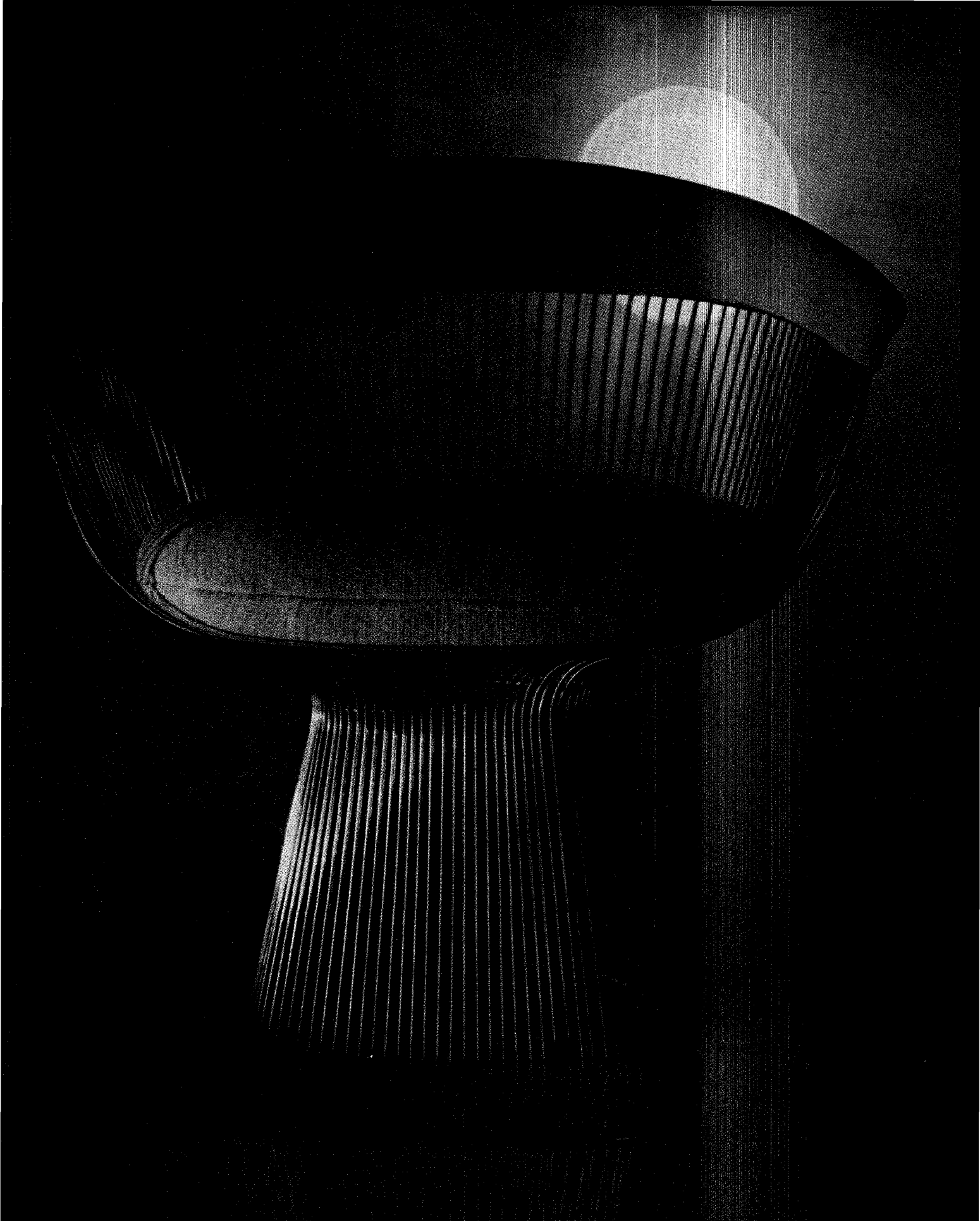
The Leopard
RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

RESTAURANT & BAR
SIDEWALK CAFE
HOURS: 12 NOON TO 4 A.M.

THE GINGER MAN

51 WEST 64th STREET, N.Y.C.
RESERVATIONS: SG 4-7272



Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun."—Emerson

This is a Platner Chair. Part of a new collection designed by Warren Platner for the great indoors. Designing it was one thing. Making it was another. For it requires a degree of skill previously unheard of in furniture-making. The Platner collection has been likened to "putting contemporary sculpture into production." The collection includes an easy chair, lounge chair, stool, side and coffee tables and dining table. In bright nickel or dark bronze finish. If you'd like to see what these other pieces look like, please write for our illustrated brochure. Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022

Knoll International operates in 26 countries.

Dacron®...a man's way to look great, stay neat

Gant's big-striped button-down
...a man's way to show his style.

The stripes are new. But the flared
button-down collar is a favorite Gant touch.

And so is the oxford cloth—a hefty, hearty
blend of 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton.

With a way of staying morning-fresh all day long.

About \$8.50 in more great stripes and solid colors at
fine stores. Just ask for Gant shirts with "Dacron"

*Du Pont's registered trademark.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry



and there are indications that he is now veering back toward the West, or at least away from China. There was interesting evidence of this in July, when a series of seven editorials appeared in the left-wing newspaper *La Dépêche*, which is under the direction of Chau Seng, Sihanouk's Chef de Cabinet, who happened to be in Paris at the time. The editorials were written by Tep Chhieu Keng, who had been known in the past as pro-Chinese, and it is reasonable to suppose that they would not have been allowed to appear if they had not had Sihanouk's blessing. Among the titles were "The Grand Illusion," "An Exploded Myth," and "The Wrong Horse," and the point that all seven of the editorials made was that the real "paper tiger" in Asia might not be the United States, after all, but China, which reacted to the bombing of the Hanoi and Haiphong fuel dumps with wordy promises of support but did not carry out its earlier martial threats to intervene in behalf of the North Vietnamese. The immediate prospect was gloomy, the writer declared, since it appeared that the Americans were more determined to pursue the war in Vietnam than either the Chinese or the Russians, whose own destructive ideological battle could have disastrous consequences for Asia; the Vietnamese would be left to tear each other to pieces, and non-aligned countries like Cambodia could founder helplessly in an American-dominated sea. The tone of the editorials was one of marked disrespect for the hollow promises and general inadequacy of the "Socialist camp" and, at the same time, of grudging respect for the imperialist Americans, who were at least sticking to their guns and were also supporting Cambodia's proposal for an enlarged International Control Commission. The editorials had a considerable impact on the foreign diplomats in Phnom Penh, who debated whether or not they represented a significant turning point for Sihanouk and Cambodia. I asked the Prince if the editorials represented his own views, and he carefully pointed out that the Sangkum, his national political movement, had a left, a right, and a center wing, and that he stood in the center. As for the left wing, he said, with a smile, presumably referring to its members' current disappointment with Red China, "They have been deceived in love."

When I asked Sihanouk about the war in Vietnam, he replied, "Americans understand Asians very badly—and the reverse is also very often true. I, as an Indo-Chinese, am convinced

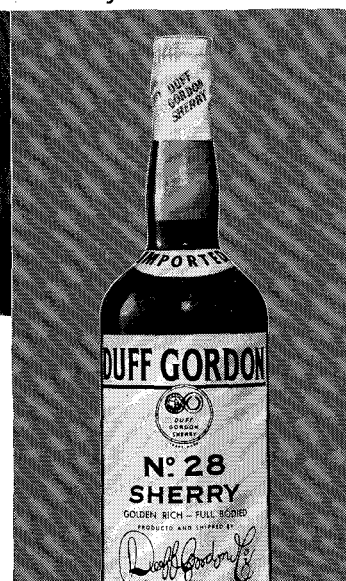


There's a
Moment of Truth
 when you serve your Sherry...



...that moment when your guests taste it. If it's imported Spanish Sherry, it tells them so much about you and your judgment. There is a difference! Because if it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry. If it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.



The Down Sofa, designed by D/R and made in our own workshop. Three-seat sofa, 88" long, down-filled cushions, brushed chrome legs. Also available as chair, love seat or four-seat sofa. Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, N.Y. / 57 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass. / Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco.

BEST & CO.

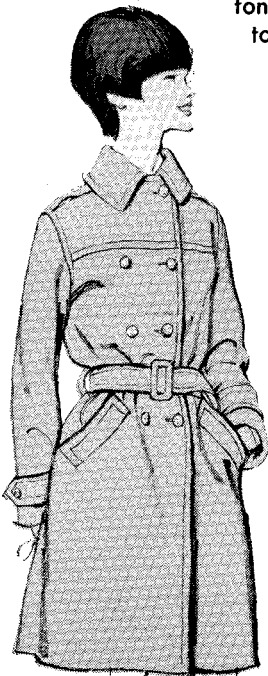
Fifth Ave. at 51 St.
New York 22, N.Y.

The military caper

Have fun with the fashion intrigue of this tightly belted coat for glamorous girl spies, complete with epaulets and snappy gold-

tone metal buttons. All wool fleece with wool interlining in camel.

Young Junior sizes 5 to 15, 45.00 7th Floor.



Mail and phone orders filled—759-2030
Also at our 20 convenient Branches

The Museum of Modern Art Christmas brochure

An illustrated 48-page brochure announcing new Christmas cards, constructions, books, reproductions and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions reproduce favorite works by artists in the Museum Collection including Calder, Chagall and Klee. Others have been specially commissioned from young artists. They range from a print by Jasper Johns (5 cents) to Mon Levinson's silk-screen plexiglas construction with display stand and mailing envelope (limited edition at \$1.95). Highlights are the 1967 Appointment Calendar containing photographs from the Museum's Collection, film posters, recent publications, and the Trova Kaleidoscope—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

The Museum of Modern Art
5300 Grand Central Sta., N.Y. 10017

66-3

I enclose 25¢ for the 1966 Christmas brochure (deductible from orders over \$5.00)

Name _____

Address _____

that escalating the war against North Vietnam will in no wise result in a North Vietnamese decision to accept negotiations, much less surrender. Certainly the people of the North have suffered, and will continue to suffer, very heavy damage and losses, because of the Americans' overwhelming superiority of equipment. But they will grit their teeth, and will not ask for pity. The Cambodians would act the same way under the same circumstances. For the moment, the great Socialist powers are staying quiet, since they do not yet feel directly threatened by the United States. They are putting their own interests before those of Vietnam, and I consider this to be quite normal. But escalation can proceed in such a way that they might believe themselves to be in danger—might fear losing their prestige in their own camp. If this happens, they will perhaps be induced to intervene, if not officially, at least by sending volunteers. This would be the prelude to a general war on our continent." He went on to say, "The only attempt at compromise that might perhaps have one chance out of a thousand of being successful would be for the American leaders to try to negotiate with the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, making it their only interlocutor." He thought this course unlikely, but he insisted that for the Americans to leave Vietnam "would be to the honor of your country and would strengthen its moral prestige, much damaged throughout the world because of this aggression against a much weaker people." However, he added, "I have no illusions. The United States will intensify its military efforts, even at the risk of a major conflict." He admitted that if the United States, giving in to Communist demands, should cease its bombing of the North and withdraw its troops from the South as a prelude to another Geneva settlement, "there will be nothing to discuss, as South Vietnam will already have changed masters." How little he relishes this alternative was indicated when he told a meeting of the Sangkum in July, "If the Vietnamese are reunited and become strong, they will remain Vietnamese and they will come to seize more territories from us."

Caught as he is between distasteful possibilities, the Prince is again making an effort to obtain from both the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese a guarantee that his borders will be respected. "If we ask them to recognize our frontiers, it is better for us to sign an agreement with them," he



Just one nice thing after another!

America's largest and most diversified collection of distinguished decorative furniture. Ask your decorator or furniture dealer to arrange an introduction.

KNAPP & TUBBS

ESTABLISHED 1902

For illustrated "Booklet K," write nearest showroom:
New York, Decoration & Design Bldg., 979 Third Ave.
Chicago, 6th Floor, Merchandise Mart
Los Angeles, 8778 Beverly Boulevard
San Francisco, 737 Sansome Street

JANE MORGAN

is the gilt-edged blonde in the
PERSIAN ROOM

September 7-October 4
Performances at
9:15 and 12:15

For reservations call

PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PARK '100'

RESTAURANT

Delightful, delicious American and Continental specialties. Park Ave. & 40th St. • Minutes from the theatre district. Let's meet under the great copper hearth—tonight! Phone LE 2-1210

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE

MINGEI-YA

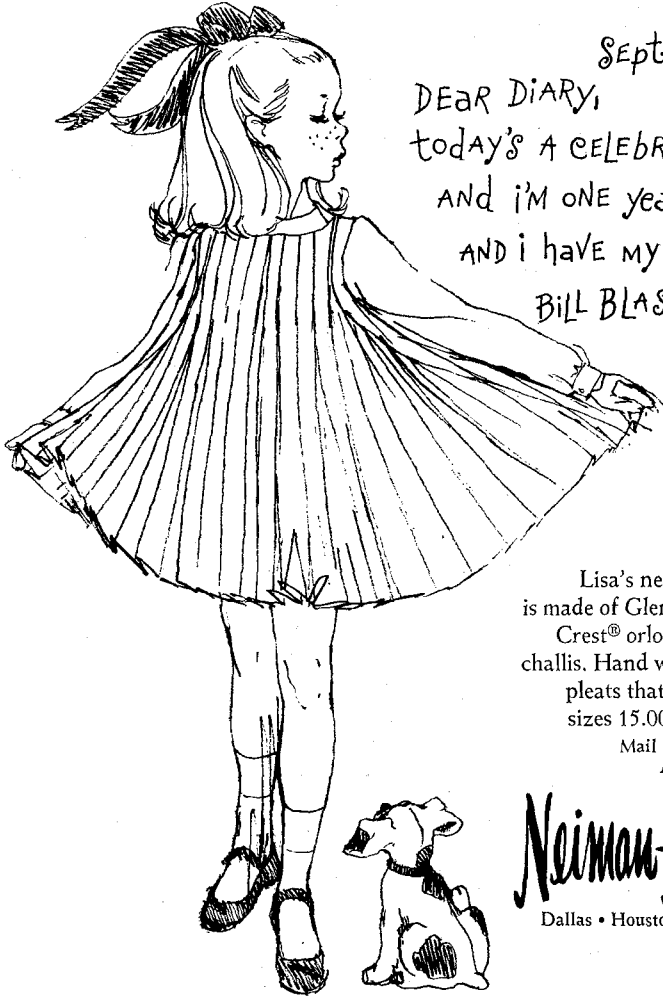
2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO



& FOLK ART
SHOP

told the Sangkum gathering. "If they respect their signatures, it will be a very important thing for our future.... Without this agreement, I would feel very cold." He then announced that he was planning to accord ambassadorial status to the North Vietnamese representative in Phnom Penh and also to give the National Liberation Front representative here "the status of a diplomat without an embassy." Such recognition, however, he said, "concerns only our frontiers" and has nothing to do with the Vietnamese war. Hitherto, the North Vietnamese spokesman in Cambodia has been a "government representative"—a special diplomatic status invented by Sihanouk, which, in protocol terms, falls somewhere between a Minister and an ambassador. The Liberation Front has simply had an unofficial representative here, though occasionally one of its ranking officers, Tran Buu Kiem, has appeared from its jungle headquarters across the border to take up temporary residence.

Sihanouk extends varying degrees of recognition to different governments, Communist and non-Communist, on the basis of his philosophy of "reciprocity;" that is, the friends of Cambodia are rewarded, whatever their politics, especially if they have offered unconditional assistance, and Cambodia's enemies are downgraded or neglected. The policy often makes for strange companions at Phnom Penh dinners and cocktail parties. For example, the North Koreans have an ambassador, while the South Koreans have only a consul-general; the West Germans, on the other hand, have a government representative, and the East Germans a consul-general. Among the Western nations, Australia, which, despite the presence of its troops in South Vietnam, has supported Sihanouk's aims and has given him substantial aid, including several hundred irrigation pumps and some badly needed engineering help for an important dam survey, rates high—perhaps second only to France. The Prince looks upon the Australian ambassador, Noel Deschamps, who is in his fifth year in Phnom Penh, as one of the few Western diplomats who understand him. Deschamps, who has had the rather unenviable task of representing the United States here since the break with Washington last year, has, because of his high standing with Sihanouk during this touchy period, probably done a better job for the United States than it could have done for itself. Sihanouk's relations with the British have gone up and down in recent years, but Great Britain



Sept 17

DEAR DIARY,

today's A CELEBRATING Day

AND I'M ONE YEAR OLDER

AND I HAVE MY VERY FIRST

BILL BLASS DRESS.

Love
Lisa

Lisa's new white dress is made of Glen Raven Clan Crest® orlon and viscose challis. Hand washable with pleats that stay in. 3-6x sizes 15.00; 7-12, 18.00

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 70¢ postage

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Don't give them just toys... give them Creative Playthings

send for this
Free Catalog

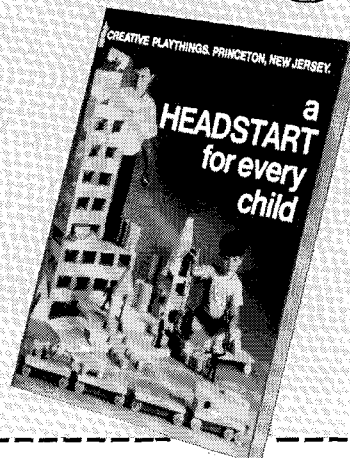


This child is looking through our Giant Magnifier. Perhaps she'll discover the pattern of her fingerprints... or the writing on a penny... or the geometric design in the center of a daisy....

Creative Playthings make play a learning experience, turn learning into fun. They give your child a headstart in the critical first 8 years—the peak learning years that shape all his years ahead.

At our Learning Center in Princeton, N.J., new Creative Playthings are constantly being developed. 43,000 schools use them. Now you can have them at home. Send for free catalog.

(Also available in fine stores.)



CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS, Dept. 1
Princeton, N. J. 08540

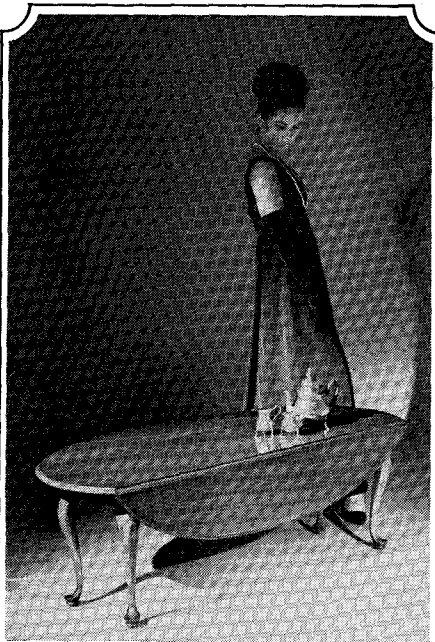
Please send me your free catalog.

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Westerners note: mail to Creative Playthings, Dept. 1,
5757 West Century Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90045



Classic Beauty

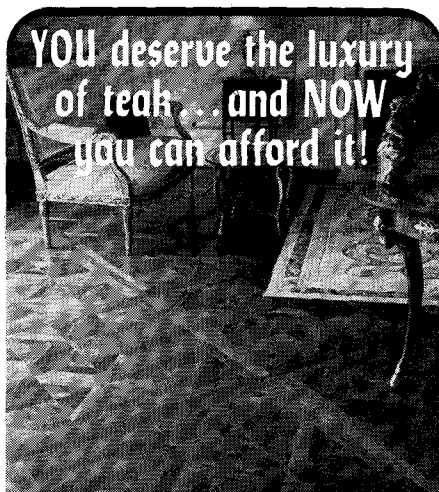
Some things are eternal... like the classic simplicity and beauty of Biggs Queen Anne cocktail table. For fully illustrated catalog showing the more than 250 authentic Biggs reproductions, send \$1.00 to Biggs, Direct Mail Dept. NYM, 105 E. Grace Street, Richmond, Virginia 23219



BIGGS

ANTIQUE COMPANY, INCORPORATED
MASTER CRAFTSMEN SINCE 1890

REPRODUCTIONS INTERIORS ACCESSORIES
BALTIMORE WASHINGTON RICHMOND ATLANTA



'Diamond Martinique Pattern' in Indianapolis Home of Mr. & Mrs. G. W. Raffensberger • Winters & Zintel, Inc., Designers

- **Thai-teak** (authentic Tectona Grandis, imported from Thailand) is **genuine teakwood**... warm-grained... beautiful.
- **Thai-teak** is trouble-free, easy to maintain... needs only an occasional waxing.
- **Thai-teak** is "lifetime" flooring... withstands the hardest wear... resists termites, rot and decay.
- **Thai-teak** costs now compare to medium priced carpet and vinyl.
- **Thai-teak** comes in 85 different patterns, send for our Bulletin 100 today.

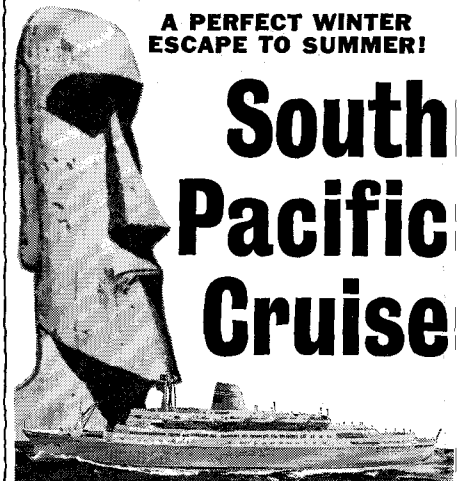


GENUINE IMPORTED
Thai-TEAK
PARQUETRY FLOORING

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
1545 W. Passyunk Ave., Phila., Pa. 19145

has just been given back its ambassadorial status. His gradations of recognition are subtle even when he is dealing with friends. For example, he told me that he favored the creation of a belt of neutral states from South Vietnam to India, yet he saw no possibility of taking joint action with two other outstanding neutral leaders in Southeast Asia—Prime Minister Ne Win, of Burma, and Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, of Singapore, "even though we are extremely good friends." He explained, "Burma practices a neutrality that I will dare to call 'isolationist.' Singapore is neutral but still allied to Great Britain.... We are therefore confronted with three kinds of neutrality, which do not easily lend themselves to common action." As for the recent efforts to form new Asian blocs that other Asian nations have made at meetings in Bangkok and Seoul, Sihanouk dismissed them curtly. "We know full well who their authors are and against whom they are directed," he said. "We cannot join these 'regrouping schemes,' which are in essence more political than economic and cultural."

Sihanouk continues to devote a great deal of his time to his country's internal problems, which are many. These include most notably a mounting budget deficit, an unfavorable balance of trade, and a drain on foreign reserves. Part of the financial crisis is the result of Sihanouk's heavy internal expenditures to maintain the armed forces. He has also spent relatively large sums on public works, including roads and bridges, and on the development of the educational system. There is an elementary school in virtually every community now, and Sihanouk claims an eighty-per-cent literacy rate; in addition, there are nearly seven thousand Cambodians attending institutions of higher learning. Despite the country's financial difficulties, it does not face a real economic crisis, primarily because its economy is overwhelmingly agricultural. Four-fifths of its more than six million people live on the rich land bordering the Mekong and its tributaries, and there is always enough to eat. There are no large estates, except rubber plantations (the major ones still run by the French), and the average Cambodian farmer owns his plot of land and his oxen, and raises what he needs, mostly rice, and, in good years, something extra for domestic sale or for export. At a recent economic seminar, Sihanouk stressed the need for developing agriculture still further, so as to attract



A PERFECT WINTER
ESCAPE TO SUMMER!

South Pacific Cruise

JAN. 19, 1967 FROM N.Y. • 79 DAYS • 24 PORTS • \$2,600 MIN.*

ON NORWAY'S ELEGANT NEW FLAGSHIP

SAGAFJORD

Come join us January 19 aboard one of the world's loveliest cruise liners for a perfect escape to lands where our winter is their summer. You'll visit: Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Valparaiso, Easter Island, Pitcairn Island, Moorea, Papeete, Bora Bora, Rarotonga, Auckland, Wellington, Milford Sound, Hobart, Sydney, Noumea, New Hebrides, Suva, Tongan Islands, Pago Pago, Honolulu, Hilo, San Francisco, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal. See your travel agent.

*Minimum, subject to availability.

Vessel Under Norwegian Registry

Norwegian America Line

29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006

Tel: (212) 944-6900

CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • MONTREAL

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS
JOE E. LEWIS
(AUSTIN MACK at the Piano)
MIA MORRELL
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE \$5.25 SERVED
DINNERS from 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
AIR
CONDITIONED

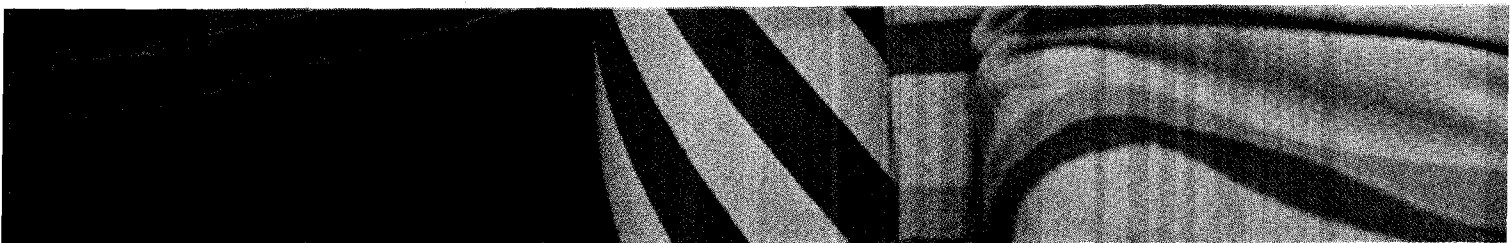
Over 25,000,000 People
have danced at ROSELAND.
We, too, must be doing
something right!
Nightly exc. Mon. • Mats. Thur. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BALLROOM • BAR • RESTAURANT
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

FOR SALE

KERRY BLUE TERRIER PUPPIES
SIRE WESTMINSTER BEST OF
BREED CHAMPION
CALL IN NEW YORK CITY
MU 8-3633 AFTER SIX OR
WEEKENDS



Gee whiskers,
 "Barber Pole Stripes"
 by Bernhard Altmann,
 those people you thought knit
 only cashmere classics



A DIVISION OF MCGREGOR DONIGER, INC., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Can a girl look trim in stripes that run around? Bernhard Altmann knits the "Barber Pole" shift with such intricacies of shaping,

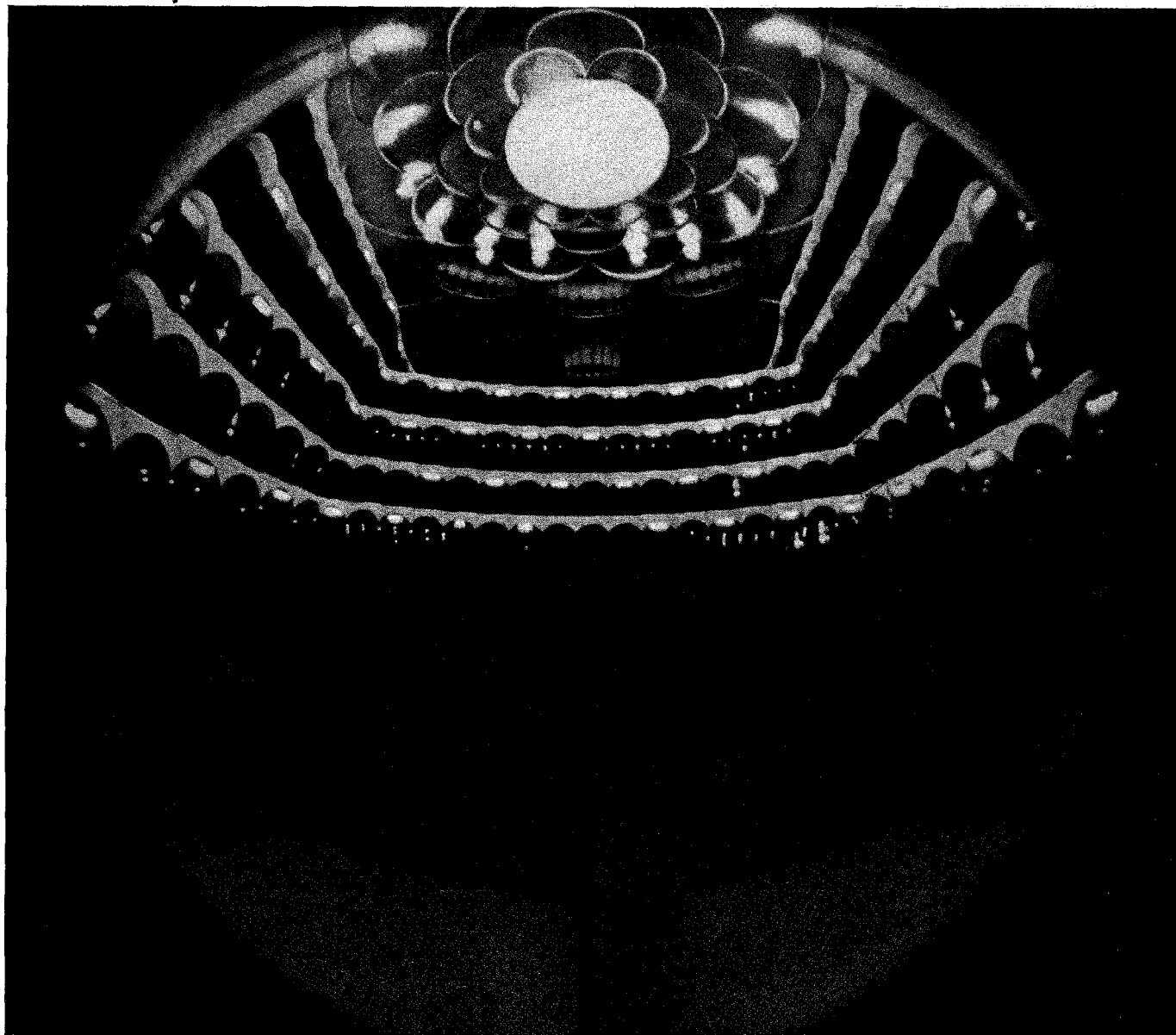
they shave rather than add. Full-fashioned knit of imported Shetland wool, "Barber Pole Stripes" are wild in color, a wonder

to wear—belted or not. About 25.00 at stores that know knitting, or drop a note to Bernhard Altmann, 1407 B'way, N.Y. 10018.

Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE perform at the Met



When the Metropolitan Opera opens in its new home at Lincoln Center, we'll be there.

We'll perform at the opening and every performance after.

With our fabrics. Lush C&A fabric covering each of the Met's 3,800 seats.

An exciting challenge to our Cavel Division.

Producing fabric to exact specifications of the Met's architects.

Acoustics all important. Comfort. Beauty. But we've performed like this before.

A few years back we did the same grand thing for

Philharmonic Hall and New York State Theater. We're proud!

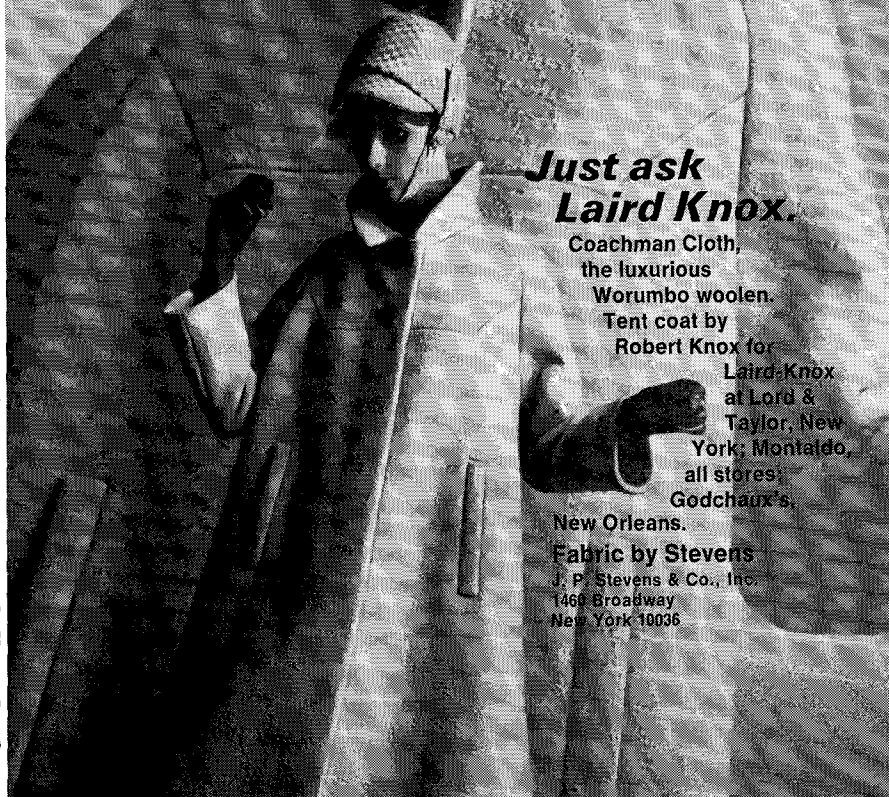
COLLINS & AIKMAN

210 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

young people to it, and he indicated that this would be done by establishing price controls for agricultural products, eliminating "middlemen" (meaning Chinese and Vietnamese), and improving distribution methods, irrigation, and the use of fertilizer. The Prince has also initiated a broad program for the development of the outlying provinces, and some four hundred thousand people, mostly ex-Army men and their families, have so far been resettled in these areas, where they are offered land, a house, and some cattle and money to help them get started. The Army itself spends much of its time building up these "pioneer communities," and helping with the construction of roads, dams, and factories. A nationalization program that went into effect at about the time American aid was cut off—a year and a half or so before the final break in relations—has been less successful. Banking and all export-import businesses were nationalized, and a campaign of austerity was initiated. As a result of the nationalization of trade, many trading establishments, including foreign ones situated here, decided to quit; the consequent restriction of both private and foreign investment has played a part in the reduction of government revenue.

Although Sihanouk has spent much time moving about the country visiting industrial and social projects, frequently turning a spade for two of earth himself and insisting that other Cambodian officials do the same, he is essentially bored by economics and is certainly not wedded to any one economic theory or practice. He has frequently made it clear that in developing his own form of "Cambodian Socialism," he has no intention of adopting collectivist or Communist methods. "I hope to safeguard my compatriots' joy of living," he has said. "I want them to work, of course, but to do so under less harsh conditions than the Communists work under. We Cambodians are not machines or beasts of burden. We must remain free and happy." As one foreign diplomat has said, "Sihanouk remains a political animal primarily, and he will be guided by what he thinks serves Cambodia's political interests. If he thinks he has gone too far and too fast in the direction of nationalization, he's perfectly capable of changing things overnight again." About a score of state-run industries have been projected, of which half are functioning or about to function, including cement, sugar, textiles, plywood, and glass. Most of these have been created with the assistance of Communist coun-

**Worumbo® Coachman
Cloth shows up
in the nicest
places.**



**Just ask
Laird Knox.**

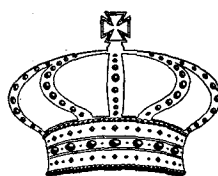
Coachman Cloth,
the luxurious
Worumbo woolen.
Tent coat by
Robert Knox for

Laird Knox
at Lord &
Taylor, New
York; Montaldo,
all stores;
Godchaux's,

New Orleans.

Fabric by Stevens

J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway
New York 10036



Mediterranean Greek Islands Royal Diadem *Cruise*

via the Flagship of
the Greek Line "Queen Anna Maria"

fully air conditioned • fully stabilized • 26,300 tons

FEB. 21, 1967 FROM PORT EVERGLADES, FLORIDA

FEB. 24, 1967 FROM NEW YORK

46 DAYS • 19 PORTS • 11 COUNTRIES **\$1295 up**

Ceuta, Vatoaedi, Palaocastritsa, Taormina, Alghero? These and all the popular ports are on GREEK LINE's 9th Mediterranean cruise! Splendor ashore, pleasure afloat. International elegance, Continental cuisine. Parties, quizzes, contests, masquerades, trav-elogs, Broadway floorshows. 25,000 sq. ft. deck, 5 swimming pools (outdoor and indoor too!), sauna bath, gymnasium. 20 public rooms, luxury cabins with private baths, telephones, music. The gracious QUEEN ANNA MARIA is your perfect cruise ship!

MOROCCO • MALTA • CRETE • EGYPT • ISRAEL • RHODES • TUR-KEY • GREECE • CORFU • SICILY • ITALY • SARDINIA • FRENCH RIVIERA • SPAIN • MALLORCA • GIBRALTAR • PORTUGAL

WEST INDIES CRUISES

December to April

"OLYMPIA" • "QUEEN ANNA MARIA"

Ask about 1967 CRUISE VOYAGES
to the Mediterranean.

Shore Excursions by
American Express

For reservations, color folder,
see your TRAVEL AGENT

GREEK LINE

32 Pearl St., New York, N.Y. 10004
(212) WH 3-9140

Boston • Chicago • Cleveland
Detroit • Los Angeles • Miami
Philadelphia • San Francisco
Canada

Country of Registry: Greece

Imported from England



CARRIGLEN
by **KANGOL** PAT.

Accepted favorite for casual wear and outdoor occasions. Smartly shaped and exactly tailored in the English manner. Varied three-tone 100% wool check fabric. Sewed-down visor... ribbon sweat band. Each in a poly bag. Sizes 6½ to 7½.

about \$4.95

at fine stores, or write
E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.



A Calendar and Christmas Cards

from the **MORGAN LIBRARY**

A decorative 1967 calendar reproducing in full color twelve miniatures **SCENES OF COUNTRY LIFE** from *The Book of Rural Occupations* by Petrus Crescentius, a 15th-century illuminated manuscript from Bruges, can be purchased from the Morgan Library for \$2.85. * Also available are twelve new Christmas cards, six in full color, reproducing manuscript miniatures, drawings, and woodcuts in the Library collections, including the famous Rembrandt drawing of "Woman Carrying a Child Downstairs." Card prices range from 10 cents to 40 cents each. * Send 25 cents for the Calendar Brochure and the illustrated Christmas Card Catalogue. This will be credited against purchases of \$5.00 or more.

THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY
29 East 36 Street, New York, N.Y. 10016
I enclose 25 cents for the 1966 Christmas brochures.

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

tries—mainly China, which has given Cambodia both funds and technicians—and all but one or two of them are losing money. Sihanouk has initiated a protectionist policy to help his infant industries, but it is doubtful whether this will assure their success unless their management proves more capable than it has proved so far. Though he has established a high per-capita rate of economic development, it has not been high enough to prevent increasing unemployment, particularly among secondary-school and college graduates, and this is one reason he is stressing agriculture as the permanent backbone of the economy and proposing new schemes to attract young people to the provinces. The country still needs a major economic boost, such as it would be given by the Mekong Development Plan, proposed by a United Nations-sponsored committee. This would create large dams for power and irrigation to benefit Cambodia and its three immediate neighbors, Laos, South Vietnam, and Thailand. A number of small- and medium-sized Mekong projects have been built, but the war and the consequent inability of the participating nations to get together have held back the major schemes. Still, several of the big projects are in the advanced planning stage, and their financing by some of the big powers or by world financial organizations is currently being discussed.

Although some opposition to his far from successful nationalization program has been expressed by entrepreneurs who miss American aid, and there has been some grumbling among the youth, Sihanouk has managed, thanks to his talent for improvisation and his political flair, to avoid any real government crises. Although he completely dominates the Sangkum and his Parliament, he cannot truly be called a dictator, because he encourages his opponents to speak out against him. In fact, he cleverly takes the wind out of their sails by virtually forcing them to hold public debates or dialogues with him, usually at Sangkum meetings, which are held semi-annually. At the most recent of these meetings, he took on two left-wing newspaper editors who had been critical of his recent policies, demolished their arguments, and forced them to recant. The Sangkum meetings are attended by all his Ministers, by all the Members of Parliament—there are sixty-one of them, and they are elected every five years—and by delegates from the provinces. The proceedings last four days and are followed over the radio by much of the population. The

For men on the go!

Dynamo™

One-size wool/nylon socks from **Camp**



Dynamo feels luxuriously soft. An active man's way to look and feel great. Knit to stay elegant. Machine washable and dryable. Mothproof 65% fine Zephyr Wool, 35% Stretch Nylon. One size fits 10 to 13. Smart heather blends. Executive length \$2.00. Ankle socks \$1.50.

Featured at **LORD & TAYLOR**

New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Washington, Falls Church

ever heard of a fine restaurant without a kitchen?

more chefs than waitresses?

and a Japanese maitre d' named Rocky?

BENIHANA of TOKYO

EAST
120 E. 56th St.
WEST
61 W. 56th St.
in New York City
Reservations: LT 1-0930



HELP STAMP OUT MARRIAGE!

BOOTH THEATRE

BROADWAY JOE

"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.

315 W. 46 ST. NYC (16-6513) (05-9196)

ince always makes a long opening tement, setting forth the problems of mbodia, both foreign and domestic. e then discusses future plans, and calls open discussion of all matters, large d small. While he usually prepares e agenda himself, Cabinet Ministers, visers, and others also propose ques- ns for debate. After three days of .cussion, Sihanouk, on the last day, ns up what has been said and for- ulates resolutions and recommenda- ns, which, in the form of motions t to the Sangkum, are always adopted animously.

Essentially, what Sihanouk has suc- eded in doing is to foster the sort of guided democracy" that Pakistan and donesia once talked about but never t into practice. If he does make most the decisions himself, he seldom akes them arbitrarily, and he usually es a number of hints or warnings ore taking any action. He also can, d often does, change his mind. Even tside the Sangkum and Parliament, e maintains a constant dialogue with s people, in the press, in speeches to ural groups, and through regular "na- tional audiences," at which he listens complaints and disposes of everyday oblems that are brought up by peo- e in all walks of life. A few of the oblems are highly personal, such as vers' quarrels, but most of them are mplaints about economic and social nditions or about the failings of gov- nment officials, who are often ac- ised with astonishing frankness of voritism or venality. Sihanouk settles ese matters in a Solomon-like way, ith a mixture of sympathy and de- chment. He has brought lovers back ogether and ordered unpopular mayors asted and new elections held, and his ecisions are extralegal, in that they e, in effect, final and irreversible. Everything is done in the interest of national unity." I asked Sihanouk if e thought the time had come for him o alter his basic stress on national unity d one-party control, and he replied, We have never barred a loyal opposi- on, or even a disloyal opposition. The angkum is not a unique party, either nder the terms of the Constitution or i reality. If the other parties have owed down their activities, if the ommunist Party has practically re- eded into clandestine existence, and if one of them have ever succeeded in btaining seats in Parliament, the fault oes not lie with Dictator Sihanouk. anybody can try his luck in our elec- ons. It is simply that our people, in heir firm desire to preserve unity, vote n masse for the Sangkum. . . . Don't

 **HIGHLAND FLING.** When you feel like having one, wear this tartan plaid pullover (75% Acrilan acrylic, 25% virgin wool) to class. Its unusually deep colors and smooth, hearty nature will attract the attention of several high-land lassies in the front row. Might even inspire Professor Staid to recite some Robert Burns. It's amazing what a little Scotch can do.

FORUM
SPORTSWEAR



In Blue, Hunter, Chestnut, S, M, L, XL. About \$15.00. At Union Clothing, Columbus, Ohio, The Hub, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; and other fine stores. Or write FORUM, 303 Fifth Avenue, N.



HANNS CHRISTOF
THE SUPERIOR QUALITY
LIEBFRAUMILCH

A superb Rhine wine, aristocratic in character, fruity yet crisp and light.



DINE WITH Deinhart
Rhine and Moselle Wines

the village store



Second Glances . . .

Will flatter you when you make an entrance at the party in our wool hopsacking wrap dress rippling with ruffles and glowing with color in Grecian gold, Indian purple or Irish green. Lined natch. 6-14. 36.00. By E. T. of California for us only. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Add 75¢ for handling. Catalog on request.

NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**DON'T
JUST
SAY
COGNAC.
DARLING,
SAY
POLIGNAC*
PLEASE.**

* BECAUSE...
PRINCE HUBERT
DE POLIGNAC
IS
KING OF THE
COGNACS!



Imported by Dennis & Huppert 80 & 84 proof

ask us to be so liberal as to willingly engineer our own defeat when it is the people's will for us to win."

Since the Sangkum does operate as a liberal force and as a kind of class or forum in national civics, it is probably true that there is no need for an opposition party as such. The Communist Party, the Pracheachon, does exist as an opposition, as Sihanouk says, but at present it doesn't amount to much, though it has been noisy at times in the past. As long as it, or any other kind of opposition, does not attack the monarchy—which Sihanouk has preserved, the throne now being held by his mother—other forms of dissent are permitted, although, because a policy of neutrality is part of the Constitution, no one is permitted to recommend alignment with either the West or the East. Furthermore, in the last several years, Sihanouk has tended to allocate more responsibility for administration to individual Ministers and advisers, such as Deputy Prime Minister Son Sann, who handles or supervises virtually all economic and financial matters, and who is essentially conservative-minded, in contrast to Chau Seng, the leftist Chef de Cabinet, whose influence is now reported to be on the wane. Parliamentary elections are being held this month, with somewhat more than the usual freedom of choice being permitted, and some Cabinet shifts are expected soon. (It is known that Sihanouk's cousin Prince Norodom Kantol, who is Prime Minister, and who is a middle-of-the-road man politically, is eager to return to private life and to the practice and study of Buddhism.) There are perhaps half a dozen men around Sihanouk who are important in the palace hierarchy. In addition to Prince Kantol, Son Sann, and—at least up to now—Chau Seng, they include Penn Nouth, an elder statesman and former Prime Minister; Nhiek Tioulong, Inspector General of the Army; Defense Minister Lon Nol; and Kou Roun, the Chief of Security. The best guess in Phnom Penh is that if Sihanouk should become ill or die, a moderate group headed by his uncle, Prince Sisowath Monorith, would take over, but that without Sihanouk's dynamism and verve the new government would face trouble both from the left and from the right.

Sihanouk shows no signs of thinking about retiring, but in the last few months, because of fatigue and strain, aggravated by erratic eating habits and chronic insomnia, he has been taking things considerably easier than usual, on doctors' orders, though he still main-

Enjoy Autumn in our colorful Vermont setting

What a perfect time and place for uncrowded, unhurried Fall vacation. For golfers, the first tee of our 18-hole course is right outside your door! Electric carts and a 9-hole putting green complete the layout. After golf, enjoy fishing and boating on Lake Champlain, play a few sets of tennis. Heated swimming pool. Superb New England dining and hospitality. Magnificent scenery. Private 3200-foot airstrip. Join us for Fall golf . . . open 'til October 13th.

Reserve soon: N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, West, Telephone (212) LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Robert H. Beach, Manager

VERGENNES • VERMONT

NEW YORK'S BELOVED Algonquin

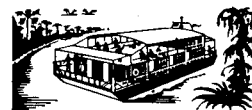
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL
Algonquin

59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

CRUISE INLAND FLORIDA



Six
Idyllic
Days

Relax on the Lazy Bones plus airboat and swamp buggy jaunts in Everglades country. \$139 complete. Jan. 30 thru April. Feature on Jack Douglas TV series. For brochure reservations, write . . .

Capt. Maurer, Shanty Boat Cruises
Box 2166 (C), Fort Myers, Fla.

The Baroque

LUNCHEON • DINNER

French Cuisine Closed Sunda

14 East 53rd St. • Eldorado 5-41

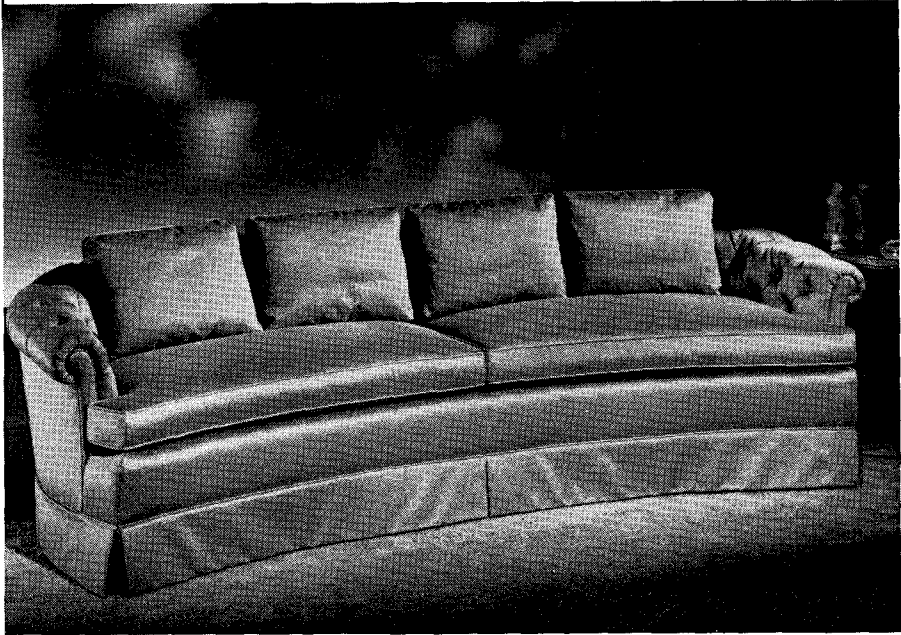
ains full control over both domestic and foreign affairs. For much of this recent period, he has stayed in Phnom Penh, and has turned for relaxation and pleasure to one of his early hobbies—filmmaking. He has written, directed, and produced one film and is now preparing a second—two of a projected series of five dealing both romantically and realistically with certain phases of Cambodian life. The completed film, entitled “Apsara,” is described as “a love story with Cambodia as its principal character,” and the final Khmer version, which runs an hour and fifteen minutes, will be dubbed into French, English, Chinese, and Russian and shown at various foreign film festivals. In Cambodian lore, Apsaras are celestial dancers, and the story deals with the romantic involvement of a star of the Cambodian Royal Ballet whose beauty and grace are compared to those of the Apsaras. A rich general falls in love with the ballerina, and her ambitious mother agrees to their marriage without the consent of her daughter, who is in love with a young aviator. On her wedding night, the girl tells the general the truth, and he leaves her and goes off to the frontier to prepare for a battle against the Thais. Meanwhile, the young flier crashes his Russian Mig while trying to intercept a Vietnamese attack. He is wounded, and the ballerina rushes to his bedside. They are reunited, and the general frees the girl from her marriage vows. The film, which had its premiere in Phnom Penh late in August, received praise for some of its photography, but most of those who have seen it have not been favorably impressed either by the plot or by the acting. The film might be described as an experiment in Cambodian neo-realism on a high social level, in that Sihanouk’s daughter Princess Bopha Devi plays the part of the dancer, Inspector General Nhiek Tiouloung plays the general, and Prince Chivan Monirak, who is Sihanouk’s son-in-law, plays the young flier. Sihanouk told me he would donate the proceeds of the film to the Army’s social-welfare program, and, in typical Sihanouk style, he added, “Mr. Truman played the piano. Sir Winston Churchill indulged in painting. As for this hobby of mine, it will at least benefit my countrymen.”

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

OFTEN MISPELLED: Goal is the British form of “jail,” and is pronounced the same.
—Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.
And our “jailbird” is their “goalie.”
Also pronounced the same.

Cohama sets you free!

HENREDON furniture is protected with “SCOTCHGARD” Brand Stain Repeller. Spills just “sit” on the surface — you blot them away. If a stain should be forced into the weave, just spot-clean it — and generally there’s no ring! Sofa #6452 from Henredon’s superb collection.



BOSTON MUSEUM Greeting Cards for Christmas & other Seasons

New 1966 catalogue of distinctive cards, each an exquisite reproduction from the Boston Museum’s own world renowned collection. Printed in limited edition, these unusual cards cost from 10¢ to 25¢. Twenty-seven new cards, many illustrated in full color, have been added to the 1966 catalogue. Other items include matches, tiles, jewelry, reproductions, calendars, embroidery transfers.

Museum of Fine Arts CHRISTMAS DESK
BOSTON, MASS. 02115

Please send me the Museum’s 1966 Christmas catalogue. 25¢ enclosed.

Name

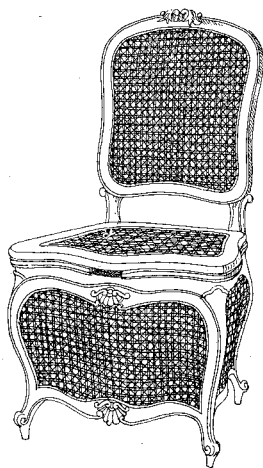
Address



Squat satchel

with silver-color frame.
Ronay makes it in black,
tan or wine smooth leather;
wine, green, taupe, brown
patent leather; black lizard-
grained leather. Each, 19.00
At all Lord & Taylor stores

CHAISE PERCÉE



Magnificent Louis XV bathroom chair. Hand-carved solid Italian beech. Hand-caned. Fits most standard commodes. H40"xW21½"xD18½"xStHt19". Our price, well below the market, \$159, ready-to-finish. If we finish, add \$40, state color. No COD's. Shpd. Exp. Coll. Complete catalog: Send 50c.



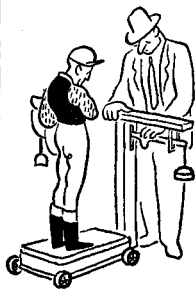
**DOOR STORE OF
WASHINGTON, D.C.**

Dept. N9, 3140 M St., N.W., Wash.D.C., 20007



THE RACE TRACK

Cliff-Hanger



QUITE the most exciting performance I saw last week—or, indeed, that I have seen in a week of Sundays—was Tom Rolfe's victory in the Aqueduct Handicap at the Big A on Labor Day. He ran so well that impressionable observers are saying Buckpasser may find him a large handful when they meet in the Woodward Stakes on the first of October. Last for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong of the Aqueduct, Tom Rolfe threaded his way among the ten runners bunched in the homestretch to win by a neck from Pluck, to whom he gave thirteen pounds. Big Rock Candy, another lightweight, was third. Shoemaker, who rode the way he used to before he became rich and famous, deserves full marks for his handling of Tom Rolfe. It was a treat to watch him. In the paddock before the race, Tom Rolfe looked especially fit. Though he's not a big colt, he is deep through the heart, and muscular, conveying an impression of great latent power. Incidentally, he carried 127 pounds, giving all the way up to eighteen pounds, which is a lot of weight to concede to horses in the top class or near it. At the start, Mr. Right jumped off as though he were going to repeat his victory in the Dwyer Handicap in July, but after he hit the stretch in front by three lengths, he tired. Bold Bidder, who was second at that point, also faded out of the picture. He likes the hard footing at Arlington Park, where, a few weeks back, he ran the mile of the Washington Park Handicap in 1:32½. In the Aqueduct, the mile was run six seconds slower. For reasons that escape me, the track that afternoon was officially listed as fast, although it was still sodden from the rain the day before. Things like that have the amateur handicappers, who estimate ability with a stopwatch, walking around in circles and talking to themselves.

As you've probably heard, Tom Rolfe will warm up for the Woodward in the hundred-thousand-dollar Michigan Mile and One-Eighth (it used to be the Michigan Mile, but the purse and the distance have gone up) at Dale Shaffer's Detroit Race Course this weekend.

ENTERTAINING IN TERR



Striped Aba

A smashing way to look entertaining at-home or enjoying the leisurely life. Our new "wiggly" stripe combines navy, gold and sky-blue on white terry. Buttoned front, side pockets. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **\$18.00**

Jeweled Thongs

By Bernard. Dramatic cut stones of topaz and crystal decorate the White leather strap. Sm (5-6), Med (6½-7½), Lg (8-9½). **\$15.00**

Add 35¢ each for shipping. Send for new color catalog.

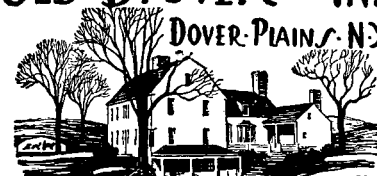
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

If you enjoy the atmosphere of an English Inn, fly to London. Or, take a cab to **Keen's English Chop House.**

72W.36, N.Y.—WI7-3636

Now open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

OLD DROVER'S INN



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

clos normand



FORMERLY LOUIS AND ARMAND

OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER

42 EAST 52, PL 3-334

uckpasser, who has been having only
ght exercise, is now buckling down to
rious work.

YOU couldn't ask for a much closer
finish, short of a dead heat, than
that of the Matron Stakes, for two-
ear-old fillies, last Saturday. Swiss
Cheese got up in the last stride to beat
Great Era and Regal Gleam, who were
inches apart. As expected, Great Era
led for most of the six furlongs, while
Swiss Cheese, who begins slowly, was
last at one stage. But in the stretch the
daughter of Dotted Swiss gave out with
a big burst of speed, which is the kind
of finish she likes to make. The longer
aces coming up, such as the Frizette
at Aqueduct, the Gardenia at Garden
state Park, and the Selima at Laurel,
should be her cup of tea. It was the
fifth time C. V. Whitney, who owns
her, has won the Matron. H. P. Whit-
ney, his father, won it seven times, and
V. C. Whitney, his grandfather, once.
As for the other events for fillies and
mares, in the Gazelle Handicap the
favorite, Lady Pitt, was beaten by a
neck by Prides Profile, and in the
Maskette Handicap, What A Treat
was down the course, fifteen lengths
behind Summer Scandal, the winner.

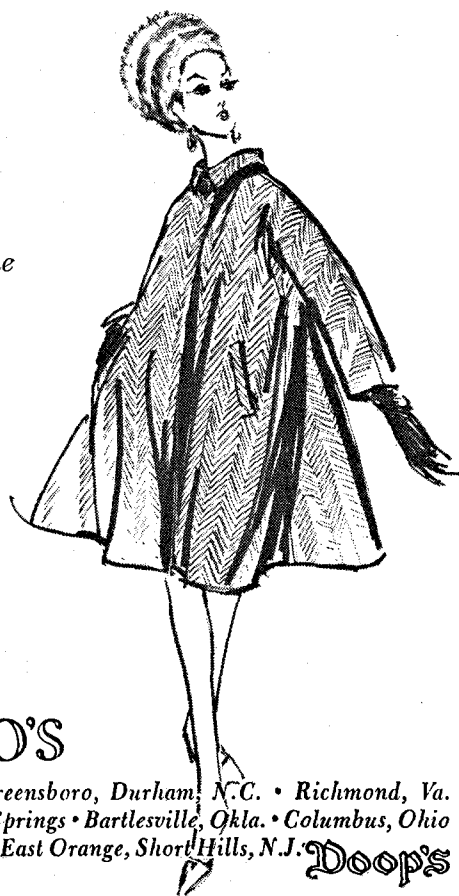
WITH Buckpasser a non-starter,
the New Hampshire Sweepstakes
at Rockingham was easy for Buffle,
who, after all, is the next-best three-
ear-old colt. Although he came out of
the starting gate sideways, Rotz, his
rider, straightened him out quickly and
had him in a good position for the first
half of the mile and a quarter over the
Lou Smith Course, as it is called, and
when he made his run he disposed of
the leaders in less time than it takes to
sell it. Amberoid was nearly four
lengths behind, with Deck Hand third
and Jolly Jet, whom Shoemaker found
hard to handle, fourth. Buffle's share
of the purse was \$180,212, and the
four holders of tickets on him in the
sweepstakes collected \$50,000 each. By
the way, fewer tickets were sold on
the race this year than last, and a
great many less than in 1964, when
the lottery was set up. The New
Hampshire State Sweepstakes Commis-
sion, which operates the event, blames
this on the federal law that prohibits the
sale of lottery tickets through the mail.
Which is something the merry men
who hope to establish a similar lottery
in New York might give a thought to.

THE biggest jackpot of the season
on the major tracks—the Arling-
ton-Washington Futurity, with a gross

DOUBLE FLAIR,
double faced herringbone
floatcoat, which carries
the wool mark, the
quality symbol.
Sizes 6 to 14, black,
brown or red. 160.00



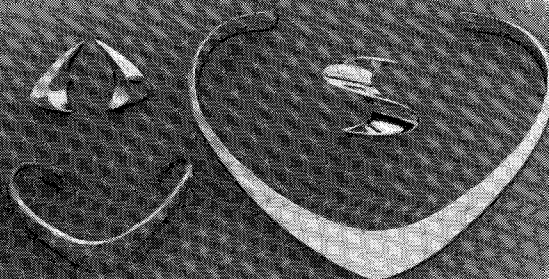
PURE VIRGIN WOOL



MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. Doop's

handwrought elegance...



in a sweep of vigorous
simplicity. The necklace
in silver is \$25.00—in
gold \$160. Bracelet,
\$17.50—in gold \$70. Pin,
\$12.50—in gold \$70.
Matching earrings are
\$13.50 the pair—in gold
\$60. Add 85¢ for shipping.

america
house



THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS
44 W. 53rd St., N.Y. 10019
PL 7-9494

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE

Casino
ON THE
Park

LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club

ESSEX HOUSE

VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300

160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Classic French Cuisine
for luncheon and dinner

Chateau
briand

131 East 54th St.
Call...755-5260

RALEIGH'S GLAMOROUS TRAVELER by Windsor . . . jungle print monk's robe . . . practical, packable in Arnel® triacetate leopard print . . . interesting back detail . . . P.S.M.L. . . . \$15 . . . robes



all mail orders postage free

Raleigh Haberdashery

1310 F St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

MID-MANHATTAN
at its
Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

The Distinctive Balladry of
BOBBY SHORT
Sept. 12—Nov. 20
THE LIVING ROOM
915 2nd Ave. (49th St.) EL 5-2262 • Lunch
Cocktails • Supper • Continuous Shows from 9:00

value of \$367,700 and first money of \$195,200—was run off at Arlington Park last weekend. The winner turned up in Diplomat Way, who beat Wilbur Clark, a colt from California, by a head. Lightning Orphan was third, seven lengths behind. Fifteen two-year-olds went to the post for the seven-furlong scramble, but neither the Wheatley Stable's Top Bid nor Herbert Allen's Saratoga Special winner, Favorable Turn, was close at the end. Diplomat Way, a bay colt by Nashua out of Jandy, was bred in Florida and sold at Hialeah last January to Harvey Peltier, an industrialist from Thibodaux, Louisiana, for \$67,500, which was one of the high prices at the vendue. That, of course, was because Nashua was the young fellow's papa. Prior to the Futurity, Diplomat Way had run eight times at the Chicago track, winning twice. In the Futurity Trial, he finished second to Lightning Orphan. In both the Trial and the Futurity, he was ridden by Shoemaker, who thinks he's a nice colt. He should. Diplomat Way is his third winner in the big grab bag. The others were Candy Spots, in 1962, and Sadair, in 1964.

JUST FOR THE RECORD: The All-American Quarter Horse Futurity is still the richest horse race in the world. The renewal of the event at Ruidoso Downs, in New Mexico, on Labor Day had a purse of \$430,600, of which \$198,300 went to the winner, a colt with the provocative name of Go Dick Go, who ran the four-hundred-yard course in 20.27 seconds. That's a lot of dollars per second.

—AUDAX MINOR

Insofar as the God image is, from the psychological point of view, a manifestation of the ground of the psyche, and insofar as the cleavage in that image is becoming clear to mankind as a profound dichotomy which penetrates even into world politics, a compensation has arisen. This takes the form of circular symbols of unity which represent a synthesis of the opposites within the psyche. I refer to worldwide rumors of unidentified flying objects, of which we began to hear as early as 1945.—From an article called "Jung's View of Christianity," by Aniela Jaffé, in the *Atlantic*.

So that's what they are!

Maine citizens last year became aware of the fact that Maine ranks 51st in the nation in the number of high school graduates continuing their education.

—Augusta (Maine) Kennebec Journal.

And that takes a bit of doing.

Reg. Oct. 10th
GLENDA GRAINGER

Julie's back in town!

MAISONETTE

MISS
JULIE WILSON

GEORGE CORT
HIS PIANO
& ORCHESTRA
alternating with

QUINTERO
AND HIS BAND
Dancing 7:30 'til 2

LA BOITE
WALTER KAY
AT THE PIANO

JANI SARKOZI
AND HIS VIOLIN
Dinner begins at 6, Music 'til 2

Nightly except Sunday
RESERVATIONS:
PLaza 3-4500

St-Regis-Sheraton

FIFTH AVE. & 55TH ST., NEW YORK

**DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENT
MASSACHUSETTS
INVESTORS
GROWTH STOCK
FUND**



135TH

CONSECUTIVE QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

A dividend of \$3.4 million, equal to 4 cents a share, will be payable September 26, 1966 to over 149,000 shareholders of record Aug. 31, 1966.

ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary
200 Berkeley Street, Boston

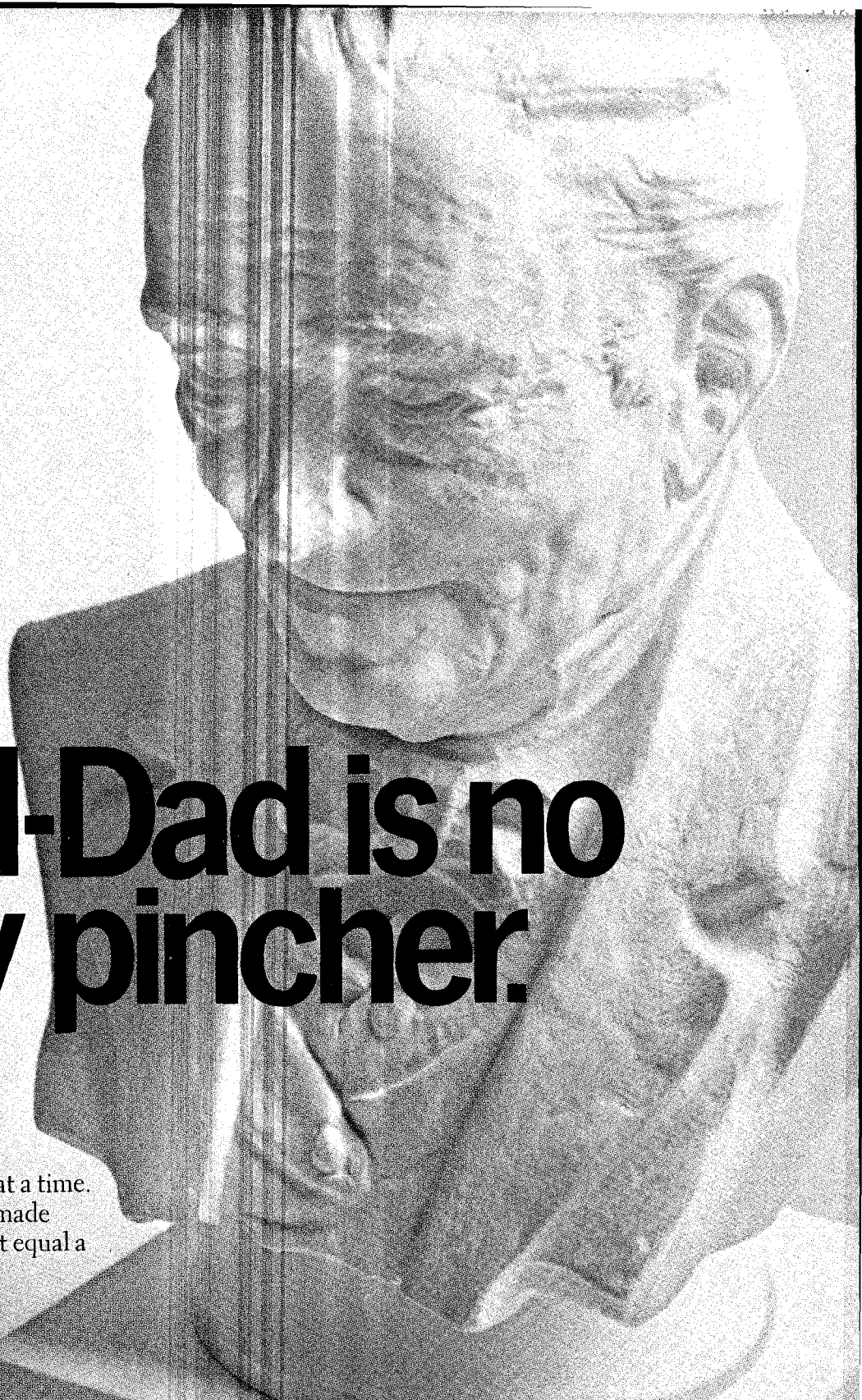
STRAPARAMA

has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. \$3.00 to \$15.00. We KNOW we are doing something right!

425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.



1827 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis



Grand-Dad is no penny pincher.

It's costlier, the way we make our Bourbon.

Such as using small grains in the mash.

And double-distillation, a dram at a time.

We even cast aside a new, handmade ageing barrel when the char doesn't equal a prescribed 3/22".

By not pinching pennies, we've succeeded in making a Bourbon others have moved heaven and earth to match since 1882.

While this makes our price somewhat hard to take, it's the very thing that makes our Bourbon so easy to swallow.



Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof, bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

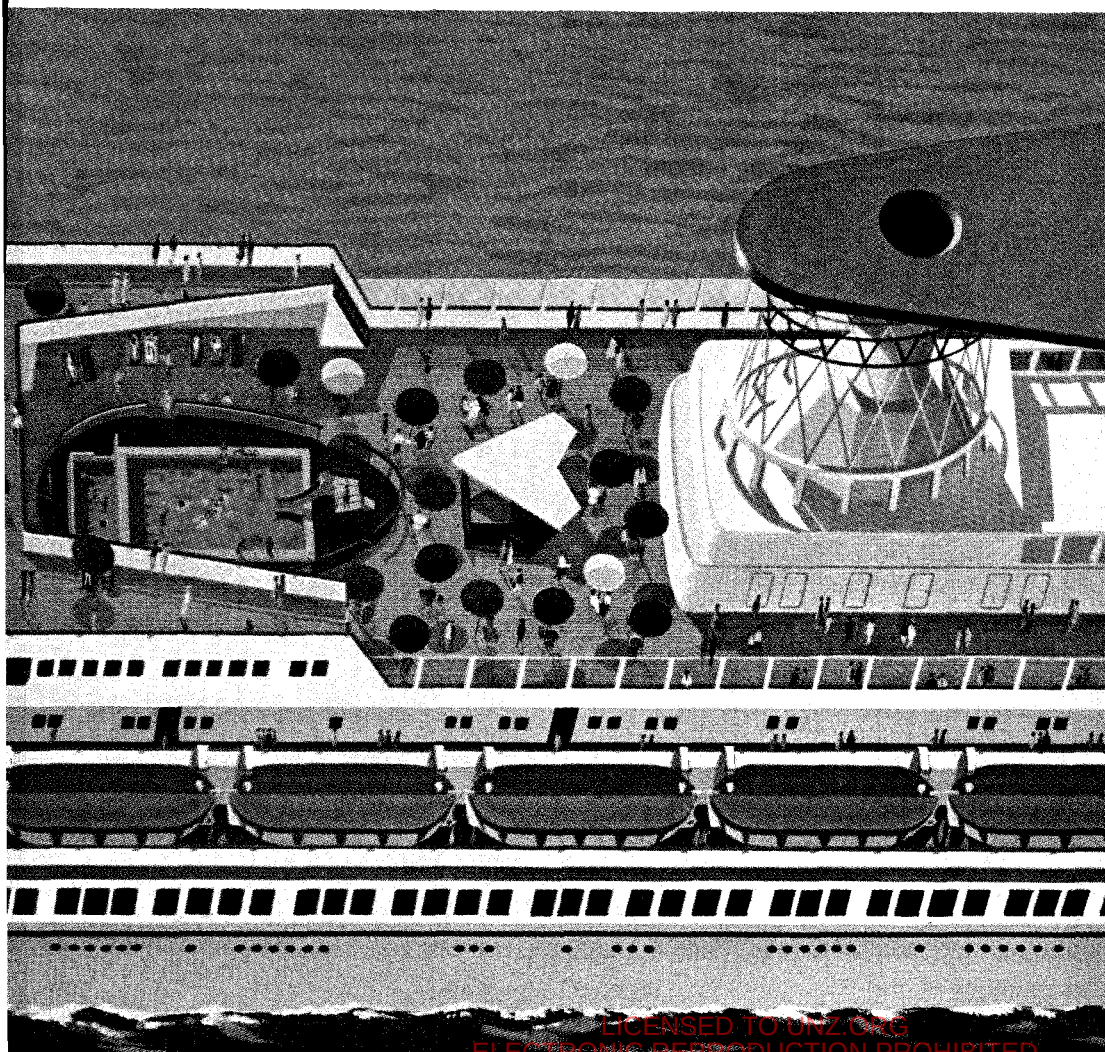
ITALIAN LINE GALA RESORT FLEET

There are many ways to get to Europe. But how civilized to go by Italian Line! To unwind in the warmth of our Sunny Southern Route...on beach-size sun-decks around our outdoor swimming pools. To enjoy a decent amount of elbow room and privacy. To sit down six times a day to freshly prepared gourmet food, with over 1000 dishes

to choose from, and "seconds" for the asking. To see first-run movies if that happens to be your pleasure—but enjoy a broad choice of other activities, too. This "breather" from the pressures of your everyday life enables you to enjoy Europe so much more. Go via the Gala Resort Fleet...the great new twin superliners MICHELANGELO and

RAFFAELLO (below), the luxurious LEONARDO DA VINCI and CRISTOFORO COLOMBO. World's newest fleet. Fastest and fastest to the Mediterranean. The New Look in ocean travel. See your travel agent or Italian Line, Dept. B-17, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Tel: 797-70

EXPRESS CROSSINGS and CRUISE-LIKE VOYAGES to the Mediterranean weekly from New York, monthly from Boston. CRUISES. Country of registry: Italy.



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Right Ventricle Hard Aport!

A GREAT American named George S. Chappell once wrote a book entitled "Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera." This pioneer work first appeared between hard covers, like a turtle, and, like a turtle, slowly sank from sight, but is known to have subsequently fluttered on and off the counters in paperback, having become with time more moth than turtle. Be that as it may, the book recounted an adventure that Mr. Chappell must have assumed was the purest personal make-believe, incapable of being imitated. Little did he guess



(though I hasten to add that there was very little indeed that Mr. Chappell *didn't* guess; everything being equal, he always preferred guesswork to knowledge) that the movies were one day to steal his thunder and, with a flourish of technical pocketa-pocketa, conduct a long and thorough exploration of the circulatory system, with brief side visits at no extra charge to the lungs and lymph glands. The movie study is called "Fantastic Voyage," and I can recommend it safely to every member of the family, provided every member of the family is either a brain surgeon or a scuba diver.

A thriller that combines contemporary espionage and biology with future invention—a specimen, in short, of I-spy-bi-sci-fi—"Fantastic Voyage" tells a story as simple and neat as it is outrageous, and one has only to turn one's critical faculties down to "Low," or perhaps "Simmer," in order to enjoy the continuous untying of its innumerable knots. We are asked to believe that, a few years hence, American know-how has devised a method of miniaturizing men and objects to the size of molecules. We plan to use this process as a military deterrent; unfortunately, our unnamed enemy has hit on the same process and intends to use it for the same purpose. The one drawback to the process is that it works for no longer than sixty minutes at a time. Having learned how to remedy this defect, a brilliant European scientist wishes to offer his discovery to us, but on his way here our enemy roughs him up, causing him to suffer a blood clot in the brain. The clot, which prevents the scientist from revealing his precious secret, cannot be operated on from outside, so a surgical team consents to be miniaturized and, aboard a miniatur-

ized nuclear-powered submarine, injected by hypodermic syringe into the bloodstream of the anesthetized scientist. Their schedule calls for them to pilot their craft in such a fashion as to avoid the terrible maelstrom of the heart, gain the calm port of the brain, destroy the clot with a laser gun, and slip back into the world before the crucial sixtieth minute is up. Well, I don't need to tell you that practically everything goes wrong from the moment they enter the never-to-be-trusted carotid artery. That one of the two surgeons should prove to be in the employ of the enemy

is bad enough, but Mother Nature is still worse; white corpuscles, antibodies, smoke-pitted alveoli—the injured man's innards brim with obstacles, and the only consolation is that they are oddly beautiful as well as dangerous. If Twentieth Century-Fox is to be believed, the human circulatory system resembles nothing so much as a fun house at an amusement park designed by Gaudí and decorated by Tchelitchew. It is a notion that would have pleased Mr. Chappell, who knew a pretty phagocyte when he saw one.

The cast of "Fantastic Voyage" includes Stephen Boyd, as a security officer keeping an eye on the two surgeons, played by Arthur Kennedy and Donald Pleasence; Edmond O'Brien and Arthur O'Connell, as the top brass of C.M.D.F. (Combined Miniature Deterrent Forces); William Redfield, as the skipper of the submarine; and Raquel Welch, as the surgeons' assistant. As far as I know, this is Miss Welch's first featured appearance in a movie here, but such are the wonders of publicity that she is already a prominent figure in the entertainment world. As for her acting, she keeps her shoulders well back and speaks her lines with great distinctness, as I recall my grandmother doing when she recited "Old Ironsides." The screenplay of "Fantastic Voyage" was written, not without some show of wit, by Harry Kleiner, and its brisk direction is by Richard Fleischer.

—BRENDAN GILL

A sharp earthquake on the San Andreas fault 100 miles from here could be disastrous to rain-soaked Palisades hillsides, George A. Tauxe, soil mechanics engineer, has told the Optimist Club.—*Los Angeles Times*.

He's just wasting his time.



Our Manager

HE'S A
PERFECTIONIST!

John Francis Isard has very definite ideas on running an intimate, elegant hotel. He's a stickler for personal service. So you'll find a concierge in our lobby. Chambermaids who really fuss over a room. Reception people who make a point of learning your name. Elevator operators who smile a "Good Morning" . . . and mean it. Waiters who *wait* . . . patiently . . . on your every wish. There's Delmonico's world-famous Restaurant and Wine Cellar for luncheon and dinner and dancing. And beautiful newly-decorated rooms—air-conditioned and television, of course. Next trip to New York give John Isard a call.

Corporate suites at
special annual rates.



DELMONICO'S
HOTEL

PARK AVENUE AT 59th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE: 212-EL 5-2500
CABLE: ELEGANCE, N.Y.

BOOKS

Of Ice Cream and the Worm

"FEVER" (Atheneum) is a collection of short stories by J. M. G. Le Clézio, the young French writer whose first novel, "The Interrogation," and whose modish good looks made quite a stir a couple of years back. Ordinarily, the physical appearance of a writer cannot be considered a fit subject for his critics to discuss, but M. Le Clézio chose to present himself to us on the front of the dust jacket of his first book. He was to be seen there in profile, pouting slightly, and staring into some remote part of inner space between draws on his cigarette while a young woman with enormous eyes examined him at close range with an expression of awe tempered by resentment on her face. It was not clear whether M. Le Clézio was impersonating the hero of his novel in this photograph or whether he was admitting us to his private life, but, be that as it may, the impression it created was that he was not insisting upon the convention that calls for the making of a distinction between the writer as a person and his work. It was, indeed, extremely difficult for anyone, once having seen the thing, to maintain the distinction while reading the novel. This began with a lyrical passage in which a young man named Adam was discovered lying in a deck chair in a sheltered spot and ripening himself in the sunshine like an apricot. The simile, however extravagant it may seem, is precise, because it later appeared that M. Le Clézio's hero had ambitions of an almost entirely passive character, resembling those of the man in the song who wished to be an apple on a tree, so that his true love, if she passed by, might be tempted to take a bite out of him. The apple tree on which M. Le Clézio's hero was hanging was a summer house, at a seaside resort, that had been shut up at the end of the season. His stated motive for

camping out in its emptiness was a desire for solitude, but this did not prevent him from sending a letter to a determined and self-abnegating young woman named Michèle giving her a few hints as to his whereabouts. She presently turned up, in a chapter that began with the sentence "Michèle had an awful job finding Adam's house." She brought him some money to live on and a bundle of old newspapers and magazines to read, and after she had listened patiently to his soliloquies and endured his silences for some time, part of it spent lying, one would think in considerable discomfort, on the top of a billiard table, she undemandingly allowed him to take her while his mind was on something else. Michèle, in spite of this promising beginning, proved to be a broken reed, or, at any rate, not the sort of girl an apricot-man can trust to the end. When he ran away from her down the beach, assuming that she would chase him, she simply let him go. Adam was so upset by this reversal of the reversal of masculine and feminine roles that he went off his head and ended up in an asylum. The interrogation of the title was the climax of the book—a scene in which he was questioned by a group of student psychiatrists, of both sexes, who naturally

found his case fascinating. It was, in fact, a tour de force of infantile wish fulfillment in which M. Le Clézio brought his hero to a heaven of dependence. There was baby Adam: the center of attention in a circle of adults who were interested in anything he had to say, no matter what; sure of his food and a place to sleep; relieved of any adult responsibility; and, above all, freed from the necessity of recognizing the existence of any identities other than his own.

It must be admitted that M. Le Clézio has changed somewhat since the days of "The Interrogation." A new photograph, on the back of the jacket this time, shows us that his soft prettiness is gone and the line of his jaw has hardened. He has, however, preserved what was known in the days of Mae Murray as a bee-stung lip, and he still has the look of rumpled but enterprising innocence that Miss Brigitte Bardot launched upon the world as a style. He is still writing that way, too. In his preface to "The Interrogation," he presented himself to us as the Bardot figure, the spotless child steeped in vice. "I don't despair," he then said, doing his level best to horrify us, "of writing a really effective novel later on: something in the spirit of



"... and this one waters the plants."

onan Doyle." He went on to say that he had an ambition to reach his readers in the way that a successful comic strip does, that what he was doing was the "sort of thing . . . familiar to all readers of detective stories and so forth. A kind of game or jigsaw puzzle in the form of a novel." After thus wisting the noses of Proust, Flaubert, and all the other old bores who believed in literature, M. Le Clézio apologized for any slips or typing mistakes that there might still be in his manuscript, and explained that there probably were an awful lot, because "I had to type it myself, and I can only type with one finger of each hand." This is the exact literary equivalent of B. B.'s performances as a simple child of nature. M. Le Clézio is still at it. The introduction to "Fever," which has been translated from the French by Daphne Woodward, begins, "If you really want to know, I'd rather not have been born at all. I find life very boring." It goes on that way, coming at last to a point, sort of:

I gave up long ago saying everything I thought (sometimes I even wonder whether there really is such a thing as thought); I fell back on writing it all out in prose. Poetry, novels, and short stories are singular antiques by which hardly anyone is deceived any longer. What's the use of turning out poems or stories? All that remains now is writing, writing by itself.

The remains are not especially interesting or attractive. M. Le Clézio is fond of automatic space-filling devices, such as the following:

On the back of the card, above the space for correspondence, was printed:

FIRENZE

Museo S. Marco—Il Chiostro
Musée de S. Marc—Le Cloître
Museum of S. Marc—The Cloister
Markus Museum—Der Kreuzgang

In another instance, the sentence "At the other end of the pavement there was an ice cream vendor, shut up in a little hut" introduces a fourteen-line filler created by putting the ice-cream man's name on one line, the words "Today's Flavors" on another, and a column of flavors below that. But the device that M. Le Clézio resorts to most frequently is to set a character in meaningless motion and to list the objects that he sees as he drifts along. By such means M. Le Clézio manages to keep coherent thought at arm's length for most of the time, but not, alas, entirely. His doctrine that all men live futile lives, alone and apart, occasionally seeks more definite expression than he can give it by immersing idiots and madmen in streams of irrele-

●● It is my policy to overemphasize the risks and underemphasize the rewards. ●●



It was Charles Reeves, one of our most successful Account Executives talking . . . talking about the way he likes to do business.

Since his way is our way, we would like to quote a few more sentences.

●● I am a busy man. But I always make unlimited time available to open an account for a new customer. I will exercise patience to insure that I understand his situation. We do not begin to discuss specifics until I am satisfied on this score. I want to know his age, his marital status, his responsibilities, his occupation, his income, his Social Security and pension status, his assets, his health and life insurance coverage, his temperament, his investment experience.

"Most people have not coordinated these factors . . . and least of all have they formulated an investment policy. They usually need assistance in formulating objectives. When this is done carefully and properly, a solid foundation is in place.

"From this point forward I am confident of my suggestions and uninhibited in offering them. The test is very simple: 'What would I do if I were in Tom Brown's shoes?' ●●

* * * *

Now do you see what we mean by the firm's most fundamental policy, "The customer's interest must come first"?

If there's any doubt, we would be glad to demonstrate that policy in action—for you. Just come in and ask to speak with any Account Executive here at Merrill Lynch.



**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,**

FENNER & SMITH INC

MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005

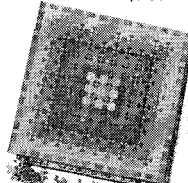
Springbok*
jig saw puzzles



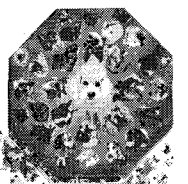
Adoration of the Magi
A Renaissance tondo by Ghirlandaio from the Uffizi Gallery in Florence reproduced in glowing, opulent color. Magnificent! \$3.50



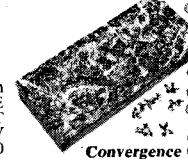
Floating Spectrum
Squares of rose, aqua, lavender and orange vibrate, float and pulsate in this Op Art work. Defies the eye—delights the senses. \$3.50



Dog Portraits. 32 popular breeds in a new, octagonal puzzle—Rich, red background. Accurate, beautiful—from Beagle to Borzoi. \$3.50



Jackson Pollock's famous action painting makes **THE WORLD'S MOST DIFFICULT JIGSAW PUZZLE.** \$3.50

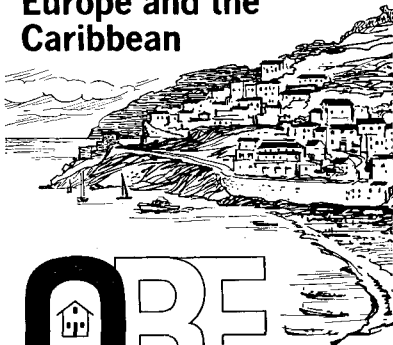


Convergence

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG OF
OVER 50 SUBJECTS AVAILABLE
including Ancient • Renaissance • Modern • Op Art • Cars • Cats • Nature • Shakespeare

\$3.50 At Better Department, Gift, Stationery and Book Stores
or \$3.50 ea. plus 50¢ postage & handling to:
SPRINGBOK EDITIONS
Dept. Y2, 500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10036

Choice properties in Europe and the Caribbean



ORE
OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE
Specialists

RENTALS • SALES • CHARTERS

155 E. 55th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022
(212) MU 8-5656
CORNELIUS E. O'CONNOR

CONTENTED LEATHERS LOVE LEATHERCRAFT!!
They know that experts clean them best! COATS • JACKETS • HANDBAGS • GLOVES... Cleaned & Reconditioned Like New! Send \$2.00 ppd. for SUEDECRAPTER® Suede Spot Cleaner for home use. Mail Order Svc. Pick-up 50 Mi. Radius N.Y.C.



LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y.C. • JUDSON 6-3737

vance. We then get passages of exposition, such as the following, which comes after half a page of assorted brand names and advertising slogans:

Triumph of pain—Treachery of the eyes, the ears, the skin. One has to trudge through this desert all one's life. To see and hear. To hear and see. To eat. To laugh. To talk, smoke, drink. To feel. To procreate. To write. To breathe. To be in pain. To bleed, to tremble. To be angry. To suffer. To cry out, to sleep, to wait. Fatigue is everywhere. There is no way, really no way of avoiding it. One has to toil, to feel hot, to feel cold. To caress. To enjoy. To understand, to understand without pause. Every day. Like that, every day, without exception. To urinate. To taste. To let oneself be carried away by useless words, to adopt paces and habits. To seek for phrases, to stretch one's ears and eyes, to stretch one's skin. To pretend to love, to love really, perhaps. All that, not even for nothing; for it's not even possible to resort to nothingness so as to determine one's life; man is not alone; vulgar, garish things inhabit him, shape him. There's no way of judging. There is no absurdity, for there is not even any separation between what is and what ought to be. God, if he exists, must be left in full control: never, no, never, shall we know what a little worm man is.

The result of plowing through a whole book made up of such ill-organized slurpings is a growing conviction that where writing is concerned, however hard it may be to distinguish between what is and what ought to be, it is in some cases possible to recognize at first glance what ought *not* to be. It should perhaps be added that one of these stories, an exceptionally boring fragment about a man having a toothache and not liking it, has been singled out for special praise by M. Sartre, who tells us that it is "a kind of basic questioning of Christian acceptance." There is, it seems, no displeasing some people.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

KISSED THE GIRLS AND MADE THEM CRY, by John Hale (Prentice-Hall). George, a successful London photographer who is guaranteed to be a son of the working class by the genuine chip he wears on his shoulder, goes back to the sad seaside town of his birth to visit his parents, whom he has not seen for years, in the hope that the journey home will help him recover from the shock of his best friend's death. In the circumstances, the past asserts itself, and he relives his childhood, his youth, the Second World War, his marriage to the spoiled, beautiful daughter of an enormously rich man, his bitter di-

thank heaven!



Two of the most famous names in entertainment are back in lights..

THE EMPIRE ROOM of THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

Presents

MAURICE CHEVALIER

One performance nightly at 10, Sundays at 10
October 2 through 29.
FOR RESERVATIONS
ELDORADO 5-3000

Remember vacations the way they used to be?
Without all the Jazz and Razzmatazz?
You slept comfortably...
ate succulently... relaxed luxuriously?
SAY, you remember Hotel Hershey!

Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania

Represented by ROBT. F. WARNER, INC.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS
OF INTIMACY
and
COMFORT

Authentic HUNGARIAN CUISINE



gypsy music with cimbalom

Chardas
Restaurant

307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • Closed Mon.

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."

BILL CHAN'S GOLD COIN

994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St.

PL 8-12

voice, and his five-year love affair with Jean, a married woman who has two small sons. The love affair is still very much on, and by the end of his visit home George has come to terms with himself to some extent, and has even made up his mind what to do about Jean. Mr. Hale's writing is sketchy, brightly colloquial, and sentimental. His construction is shaky, but he skates over the weakest parts with the ruthless good cheer of a seasoned entertainer, and his people are real enough to be believed in while the story lasts.

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, by Leonard Brain (Coward-McCann). The scene is London, and the story begins in the offices of the Cosmopolitan Electric Company, which handles a good deal of highly secret government work. Charles Howard, manager of the contracts division, is being questioned by a security investigator, Fred Crippen. Howard and Crippen detest each other on sight, and not long after their meeting Howard finds himself thrown out of his job. On the flimsiest of evidence, and without being given a chance even to speak for himself, he has been condemned as a poor security risk. In revenge, Howard sets out on an investigation of his own, and it soon becomes clear that even civil servants are not above reproach in their private lives. Crippen and his superior officers prove to be even more questionable as security risks than Howard is, and by the end of the book everyone on both sides has been tarred with the brush that destroyed Howard. Mr. Brain has a really good idea here for an exciting, comic-angry novel, but his hand is very heavy, and his point of view is so sour that it discolors every living creature in sight.

CALL THE KEEPER, by Nat Hentoff (Viking). A highly accurate report, disguised as a short novel, on the relations between eight scarcely imagined New York Negroes and whites, among them a white jazz guitarist, an evil Negro detective, a dangerous Negro writer, and an icy white intellectual. The occasional violence does not disturb the book's dispassionate, almost static quality, and so much the better: we can hear every word.

GENERAL

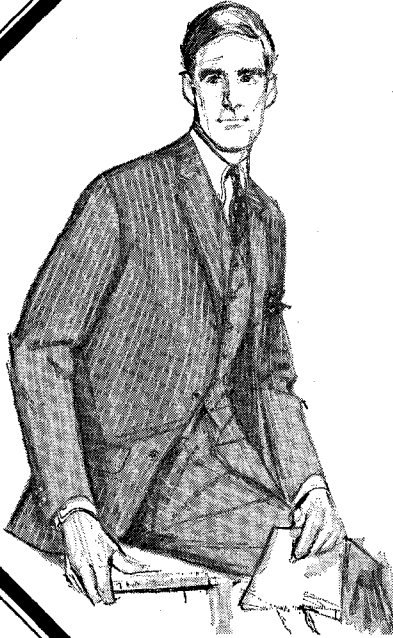
CONTEMPORARY WRITERS, by Virginia Woolf, with a preface by Jean Guiguet (Harcourt, Brace & World). Forty-six book reviews col-

Is the El Convento for swingers? Sure. Quiet ones like Igor Cassini.

El Convento means Old San Juan . . . where the past meets the present head-on. Where timeless mansions stand amid colorful art galleries and boutiques . . . where the air is filled with Spanish guitar and modern jazz rhythms. At the center of it all? *El Convento!* Sumptuous rooms matched by unparalleled dining . . . punctuated by a shaded patio and swimming pool. Reserve a room, and take a *quiet* swing with the likes of Igor Cassini. Believe us: it's the *only* kind. Special Summer rates now in effect: rooms from \$8.00, per person double occupancy. See your travel agent, or Hetland and Stevens, 211 E. 43 Street. TN 7 1450.

Hotel El Convento IN OLD SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO





Freedberg

of Boston

THE REVIVAL — of the vigorous flannel . . . favored by traditionalists for years for its beefy, brawny hand . . . newly toned and striped by Freedberg of Boston for the habitual natural shoulder wearer. Scottish lovat, bouillon or Orkney grey. Coat and trouser, about one hundred. Vested, one hundred fifteen.

At
Baskin's — Joliet, Ill.
The Squire Shop — Hinsdale, Ill.
O'Neil's Court Shop — Akron, O.
Ed Michtom's — Charlottesville, Va.
Harvey's — Providence, R.I. & Clayton, Mo.
Shillito's New Haven Shop — Cincinnati, O.
or write to: 1290 Avenue of the Americas,
N.Y. or 116 Harrison Avenue, Boston



FRENCH CUISINE 120 EAST 56 ST/PL 3-1447





Lida Moser

New Poems by JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

"John Hall Wheelock is one of the best poets in English. Like Hardy and Yeats he has done his best work in old age. He writes that 'middle style' which circumvents fashion and is never out of fashion. I could list twenty masterpieces. The reader will find them for himself."—ALLEN TATE

DEAR MEN AND WOMEN

\$3.50  **SCRIBNERS**

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM



THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription
to The New Yorker,
payment for which
is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—\$8

☐ TWO YEARS—\$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—\$1 per year; other foreign—\$3.)

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include ZIP Code)

lected (with one exception) from the files of the *Times Literary Supplement*. They were originally published between 1905 and 1923, without, of course, any signature. "The only criticism worth having, we sometimes think, is the criticism of praise," Mrs. Woolf remarks, "but to give praise its meaning the standard of the first rate must be present in the mind, unconfused and unlowered, though kept in the background unless the merit of the work makes open reference worth while." Her judgment of her contemporaries is much more generous in her reviews than in her diary, but the standard of the first rate is always present, unconfused and unlowered. Inevitably, a good many of the books considered now appear to be stuck fast in their period. These essays are not, partly because they are as much concerned with writing in general as with the work in hand, and partly because it is not yet necessary to blow the dust off anything Mrs. Woolf had to say about anything or anybody.

THE TIME BETWEEN THE WARS, by Jonathan Daniels (Doubleday). The twentieth and last volume of the Mainstream of America series. It covers the years between the false armistice of 1918 and Pearl Harbor, and it is a good book, given the convention the author has chosen to work in. He is a newspaperman, and he regards history from the press box, focussing his documentary eye on the White House and its spiritual *banlieues*—Congress and the national political conventions—and panning out over the country to pick up color and details. The writing is now concise and now unhappily alliterative and allusive. Mr. Daniels also has a fondness for sentences that appear to contain more meaning than would prove out in an assayer's office: "Wallis [Simpson] waited for her divorce in a rich villa at Cannes close to Mussolini's Italy." Photographs.

THE MAKING OF MODERN IRELAND, 1603-1923, by J. C. Beckett (Knopf). An entirely successful history of one of history's outstanding failures—English rule in Ireland. The author, who teaches at Queen's University, Belfast, has produced a narrative well stocked with data, tracing the sad succession of missteps—of errors and ill will, of exploitation and rebellion—that ended in the two nations' separation. Mr. Beckett's style is engineered to



Mr. Muirhead brings
it over in barrels*
to save you up
to \$2 a fifth.

*you save on taxes
and shipping costs
MUIRHEAD'S
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF,
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

DIPLOMATIC COVER

by Dominic Torr*

An espionage thriller for adults
"I couldn't put the book down"
—PETER USTINOV

*The pseudonym of a foreign service
officer who must remain anonymous

\$4.75  **HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD**

KNIFE & FORK INN...

ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



DISCOVER GOLD
DISCOVER NEVIS
in the Leeward Islands

"Let our island become your island."
Write to **MONTPELIER**
the premier hotel, for full details &
folder N; or phone N.Y. 212/PL 7-4666

carry all the information possible and to connect local facts with world history. He shows how Anglo-Irish relations were affected by such diverse matters as the European balance of power, the development of the supremacy of the English Parliament, and the nineteenth century's devout faith in laissez-faire economics.

THE FIERCE PAWNS, by Patrick A. Macrory (Lippincott). Another cause for wonder that the British Empire lasted as long as it did. The example offered here is the first Afghan War—the British occupation of Kabul in 1839, the ready acceptance by the conquerors (including their resident wives and children) of their superiority to the Afghans, their incredulity when the natives rose up against them, and the death-march retreat toward India in January of 1842, from which only one person (Surgeon William Brydon) among the fifteen thousand that set out emerged alive and free. Mr. Macrory places this ignominious incident clearly in the context of its time (the struggle between Russia and Britain for Asia), and he retells the story of conquest, complacency, and disaster with verve and veracity. Illustrated.

A BOWL OF RED, by Frank X. Tolbert (Doubleday). An appreciation con history of chili con carne. The author is a Dallas newspaperman and a chili gourmet, or head. He tells us that chili is not, as most people (including Webster) think, a product of Mexico. His researches indicate that chili is indigenous to Texas and that its probable home is San Antonio. It was invented there "among the poorest classes of people" and made its first public appearance in street venders' carts in Alamo Plaza around 1880. "I refer," Mr. Tolbert says, "to honest-to-God chili, and not the dreadful stuff masquerading as chili which is served in nine out of ten cafés. Real chili con carne is a haunting, mystic thing." The real thing, he explains, contains no beans, no tomatoes, no onions; it is simply "coarsely-ground beef or other mature meats (never, never veal) cooked slowly and for a long time in boon companionship with the pulp of chili peppers, crushed powder from the curly leaves of orégano, ground cumin seeds, and chopped garlic cloves." An entertaining book.

PUT ANOTHER NICKEL IN: A HISTORY OF COIN-OPERATED PIANOS AND ORCHESTRIONS, by Q. David



Alan Paine

luxury cashmere

For incomparable comfort and warmth, this fully fashioned pullover made in England by Alan Paine. In two-ply 100% pure cashmere . . . with the authentic saddle shoulder . . . the finest sweater money can buy. Exclusive new colors. About \$32.50

Akron, Ohio Lang's
Atlanta, Ga. Rich's Career Shop
Boston, Mass. R. H. Stearns Co.
Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal. Derek Rayne
Charleston, S.C. Jack Krawcheck
Chicago & Detroit Capper & Capper
Cincinnati, Ohio H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio Walkers
Dallas, Tex. Jas. K. Wilson Co.
Dayton, Ohio Rike's Alumni Shop
Durham, N.C. Van Stratten's
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. Carl Sterr

Hawaii Liberty House
Indianapolis L.S. Ayres Briar Shop
Jacksonville, Fla. Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo. Jack Henry
L. Forest, Ill. Robertson's Men's Shop
Lexington, Va. College Town Shop
Los Angeles, Calif. Phelps-Wilger
Louisville Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tenn. Phil A. Halle
Milwaukee, Wisc. T. A. Chapman Co.
Minneapolis/St. Paul Hubert W. White
New York & Branches Wallachs
N. Conway/Littleton, N.H. Carroll Reed

Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
Princeton, N.J. Langrocks
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoads Inc.
Ridgewood/Westwood, N.J. Mac Hugh
Roanoke, Va. Davidsons
St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco City of Paris
Scranton, Pa. Schreiber's
Seattle & Peble Beach Littler
Springfield, Ill. Roberts Bros.
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinkel
Westfield, N.J. Mac Hugh
Winston-Salem, N.C. Norman Stockton

For other stores write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016



Shaw Park

BEACH HOTEL OCHO RIOS JAMAICA

A beautiful white beach on the unbelievably blue Caribbean awaits you at Shaw Park in Jamaica. All accommodations, single staterooms to luxury apartments. All water sports. Golf. Tennis. Dancing. A cuisine exceptional even on Jamaica's famous North Shore. Air-conditioned.

See your travel agent or write:-

I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc.
141 East 44th Street
New York, N. Y. 10017

Covers from
THE NEW YORKER
by
GETZ
Sept. 20 thru Oct. 1
HAMMER
Galleries
51 East 57th Street

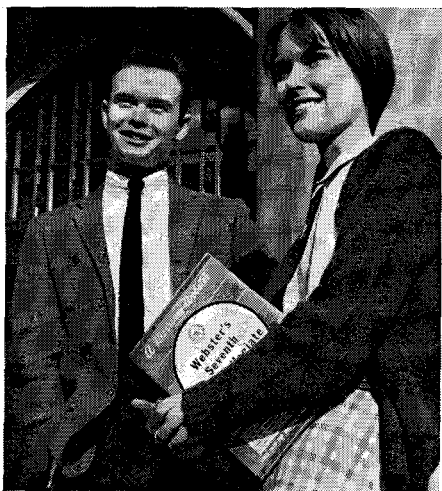
ngaio marsh

makes a triumphant return to the London theatre . . . with a young director-playwright, a Shakespearean relic, an enigmatic Greek millionaire, and murder most foul . . . in her most exciting mystery in years.

killer dolphin



\$4.95 at bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN

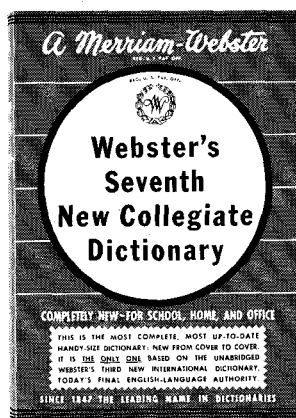


Start the school year right with Webster's Seventh New Collegiate

Old dictionaries cannot give today's students the thousands of new words that have entered our language — words they use daily in their courses.

But Webster's Seventh New Collegiate does: with 20,000 new words and new meanings . . . with 130,000 entries in all. It is the one "Webster" with scientific names of plants and animals . . . rules for spelling and punctuation. Required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere, this is the only desk dictionary based on Webster's Third New International, the word authority of the U. S. Government Printing Office and our courts of law.

Start the school year right with this proven aid to success. At book, department, and stationery stores. \$5.75 plain, \$6.75 indexed. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Massachusetts 01101.



To be sure you're up to date, insist on the genuine

WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE

Bowers (Vestal). A tireless investigator into the history of a quaint cultural by-product, Mr. Bowers has come up with a highly amusing volume—really a picture book. His subject may be said to begin with Johann Maelzel, whose Panharmonicon in 1812 inspired Beethoven to write a perfectly awful piece called "Wellington's Victory" expressly for it, and it continues down through a fascinating parade of fantastic mechanical instruments—some of them able to reproduce the sound of a brass band, an orchestra, or an organ, or a combination of all three, as well as a piano. They got their start in Germany, and America was a little tardy in catching up; when it did, the formidable house of Rudolph Wurlitzer, of Cincinnati and Chicago, eventually cornered the market. By 1920, coin-operated music machines were getting disastrous competition from the phonograph; by 1930 the industry was virtually dead. Its history is that of the first productive collaboration between technology and music. Fifteen dollars.

NOTE: "Give Up?," a collection of over a hundred and fifty drawings by Whitney Darrow, Jr., all of them first printed in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

Mrs. Merriam is a graduate of Northwestern University and has frequently sung in Bloomington. Miss Edgeworth appeared recently in the S & H Pinafore given at Binford Junior High.—*Bloomington (Ind.) Daily Herald-Telephone*.

Admission by green stamps only.

About 300 friends and relatives sat at tables and milled around in two tents set up on the lawn of the home, overlooking the Potomac River. Many Central Intelligence Agency officials, noted for their anonymity, were present, including former C.I.A. Director Allen Dulles.—*The Times*.

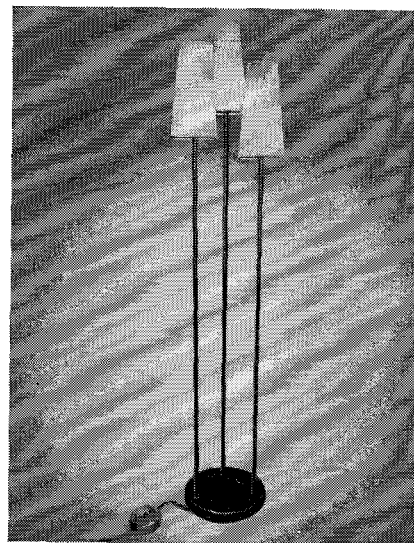
Dulles? Dulles? Never heard of him.

THE MILITARY MIND AT WORK

[From the Journal of the Armed Forces]

The Haines Board, however, placed primary emphasis on "in house" improvements to the Army officer educational system. The Board recommended that:

Elective courses be introduced in the upper three levels of officer career schooling in the '67-'68 academic year, both on a mandatory basis and on an involuntary basis.



A FLOOR LAMPS.

It's one lamp. But it looks like more. 3 slim black stems sprout independently from the black metal base. Each stem accommodates a 100 watt bulb. Each stem is topped with a handsome handmade Belgian linen shade. The shades come in yellow, gold, light blue, brown, orange, olive green, off white, or natural. You can mix or match the colors. The lamp is 63" tall. It has a handy footswitch. A singularly fine value at \$69.

SEND 25¢ FOR 64 PG. 1967 CATALOG.

Mail orders and browsers are invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-57 831 Madison Ave. - 69th St.
N.Y.C. 21, UN1-8955, Open Thurs. till 8.

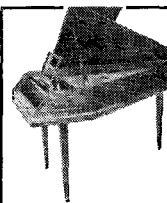
Only the creator
of *Inspector
Dover* could
portray this most
unlikely spy
(he's James
Bond—turned
inside out).

**SOUR CREAM
WITH
EVERYTHING**

by JOYCE
PORTER

\$3.95

SCRIBNERS



HARPSICHORD

Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly. \$150. Crayford kit \$100. Free brochure. Write:

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORD

Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
1601 Simpson St. Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



Bottles have changed...

but never the quality of

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

PRIZED BOTTLED IN BOND OR
MELLOW GOLD MEDAL BOURBON



From left to right: "Dandy" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "Amber" Glass, 1880; "Canteen G. A. R.," 1895; "Pewter Pitcher," 1900; "Companion" Decanter, 1910; "Bar Bottle" Cut Glass, 1910; "Dwarf" Decanter, 1885; "Gold Medal" Decanter, 1949; "Harper's Own" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "Little Companion" Cut Glass, 1910; "Nautical," 1890; "The American" Flask, 1875; "Carboy" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "Cameo" Miniature, 1899.

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • © I.W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.



Bonaparte au Mont St-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles.)

Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Character is destiny—as true of Courvoisier Cognac as of history's conquering hero. For Courvoisier is *The Brandy of Napoleon*. Its character has destined it to be the choice of kings and statesmen. And its matchless flavour and bouquet reward you with *une sensation splendide*, cherished by all who can command the finest.

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.